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Townsend

Shakspeare Illustrated:

OR, THE

NOVELS AND HISTORIES

ON WHICH THE

PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE

ARE FOUNDED.

COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

BY MRS. LENOX,

AUTHOR OF THE FEMALE QUIXOTE, &c.

WITH CRITICAL REMARKS,

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE WRITERS,

BY M. M. NOAH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE

REV. JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.

WHOSE PURSUITS,

AS A CULTIVATOR OF SCIENCE,

ARE EMINENTLY CALCULATED TO CALL FORTH

THAT JUSTNESS OF TASTE AND ELEVATION OF MIND,

WHICH MUST EVER TEND

TO THE EMBELLISHMENT OF SOCIETY,

THESE

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

THE DRAMAS OF SHAKSPEARE

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH THE RESPECT AND HIGH CONSIDERATION

OF HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

M. M. NOAH.

PREFACE.

IN all the editions of Shakspeare's plays that appeared previous to the publication of the following collection in 1753, we find the novels and histories to which Shakspeare was indebted for the fables of his plays are but slightly mentioned, and no reference is given where they are to be found. It was this circumstance which induced Mrs. Lenox to collect and translate them.

Exclusive of the merit they possess as an interesting selection, they claim peculiar attention as the originals from which Shakspeare has formed the plot or story of his principal plays; and a knowledge of them is absolutely necessary to acquire a perfect and complete idea of the extent of his abilities.

It will be admitted, that, among the powers which constitute a poet, the first and most material is invention; without that, all other re-

quisites are of little value, and more particularly in the mazy paths of the drama.

When the plot, characters, and incidents are previously furnished, a slight acquaintance with the world, and a little knowledge of books, will supply a deficiency of poetic imagination. How far Shakspeare has consulted his invention in the regulation of his fables, will be seen by the following novels.

Every thing relative to this great poet is calculated to excite curiosity, and will be sought after and read with avidity. It is known, that, whilst his merits have never been overrated, his faults have been excessively indulged. To censure him for these faults is both necessary and proper. It prevents taste from being vitiated by extravagant praise or blind admiration; for, where undistinguishing commendations are profusely applied, it will always retard the improvement of dramatic composition. Every reader of the plays of Shakspeare should consider himself capable of commenting on them; for every reader, without possessing a ray of invention, must feel the effect, and discern the excellencies of his writings; but to check the exuberance of fancy and the progress of indiscriminate praise, it is necessary to direct the judg-

ment, and cause them, whilst feeling these excellencies, to discern their nature and origin.

It has been asserted that no writer can, at this late period, point out the beauties, note the defects, illustrate the obscurities, or reflect light upon the materials selected by this poet, without intruding on the remarks of some preceding commentator, or wandering in the beaten track of the various illustrators of established reputation. I am however of opinion, that many new observations are necessary to show the connection which exists between the plays of Shakspeare and the following novels. To the casual observer these will be of little importance, but by the constant and attentive reader they will be estimated according to their value.

Some apology is necessary for the brevity of the Biographical Sketches; but it is impossible, at this time, to procure a regular and connected account of events occurring in the lives of men, most of which have been long obscured by the unfriendly wing of Time. Besides (did we possess the means), to enter into the minutiæ of their histories would swell the work to an unnecessary and tedious length, or would exclude more important matter.

In a few instances, I have adopted the remarks of Mrs. Lenox, simply because they

were appropriate, and to avoid that zeal for originality, which prompts us to convey the same meaning in different words. In addition to her collection, I have given the story on which Shakspeare has founded his Merchant of Venice, from the *Gesta Romanorum*.

I am fearful that the admirers of Shakspeare may think him injured by the following illustration of his plays, and contend that, whilst innumerable beauties present themselves in quick succession to the delighted fancy, we never should pause to dwell on a solitary defect, or root out the few weeds which deform so fair a garden. But it must be recollected, that an impartial commentator, whilst analyzing the beauties, should never be insensible to the defects; and where scenes and characters are pointed out that delight the imagination, some attention should be paid to those that shock the judgment.

Philadelphia, Sept. 20,
1809.

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SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

THE NINTH NOVEL OF BANDELLO.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

MATTHEW BANDELLO, the author of the following beautiful tale; was born, towards the close of the fifteenth century, at Castleneuvo of Scrivia, in the Milanese, and was distinguished as a writer of novels. He entered into the society of Dominicans, in imitation of his uncle Vincenzo, who was general of that order, and resided for some time at the convent at Milan. He however shortly quitted it, and took up his residence at the palace of Pirro Gonzaga, lord of Gazzuolo, whose daughter, the fair Lucretia Gonzaga, he instructed in polite literature. During the war carried on in the Milanese by the French and Spaniards, between 1520 and 1525, he suffered in common with many others, lost all his books, and was brought into great hazard of his life, which he only preserved by taking flight in disguise. After wandering some time, and exposing himself to incessant dangers, he formed an intimacy with Cæsar Fregoso, whom he accompanied into France. In that country he lived many years; and in 1550 he was appointed, by Henry II, bishop of Agen. He, however, neglected his episcopal duties, and left the care of his see to the bishop of Grasse. The exact time of his death is not accurately known: he was living in 1561. The novels and tales which have chiefly made his name celebrated, were first printed in Lucca, 1554, in eight volumes, entitled *Novels of Bandello.* Another volume was afterwards printed at Lyons, in 1573.

Bandello, in his writings, endeavoured to imitate the style of Boccacio, and is said to have written in a lively and agreeable

manner. The translation of his novels from their original language bears ample testimony of their value; and it is certain that Bandello, Boccacio, and Cinthio were the favourite Italian writers of Shakspeare.

WHEN the Scaligers were lords of Verona, a fierce and bloody enmity subsisted between two noble families of that city, of greater dignity and riches than the rest: the name of the one was Montecchio, the other Capellet. This violent hatred was the cause of frequent bloody engagements between the relations and dependants of those two lords; and the numbers that were killed of both parties on these occasions, kept up and augmented the fury of their several descendants.

Bartholomew Scaliger, then at the head of this republic, laboured with the utmost diligence to suppress these disorders; but all his cares could never wholly prevent them, so deeply was their hatred of each other rooted in their bosoms.

Finding it impossible entirely to reconcile them, in order to put an end to the affronts which each party gave and received from the other, and which were always followed by the deaths of some amongst them, he commanded that the youngest of one faction should always give way to the eldest of the other, whenever they happened to meet, by which means many disorders were avoided.

About this time Romeo, the younger heir of the Montecchio family, was violently enamoured of a lady in Verona, who, notwithstanding the extraordinary beauty and accomplishments he was possessed of, treated him with great disdain.

Romeo, during two years, pursued the inexorable beauty, employing all the rhetoric of sighs, tears, presents, and entertainments, to move her heart; but all in vain. His friends, who saw him languish out his days in a hopeless passion, were greatly alarmed; but neither their remonstrances nor intreaties were able to effect his cure.

One of his companions, who was dearer to him than the rest, greatly afflicted to behold him losing thus the vigour of youth in following a woman without hopes of obtaining her, often took occasion to blame his perseverance.

Romeo, said he one day to him, I love you as my brother; and it gives me great pain to see you thus consume away like snow melting in the sun; don't you see you waste your time and spend your fortune, without obtaining either honour or advantage? Your endeavours to win this woman are all ineffectual; the more you solicit her, the more rigid she becomes: certainly it is a great folly to attempt a thing which is not only difficult to do, but impossible; you may be convinced she neither cares for you, or any thing you can do to please her; perhaps she has some other lover, who is so dear to her, she would not quit him for an emperor. You are young, my dear Romeo; your person is more lovely than any youth's in this city; you are (let me speak it, since it is truth, to your face), you are generous, virtuous, and elegant; to these amiable qualities are added the more solid advantages of learning and wit: you are the only son of one of the greatest and richest of our noblemen; does he restrain you in your expences? does he controul you in your pleasures? is

he not your factor only to take care of your affairs, while you spend your time as you please? Awake, I conjure you, and begin to reflect at length upon the error you have been guilty of; remove from your eyes the veil which blinds you, and hinders you from seeing the path you are pursuing; resolve to place your affection on some person more deserving, and chuse a lady who will better reward your love. A just indignation is often more powerful in the heart than love itself: now, when assemblies and masquerades are held all over this great city, mix with the company everywhere, and when you meet the ungrateful woman you have solicited so long, gaze not on her face, but reflect on her injustice, her cruelty, and her pride; do not doubt but the many injuries you have suffered will excite an indignation so just and reasonable, that your passion will in time yield to its force, and you, by degrees, regain your liberty.

To these reasons the faithful friend of Romeo added many others, to engage him to quit his unsuccessful pursuit. Romeo listened to him with attention, and took a resolution immediately to put his wise counsels in practice.

The feast being now begun, he had frequent opportunities of meeting the scornful maid: but he always carefully avoid looking at her, gazing on the other ladies, and anxiously examining the beauties of every one, to chuse her who was most agreeable to him.

About this time, Antonio Capellet, the head of that family, made a magnificent feast, to which he invited a great many of the chief nobility and ladies, most of the youth of quality being there. Romeo, notwithstanding the long-continued hatred between their families, came

thither also at night, being masked like the rest of the company; but soon after throwing it off, as all the others did, he seated himself at one corner of the hall, which, by the great number of torches, being made as light as day, he could conveniently behold the whole assembly.

Romeo soon drew the eyes of the company upon him, and of the ladies particularly, who, struck with his boldness in coming to that house, could not conceal their admiration of it; his enemies, however, on account of his youth, his extraordinary beauty, the sweetness of his manners, and the almost universal love he had acquired, forbore to give him any disturbance, which, perhaps, had he been elder, and less amiable, they might have done.

Romeo, therefore, having leisure to consider the beauty of the ladies that were at the feast, began to praise them more or less, according to his taste, and, without dancing himself, took a pleasure in looking upon those that did. While he was thus employed, he saw a young lady of most exquisite beauty, whose name was unknown to him. His heart immediately confessed this object to be more charming than any he had ever seen; he gazed on her attentively, and the longer he gazed, the more beauty and graces he discovered in her. Finding an unusual pleasure in contemplating her, he was not able for a moment to remove his eyes from her face, but, darting a thousand passionate looks at the young beauty, he secretly resolved to exert his utmost endeavours to gain her affections.

Thus was his former passion vanquished by this new one, and gave place to a flame that was never extinguished but by his death. Not daring in that sus-

pected house to inquire the name of the young beauty that had charmed him, he contented himself with feeding his eyes with her sight, and, finding new graces in every look and action, drank in large draughts of the sweet poison of love.

Romeo being, as was said before, seated in a corner of the hall, had a full view of all the company, who, in returning to their places after dancing, passed close by him; Julietta, so was the young lady called who had charmed him, not having observed him before, was struck with admiration of his person, as she went by the place where he sat. This fair one was daughter to Capellet, the master of the house, who had given the feast, and ignorant of the name and quality of Romeo; yet he appearing to her the most beautiful youth she had ever seen, she could not resist the pleasure she took in gazing on him; but secretly snatching stolen glances at him every moment, an unusual softness took possession of her heart, and filled it with all the sweet inquietudes and tender perplexities of a beginning passion: not satisfied with gazing on him at a distance, she ardently wished he would mix among the dancers, that she might have an opportunity of hearing him speak, not doubting but her ears would take in as much pleasure from the agreeableness of his discourse, as her eyes did sweetness from his sight; but Romeo, wholly lost in the pleasure he took in looking upon her, showed no inclination to join the company; and Julietta was equally incapable of any delight but looking at him.

Their eyes being thus frequently directed to each other, their passionate glances often met; the sighs which accompanied those glances betrayed the emotions of

their hearts, and both were sensible that an opportunity of discovering their mutual flame was equally desired by each.

While they were thus taken up in exchanging tender and passionate looks, the ball broke up, and the company, mixing promiscuously together, began the concluding dance, called *the dance of the torch*, otherwise *the dance of the hat*.

Romeo in the midst of the agreeable confusion of this dance, was snatched up by a young lady, who forcing him into the crowd, he performed his part; and giving the torch, as was the custom, to another lady, he drew near to Julietta, and took her by the hand, to the inconceivable transport of them both.

Julietta then seated herself between Romeo and Mercutio: the latter, who was a courtier, gay, witty, and agreeably satirical, was as remarkable for the extraordinary coldness of his hand, as for the uncommon sprightlinesss of his disposition; and he holding one of Julietta's hands, as Romeo did the other, she, who ardently desired to hear him to speak, turning towards him with an enchanting smile, said softly, and in a trembling voice, gently pressing his hand at the same moment, "Blessed be the time, sir, that you seated yourself near me."

Romeo, who well knew how to make use of advantages, straining her hand passionately in return, with eyes which seemed to implore her pity, and an accent as if his life hung suspended on her answer, asked her the meaning of such a benediction.

"Gentle youth," replied Julietta with a smile, "I bless the time of your coming hither, because signior

Mercutio, whose hand is as cold as ice, froze me all over by his touch, and you, for which I am much obliged to you, by the kindly warmth of yours, have restored me again."

"Madam," replied Romeo immediately, "I should think myself superlatively happy in being able to do you any service, and blest beyond measure if you will deign to command me as the meanest of your slaves; permit me however to tell you, that if my hand has warmed you, the fire of your bright eyes has kindled such flames in me, that, unless you afford me some assistance, I shall soon be consumed to ashes."

Scarce had he finished these last words, when, the dance being ended, the company began to disperse; and Julietta, transported with the excess of her new passion, breathing an ardent sigh, and tenderly straining his hand, replied in haste as she parted from him, "Alas! what can I say, but that I am more yours than my own!"

Romeo, in hopes of knowing who she was, continued still in the hall; but he had not waited long, till he was informed by a friend that she was the daughter of the lord Capellet, who had given the feast.

This news threw him into great affliction, foreseeing the difficulty and danger there would be in pursuing his passion; but the wound was already given, and his whole soul was now infected with the sweet venom of love.

On the other side, Julietta, equally desirous of knowing the name of him who had conquered her heart, calling an old woman, who had nursed her, to a window, which looked into a street, through which the

company was passing, by the light of a great number of torches, she began to enquire the names of several of the maskers as they went along; and at last directing her eyes to Romeo, asked her who that fine youth was who carried his mask in his hand. The good woman, who knew him very well, told her it was Romeo, son of the lord Montecchio.

Julietta, struck with the sound of that name, as with a thunderbolt, began now to despair of ever gaining the object of her affections for a husband. Concealing, however, her confusion from the observation of her nurse, she retired to bed; but her mind was agitated with so many different thoughts, that she could take no repose: love and despair bred a cruel conflict in her soul; yet love had taken so full and absolute possession of it, that her desire increased with the impossibility of gratifying it. "Ah!" cried she to herself, "how have I suffered my affections to be thus transported! how do I know (credulous fool as I am) whether Roméo really loves me? Perhaps the artful youth means only to delude me with a dissembled passion, that, by robbing me of my honour, he may revenge himself of my family, and increase the rooted hatred between our fathers; but can it be, that a soul so generous as his, should form a design to ruin one who loves and adores him? Ah! if the face be the index of the mind, his is all loveliness and beauty; cruelty and deceit can never harbour in so sweet a dwelling; from a form so enchanting nothing can be expected but truth, gentleness, and love. But suppose," added she, "that he loves me honourably, have I not reason to believe that my father will never consent to our union? And yet, who knows but our

mutual passion may be the means of procuring a firm and perpetual peace between our families? I have often heard that not only the peace of private families has been procured by marriages, but that warring nations have been made friends by that means; ought I not then to hope that our two houses may be reconciled by such an event?" Resting then upon this soothing thought, whenever Romeo went through the street where she lived, she always showed herself at a balcony, giving him such bewitching smiles as he passed, as filled his whole soul (which, like hers, had been tossed between hope and fear) with inexpressible delight.

It was not without great danger to his person that he thus haunted the street where she dwelt, both night and day; but Julietta's smiles inflaming his desires, he could not resist the sweet violence that drew him continually thither. The chamber of this fair maid had a window in it, which looked into a narrow lane. Romeo, when he had passed the great street, and arrived to the head of this lane, often beheld her at this window, to which she would come very obligingly when she saw him, and by her looks express the pleasure she took in seeing him. One night when Romeo came, as he was wont, to this place, Julietta, seeing him, opened the window; the moon shone so bright, that though he retired, upon her looking out, into an old ruinous building which fronted the window, yet she distinguished him plainly, and no person being with her in the chamber, she ventured to call out to him. "Romeo," said she, "what do you here alone, at such an hour? Should you be discovered, I tremble for your life. Are you ignorant of the cruel enmity there is between our fami-

lies, and how many lives have been lost by it on both sides? Certainly, if you are taken, you will be barbarously murdered. Why will you thus endanger your own life and my honour?"

"The ardent passion you have inspired me with," answered he, "is the cause of my coming hither: I know, if I am discovered by your relations, they will endeavour to kill me; but I shall defend myself as well as I am able, and though I may be overpowered by superior force, yet I will not die alone; to die near you will take off the bitterness of death: yet be assured, madam, I never will be the occasion of bringing any stain upon your honour, but will with pleasure sacrifice my life to preserve it inviolate."

"But what is it you require of me?" interrupted Julietta.

"That you would permit me to enter your chamber, madam," replied Romeo, "that I may with less danger make known to you the greatness of my passion, and the cruel torments I suffer for your sake."

Julietta, a little offended at this demand, replied in some confusion: "Romeo, you know the extent of your own passion, and I know that of mine; I know that I love you, as much as it is possible for a person to love, and perhaps more than is consistent with my honour; however, I must tell you, that if you hope to possess me by any other means than matrimony, you are much deceived; and because I am sensible you expose yourself to great danger by coming hither so frequently, I am willing to bring this affair to a speedy conclusion; therefore if you desire to be mine, as I wish to be eternally yours, you will make me your wife, and for that

purpose I will be ready to meet you at any convenient place, whatever time you shall appoint me; but, if you have any dishonourable intentions towards me, go away, I conjure you, and suffer me to live in peace."

Romeo, who only wished to possess her with honour, heard this proposition with transport, and told her, "that he would marry her at any time, and in any manner she pleased."

"'Tis well," replied Julietta; "let our nuptials then be celebrated by the reverend friar Lorenzo of Reggio, who is my spiritual father." To this Romeo readily agreed, the good friar being very intimate in his family; and it was resolved between them, that Romeo should speak to him the next day upon that affair.

Friar Lorenzo, in whom the lovers chose to confide upon this occasion, was of the order of the Minors, a learned theologian and philosopher; had great knowledge of herbs, and was well skilled in the magic art; and that he might maintain himself in the good opinion of the vulgar, and quietly enjoy those pleasures, for which he had a taste, he endeavoured to procure the friendship of all persons of distinguished rank and reputation. In this he succeeded so well, that he had many friends among the nobility of Verona, particularly the father of Romeo, a nobleman in great credit and esteem, who had a high opinion of his sanctity and wisdom.

Romeo also held him in great esteem; and the friar, who knew him to be a prudent and generous youth, had a tender affection for him. The reverend father, who confessed almost all the persons of quality of both sexes in the city, was also very intimate in the family of the Capelletti, and was therefore entrusted with the spiritual direction of Julietta.

Romeo, the next day after his conference with his mistress, went to the church of St. Francis, and related to friar Lorenzo the whole story of his passion for Julietta, and the happy conclusion to which he had brought it, intreating at the same time his assistance to unite them for ever.

The friar, hearing this account, promised to do all he required, as well because he was not able to deny Romeo any thing, as he hoped this marriage would reconcile the two houses of the Montecchi and Capelletti, and by that means acquire to himself the favour of signor Bartholomew, who passionately wished to compose the disorders their enmity created in this city.

The two lovers, now only waiting for some occasion of going to confession, in order to effect their design, Julietta, for the greater conveniency, resolved to trust her nurse, who slept with her, with her love for Romeo; his extreme affection for her, and their intended marriage.

The good woman, greatly concerned at such a precipitate design, endeavoured to dissuade her from it, but to no purpose; and, moved with the affecting arguments of Julietta, was at last prevailed upon to carry a letter to Romeo.

The lover was transported with joy at the contents: which directed him to come, at five o'clock that night, to the window in the lane, bringing with him a ladder of ropes, by which he might ascend to the top.

Romeo, committing the care of providing the ladder to a faithful servant of his, named Pietro, they both, at the appointed hour, went to the place where Julietta expected them.

As soon as she saw Romeo, she let down a cord from the window, which they fastened to one end of the ladder; she drew it up, and with the assistance of her nurse fixed it securely at the top, while Romeo and his servant took care to fasten it well below.

Romeo then boldly ascending the ladder, Pietro retired into the old ruinous house till his master had occasion for him. The iron bars before the window were set so close, that it was with difficulty the passionate Romeo could pass his hand through to clasp that of his adored Julietta. "Oh! Romeo," cried the transported maid, "dearer to me than the light of my eyes, I desired to see you here, that I might inform you I have ordered matters so that I can go to confession with my mother on Friday next; we shall come to the church about the time that the sermon begins; take care to acquaint father Lorenzo, that he may have every thing in readiness."

Romeo assuring her that the friar was disposed to do whatever they desired, they began to enter into a tender conversation, which the necessity of parting for fear of a discovery interrupting, the lover, descending the ladder, took leave of his dear Julietta, who, though excessively pleased with the past interview, thought every moment an age till she could call Romeo her own; and Romeo, who was almost transported out of himself, spent the time in discoursing with his confidant on his approaching happiness.

The destined day being arrived, lady Giovanni, the mother of Julietta, taking with her her daughter and some of her women, went to the church of St. Francis, which was then in the Citadel; the old lady, as soon as

she entered, calling for friar Lorenzo, told him, she had come early with Julietta to confession, because she knew he would be much hurried that day, having so many spiritual children to confess.

The friar, who had been instructed before by Romeo, and had him then concealed in his confessionary, giving the ladies the benediction, went into the convent, and entering the confessionary where Romeo was, made Julietta, who first presented herself, go into the other cell, which was slightly partitioned off from that which he and Romeo were in, having also a grate between; as soon as she was entered, he gave the sign that Romeo was within, and removing the grate after the first salutation, said to her, "Daughter, Romeo has informed me that you are willing to take him for a husband, and he also is desirous of having you for a wife; do you both continue to be thus disposed?"

The lovers making answer, that they wished for nothing else, the friar, after a short discourse in praise of holy matrimony, pronounced the accustomed form of words ordained by the church, and gave them the nuptial benediction.

Romeo then presenting his beloved Julietta with a ring, which she received with unspeakable pleasure, he consulted with her on the means he should use to gain access to her at night, and tenderly saluting her, went cautiously out of the church.

The friar, replacing the grate, heard the confession of the happy Julietta, and dismissing her, heard also those of her mother, and the women who attended them, and they returned again to their house.

Night being come, Romeo, with his servant, went to the garden belonging to the lord Capellet's house, and ascending the wall by the help of his faithful Pietro, he got easily over to the other side, where he found his bride; who, together with her nurse, was expecting him.

Romeo, as soon as he saw her, ran to her with open arms, and Julietta eagerly flying to him, threw herself on his neck, and embraced him with inexpressible transport. They passed the whole night in the garden without fear of being discovered; and when the morning approached, Romeo, after consulting with his fair spouse on the methods they should use to reconcile their parents, took leave of her with a tender embrace, and returned to his house, looking upon himself to be the happiest of all men in the possession of so beautiful a creature; and Julietta who thought the whole world could not produce so lovely and accomplished a youth as her Romeo, had no other alloy to her happiness but the ardent desire she felt to have their two families reconciled, that her marriage might no longer be concealed.

While the new-married couple were obliged to content themselves with short and stolen interviews, friar Lorenzo was secretly practising means to reconcile their two houses, and had put matters in such a train, that he had some hopes of accomplishing it.

When the feast of Easter was celebrated, it happened that great numbers of coaches were assembled at the gate of the Borsori, near the castle Vecchio, or Old Castle; and many of the Capelletti and Montecchi meeting in that place, assaulted each other furiously with

their arms. Among the Capelletti was a noble youth, named Tibbald, a first cousin of Julietta's, who, being possessed of great personal courage, animated his people against the Montecchi, and urging them to have no consideration for any person whatever among their enemies, the fray grew very bloody, both parties being continually increased by other of their partizans who joined them.

Romeo, who was going through the city on some diversion with several of his companions, and a few attendants, happened to pass by while the combatants were engaged; this sight gave him great affliction, as he had hopes, from the friar's endeavours, that peace would have been made between their families; being desirous therefore of putting an end to the fight, he turned to his companions and servants, and speaking so loud that he was heard by many in the street: "Brothers," said he, "let us thrust ourselves between them, and try if by any means we can oblige them to lay down their arms." With these words he pressed in among the combatants, followed by his friends and servants, labouring both with words and actions to prevail upon them to cease their contention: but his intreaties and endeavours were all ineffectual; their fury had risen to such excess, that they minded nothing but how to be revenged on each other, many of each party lying dead upon the ground.

While Romeo was thus generously employed in endeavouring to calm their rage, the furious Tibbald drew near him, and gave him a thrust with his sword in the side, which, by reason of a net-work of steel he wore beneath his clothes, did him no harm.

Romeo, notwithstanding this outrage, turning towards him, said, with a friendly accent, "Tibbald, if you believe I came hither with any intention to fight with you, or any of your party, you are much deceived: I passed this way by chance, and have no other design in mixing among you, but to make those who belong to me retire."

Tibbald, either not understanding these words, or seeming not to understand them, cried out, "Ah, traitor! thou shalt die!" and furiously throwing himself upon Romeo, struck him with great violence on the head; but the force of the blow, though weakened by the steel head-piece he wore, yet so enraged Romeo, that, wrapping his cloak about his arm by way of shield, he turned the point of his sword towards his enemy, which, piercing his throat, went quite through his neck, and came out behind, so that the unhappy Tibbald fell dead immediately on the earth.

The guards approaching at the report of this battle, the combatants dispersed different ways; and Romeo, full of grief for having killed Tibbald, fled to the church of St Francis, followed by a great many of his friends and servants.

Father Lorenzo was much affected at the news of Tibbald's death, which put it out of his power to accomplish the peace he meditated between them; however, he received Romeo with great kindness, and concealed him in his chamber at the convent.

The Capelletti assembling together, went to complain to signor Bartholomew of the injury they had suffered from Romeo; and the father of Romeo, together with all the persons of quality among the Montecchi,

went also to prove that Romeo had not engaged in the fight, but sought only to part the combatants, and, being basely wounded by Tibbald, killed him in his own defence.

Although it was made very clear, that the Capelletti assaulted the Montecchi first, and also proved, by many witnesses, that Romeo endeavoured to part them, and was wounded by Tibbald while he was thus employed, yet signor Bartholomew banished him from Verona, and ordered the rest to forbear such hostilities for the future.

The death of Tibbald caused great affliction in the family of the Capelletti; but Julietta wept not for her cousin's death, but for the banishment of Romeo; having, however, that excuse for her sorrow, she gave free vent to her tears, and, losing all the hopes she had formerly entertained of being happy with her beloved Romeo, she wholly abandoned herself to grief.

Understanding that he was concealed in father Lorenzo's convent, she wrote a letter to him, filled with moving complaints of their miserable fortune, intreating him, with the most tender instances of affection, that he would allow her to accompany him in his banishment.

Romeo received this letter by the hands of the old woman who was the confidant of their marriage; and in his answer he conjured his dear Julietta not to afflict herself; that in a proper time he would do all she desired; but at present he had not fixed upon the place of his exile, though he was resolved it should be as near her as possible; and concluded with earnestly desiring

her to give him an opportunity of seeing her before he went away.

Julietta naming the garden for the place of this last sad interview, Romeo, at the appointed hour, came secretly out of the convent by the assistance of father Lorenzo, and, attended by his faithful Pietro, came to the place where he was expected.

Julietta received him with a flood of tears, and grief so totally possessed their souls, that they continued a long time unable to speak to each other; recovering a little from this silent excess of sorrow, they flew into each other's arms, mingling tears with their embraces, and bitter complaints against the cruelty of their fortune.

Great part of the night being wasted in this manner, Julietta, with the most earnest and affecting intreaties, urged her beloved Romeo to permit her to go with him into banishment.

"Do not, my lord," cried she, "do not leave me behind you; I will cut off this long hair, and, dressed in the habit of a boy, follow you wherever you go; my tender cares shall soften the rigour of your exile; can you have a more faithful servant than me? Oh, my dearest husband, grant me this favour, I conjure you; let me share your fate, whatever it be; I cannot be unhappy if I am with you."

Romeo, with the tenderest language that love could dictate, endeavoured to comfort his afflicted wife; he assured her that his sentence of banishment would be shortly revoked; the prince had given his father some reason to expect it: "but happen what will," said he, "my lovely Julietta, not in the habit of a page

can I consent to see you; no, when you do come, it must be in a manner suitable to the dignity of your birth, and the quality of your husband. Depend upon it," continued he, "my banishment will not continue more than a year; in that time our parents may be reconciled; the prince himself will labour to make peace between them; but if these hopes fail me, I will then take another course, for it is impossible I should be able to live long without you."

Julietta yielding to the force of these reasons and persuasions, they began to settle the method of corresponding by letters; and the morn now breaking, amidst a thousand sighs, tears, and tender embraces, they took leave of each other: Romeo returned to the convent, and Julietta to her chamber.

In two or three days, every thing being prepared for his departure, Romeo left the convent, and, disguised like a foreign merchant, went privately out of Verona. Several of his most faithful friends conducted him safely to Mantua, where he hired a magnificent house, and, having large appointments from his father, lived with a splendour befitting his quality.

Julietta, in the mean time, gave herself wholly up to sorrow; she loathed her food; sleep fled from her eyes; she passed the days in sighs and tears, and the nights in complaints and lamentations. Her mother, observing her continual grief, reproved her for it many times; telling her, she had wept enough for the death of her cousin, and that it was time to put an end to her affliction upon his account. Julietta replied, that she knew no cause for affliction; nevertheless she continued to fly from all company and diversion, and gave herself up en-

tirely a prey to sadness and tears; her fixed melancholy making so great an alteration in her lovely face, that she no longer had any resemblance of the once gay and beautiful Julietta.

Romeo never failed to make use of every opportunity to write to her, always comforting her in his letters with hopes of being soon together, and tenderly intreating her to moderate her affliction, and become easy and cheerful as she was wont to be: but all was in vain; the absence of Romeo was the cause of her unhappiness, and till that was removed she was incapable of receiving any comfort.

Her mother at last, supposing the sadness of her daughter proceeded from her discontent at seeing so many of her young companions married, while she had no husband proposed to her, acquainted her spouse, the lord Capellet, with her suspicions. "Our daughter," said she, "does nothing but sigh and weep; I have frequently asked her the cause of this immoderate affliction; she answers me always in the same tone, that she knows of no cause; yet every one in the house perceives her continual melancholy: certainly some violent uneasiness preys upon her heart; and if she is suffered to go on thus, she will consume away insensibly, like wax before the fire. I have imagined a thousand reasons for this her sorrow, but what seems to me to be the most probable is, that having, since last carnival, seen all her companions become wives, she is afflicted because a husband has not yet been proposed to her; she will be eighteen years of age St. Euphemia's day next, and in my opinion it is now time we should procure her a good and honourable husband, for a young

virgin is not merchandize that will keep long in a house."

"Since it is your opinion," replied the lord Antonio to his wife, "that this melancholy of our daughter is caused by her not having a husband proposed to her, I will endeavour to procure one suitable to the dignity of our house; but let it be your care to find out whether her affections are yet engaged, that I may propose such a match to her as may be agreeable to her inclinations."

Giovanni replied, that she would do all in her power to satisfy him in this particular; and accordingly she again questioned all Julietta's attendants, and every other person in the house, who she thought was likely to give her any information; but could discover nothing.

Some time after this, a match was proposed to lord Antonio, between the young Paris count of Lodrona, and his daughter.

Lord Antonio was extremely well pleased with the proposal, the count being young, handsome, and very rich: and desired his lady to acquaint her daughter with the advantageous offer that was made her.

Lady Giovanni did as she was directed; but Julietta received this news with such apparent grief, that her mother, after long endeavouring in vain to find out the cause, said at last, "by what I can understand then, my daughter, you are not willing to be married."

"It is true, madam," replied Julietta, "I never intend to marry any one; and if you love me, and have any regard for my peace, you will not think of giving me a husband."

"Will you be a nun then?" replied the mother, in great amazement: "tell me what are your intentions." "I will not be a nun," said Julietta: "I know not what I would be; but I long to be in my grave."

Lady Giovanni, equally surprized and offended at this answer, was at a loss what to say or do. She again inquired of her daughter's attendants if they knew the cause of her extreme melancholy. They replied, that, ever since her cousin Tibbald's death, she had wholly abandoned herself to sorrow, was always in tears, and sought all occasions of being alone.

Giovanni relating all this to her husband, he ordered Julietta to be called, and, after some little discourse with her, "Daughter," said he, "you are now old enough to be married; I have found a husband for you, who is young, handsome, noble, and rich; it is the count of Lodrona: dispose yourself therefore to comply with my will in this affair; such matches offer but seldom."

Julietta, with more spirit than became one of her years, replied boldly, that she would not marry.

Her father, greatly enraged, was ready to beat her; but checking his fury a little, he contented himself with threatening her with the most cruel effects of his displeasure, if she continued disobedient, and concluded with telling her, that whether she was willing or not she must prepare in a few days to go with him, her mother, and other relations, to Villa Franca, to meet the young count, who would be there with a great retinue on purpose to see her; adding, that if she made any reply, or resistance, he would break her head, and make her the most miserable creature that ever was born.

Julietta remained like one thunder-struck at this cruel language, and, not daring to reply, she retired to her chamber, and there wrote an account of all that had passed to Romeo.

In a short time she received an answer from her beloved husband, who earnestly conjured her not to afflict herself, but to depend upon the promise he made her, to come soon to Verona, and take her away privately to Mantua.

While she waited the effect of this promise, the day approached on which she was to go to Villa Franca, where her father had a fine seat. Notwithstanding her great reluctance, she was obliged to go; and the young count of Lodrona, who first saw her at church, was so struck with her charms, though now a little impaired by her continual grief, that he immediately concluded the marriage-treaty with her father; who returned with Julietta to Verona. Here he informed her, that her marriage with the count was absolutely resolved upon, exhorting her to be cheerful, and submit to his will with a good grace.

Julietta made no answer, but retired to her chamber, in order to conceal her affliction, being informed that her nuptials with count Paris were to be celebrated in a few weeks. Not knowing what to do in this terrible extremity, she at last resolved to go to father Lorenzo, and consult with him upon means to avoid this detested husband.

Accordingly, the next saint's day she went to her mother's chamber. "My dear mother," said she at her entrance, "I cannot imagine how this strange melancholy has grown upon me; but ever since the death of my

cousin Tibbald I have been able to take no pleasure in any thing, and my dejection increases every day: I think I will go on this blessed saint's day to confession; perhaps I may receive some consolation by that means. What say you, my sweet mother, are you pleased with this proposition? Shall I go?"

Lady Giovanni, who was a very pious woman, greatly approved of her daughter's intention, and went with her to the church of St. Francis; where, ordering father Lorenzo to be called, she permitted Julietta to go into the confessionary, and being entered, "My father," said the afflicted Julietta, "no one knows better than yourself what has passed between Romeo and me, therefore it is needless to repeat it; you have no doubt read the letter which I put into your hand to be sent to him; in which I informed him, that my father had promised me to Paris count of Lodrona. Romeo writes to me, that he will shortly come and take measures to prevent this ever happening; but, alas! Heaven knows when he will perform his promise: the day of my nuptials is now fixed; I see no way to avoid the hated count, who appears to me as a robber and assassin. You know that I am the wife of Romeo, and that I cannot be another's; no, I will be my dear Romeo's eternally, this is my fixed resolution; to you therefore I come for advice and assistance; hear first, however, what I propose. You shall, my dear father, provide me a suit of boy's clothes, in which I will leave my father's house very early in the morning, and thus disguised travel to Mantua, and keep myself concealed in the house of my dear Romeo."

The friar, who was not at all pleased with this proposition, replied: "My dear daughter, it is impossible to execute, with safety, the design you have formed: the dangers are too great; you are very young, your person and constitution extremely delicate; you could not endure the fatigue of such a journey; you have never been accustomed to walk, and, not being acquainted with the way, would wander here and there, without knowing whither to go. Your father would no sooner miss you, than he would send people to the city gates, and into all the streets to find you; it would be impossible to escape the search. When you are brought back, will not your father, by threats, and perhaps blows, force you to declare the reason of your flight disguised like a boy? and, when he shall understand that you were going to Romeo, will not he effectually prevent you ever seeing him more?"

Julietta, acquiescing in these reasons of the good father, replied: "since you do not approve of what I have proposed, which I am now convinced is not practicable, give me your advice what to do; teach me how to untie this cruel knot, by which, miserable that I am! I find myself bound; assist me if possible to get to my dear Romeo, for without him I can no longer live; but if you cannot do that, help me at least to the means of keeping myself entirely his. My husband has told me of your knowledge of herbs, and that you can distil a water which in two hours' time will steal away life from the person who takes it, without giving any pain. Give me such a quantity of this water, as will deliver me from this count, and make me able to keep my faith with Romeo. If he loves me as I love him, he will ra-

ther see me in the arms of death, than in those of any other person; by helping me to this quiet death, you will deliver me and my family from great disgrace, for if I am driven to despair, and find no other way to avoid the miseries that wait me, I will cut my throat in the night, for I am determined to die, rather than violate my faith to Romeo."

Father Lorenzo, who was one of the greatest chemists in his time, and was well acquainted with the virtues of herbs and stones, among other wonderful secrets he was possessed of, had found out and composed with many somniferous simples a certain paste, which being reduced to powder, and a small quantity of it mixed with water, would put the person who drank it into a sleep so like death, that the most skilful physician in the world might be deceived by it, holding them in this sweet trance forty hours or more, according to the quantity of the powder, or the constitution of the patient. He understanding, therefore, the fixed determination of the unhappy Julietta, was so moved with compassion, that it was with difficulty he restrained his tears.

"My daughter," said he, "you must not think of giving yourself death, because you may depend upon it there is no returning to life, until the day of universal judgment, when, together with all the dead, you shall be raised again; be patient, and resolve to live as long as God pleases; he gave you life, he preserves it, and in his own good time he will resume it. Banish these melancholy thoughts from your mind; you are young, and ought to be fond of life, that you may enjoy your Romeo; do not doubt, but we shall find a remedy for the

evils you are afraid of. You see in what great credit and reputation I am in this magnificent city; should it be known that I was privy to your marriage with Romeo, what disgrace would it not bring upon me! I will, my dear daughter, so manage matters, that, without drawing you into any danger, you shall preserve your faith to Romeo; but you must be courageous and resolved, and punctually observe all my directions."

He then related to her the extraordinary virtues of the powder before mentioned, assuring her that it had been often tried, and always found perfect. "My daughter," added he, "this precious and valuable powder will, as I have said, put you into so sound and quiet a sleep, that if Galen, Hippocrates, Mesue, Avicenna, and all the colleges of the most excellent physicians that are, or ever were, were to see you, and feel your pulse, they would with one voice declare you dead. When you have drank the mixture, you will in a few moments fall asleep; at your usual hour of rising your attendants will come to awake you, but not be able; and you being cold as ice, without pulse, or any signs of life, your parents, relations, and all who see you, will believe you to be dead, and you will be carried to the monument of your family; there you will quietly repose the night and day. I will take care to dispatch a messenger to Romeo, and he and I will come, the night following that which you are interred, to the monument; and when the dose is fully digested, you will awake from this artificial death as fresh and lovely as when you rise in a morning from your bed, after a quiet rest; we will then take you from the monument, and you shall return with Romeo secretly to Mantua, and there remain concealed

till the blessed peace I am meditating reconciles your two houses: but I must again repeat to you that secrecy and courage are absolutely necessary for our design, otherwise you will ruin both yourself and me."

Julietta, who would have passed through a glowing furnace to get to Romeo, gave absolute credit to the friar's words, and replied, "Father, I will put myself entirely into your hands, and perform whatever you require with the greatest secrecy."

The friar then going to the chamber, returned in a few moments with a sufficient quantity of the powder, which he directed her to mix in a glass of water. Julietta, with many thanks, received it, and put it into a purse, which she carefully concealed in her bosom.

The friar, who could with difficulty believe so young a creature had fortitude enough to suffer herself to be interred living in a sepulchre with putrefied carcases, said to her:

"But, my daughter, tell me sincerely, do you not tremble at the thoughts of being entombed amongst mouldering bodies; where also the corse of your cousin Tibbald, newly slain, is interred?"

"Father," replied the determined Julietta, "do not trouble yourself about my fears; if I thought I should find my Romeo by passing through the midst of infernal flames, I would without trembling dare the everlasting fires."

In the name of God then," said the friar, "go on with your enterprize." Then taking leave of her, he went back to his chamber, and Julietta joined her mother, who was waiting for her in the church; and as soon as they were at home, "Certainly, my dear mo-

ther," said Julietta, " father Lorenzo is a most holy man; he has comforted me so much by his pious discourse, that the terrible melancholy I have so long laboured under begins already to abate of its force."

Lady Giovanni, who already perceived an agreeable change in the countenance of her daughter, was extremely pleased, and thanked God and the good friar for it a thousand times; telling her husband they ought, in gratitude for such a service from friar Lorenzo, to make a present to his monastery.

Julietta's cheerfulness persuading both her father and mother that there was no cause for the suspicion they had entertained of her being secretly in love, they began to repent they had entered into such strict engagements with the count of Lodrona, because the extreme youth of their daughter made them willing to keep her unmarried two or three years longer; but the match having been concluded upon on both sides, they could not break it off without great scandal.

The night before the day on which the nuptials were to be celebrated, Julietta, who thought every moment a year till she drank the potion, mixed it with some water in a phial, and placed it secretly at her bed's head; the nurse, who lay with her, falling asleep soon after she was in bed.

Julietta, who could not take any repose, passed the night in various and affecting thoughts; the dawn approaching, put her in mind that it was time to drink the potion; when the image of Tibbald, dead as she had lately seen him, with the blood flowing from his wound, rose to her imagination, and reflecting that she would soon be enclosed in a dark monument amidst so many

dead bodies and mouldering bones, her blood froze in her veins, a cold sweat hung upon all her limbs, and she began to tremble like a leaf shaken by the winds. "Alas!" said she, softly sighing, "what am I going to do? Where shall I suffer myself to be carried? If I should awake before the friar and Romeo come to take me out of the monument, what will become of me? How shall I be able to endure the stench of the dead body of Tibbald! I who cannot suffer any disagreeable smell to approach me! who knows how many serpents and horrid worms there may be in that sepulchre! creatures I so much fear and abhor; and if I am terrified only at the sight of them, how shall I endure to have them stinging and crawling about me? How often have I heard horrid stories related of dreadful things which happen in the night in churches and churchyards!"

These, and many more thoughts of the like nature, so tormented her imagination, that she began to deliberate with herself whether she should not throw away that terrible potion.

Continuing thus irresolute a long time, her fervent love for Romeo at last got the better of her fears, and the day now shining through her window, she took the phial from her pillow, and courageously drank off the liquor, which, in a few moments, producing its usual effects, she fell in a profound sleep.

Her nurse, who had been sensible she had slept but little in the night, thinking she was now reposing, rose softly for fear of disturbing her, and went about her usual business; and when it was time to awake her, she returned to her chamber, saying as she entered, "Up,

up, you slug-a-bed, it is time to rise;" then opening the window, and perceiving Julietta did not yet move, she approached the bed, crying, "Rise, rise, you lazy ones;" but the good old woman was calling to the deaf; then raising her voice, she called her aloud, shaking her to dissipate her sleep; but all her vital faculties were so bound up, that the loudest and most horrible thunders would not have been able to awake her.

The poor old woman, believing her now to be certainly dead, burst into tears and complaints, and went to acquaint the unhappy mother with the news, who, flying with distracted pace to Julietta's chamber, and beholding her stretched breathless upon the bed, she filled the air with dreadful shrieks, uttering such moving expressions of sorrow as might have softened the rage of tygers themselves. The tears and groans of the nurse, and piercing cries of the wretched mother, brought all the family to the chamber, and among the rest the lord Antonio, who approaching the bed, and finding his daughter without sense or motion, and cold as ice, astonishment and grief made him for some moments immoveable as a statue.

The sad news being spread through the city, all the relations and friends of the family hastened to lord Antonio's house, and filled it with tears and lamentations; the most famous physicians were immediately sent for; but all their art proved ineffectual, and they declared she was absolutely dead.

At this cruel confirmation of their fears, their weepings and lamentations redoubled; the whole city took part in the grief of this family, and every one bewailed

the unexpected death of the young and beautiful Julietta.

But what words can express the deep distress, the wild affliction of the wretched mother? Deaf to all the consolation that was offered to her, she gave a loose to despair: now, in the wild agony of grief, she tore her hair, and, shrieking, pierced the skies with her complaints; now sinking under the load of unutterable sorrow, with eyes streaming with tears, and sighs which seemed to shake her whole frame, she silently bewailed her loss; three times she threw herself upon the bed, and, clasping the cold Julietta to her sobbing bosom, fell breathless on the body, and was with difficulty brought back to life.

Lord Antonio, who had tenderly loved his daughter, was no less afflicted for her death than his wife; but strove with manly fortitude to conceal his anguish in his own breast, in order to quiet her's.

In the mean time, father Lorenzo wrote to Romeo all that had passed between him and Julietta; he desired him to come the next night, disguised, to Verona, and assist him in taking his wife from the tomb, and carrying her with him to Mantua.

This letter he gave to a faithful brother of the order, strictly charging him to hasten with it to Mantua, and give it to Romeo Montecchio, and no other person whatever.

The friar accordingly departed for Mantua; and arriving there in good time, alighted at the convent of St. Francis, with an intention to desire the superior to let one of the brothers accompany him into the city, where he had some business to transact.

It happened that a friar of that convent was just then dead; and because it was suspected, from some marks on his body, that he died of the plague, the deputies of health, the same moment that the Veronese friar arrived, came to the superior, with orders from the lord of the city, that he should not suffer any one belonging to his convent to stir out upon any occasion whatever, for fear of spreading the contagion.

The Veronese friar in vain represented to the deputies, that he was but just arrived from Verona, and had not yet spoke with any person in the convent; they obliged him to remain shut up with the other friars, by which means he could not deliver the letter to Romeo himself, and would not, according to his orders, send it by any other person.

While this passed at Mantua, in Verona they were making great preparations for the funeral obsequies of Julietta, which, agreeable to the custom of the place, were to be performed the day on which she died.

Pietro, the faithful confident of Romeo, being then at Verona, and hearing that Julietta was dead, was almost out of his wits for grief: at first he was for going directly to Mantua, but upon reflection he resolved to stay till she was buried, that he might be able to say to his master, he had really seen her dead. Julietta then was carried with great pomp to the monument of the Capelletti, amidst the sighs and tears of all the inhabitants of Verona. Pietro at this sight was so lost in affliction, reflecting how ardently she was beloved by his master, that he never thought of going to father Lorenzo to consult with him, as he was accustomed; but, having seen Julietta entombed, he mounted his horse,

and rode hard, till he got to Villa-Franca, where he stopt to refresh himself, and after a short sleep, rising two hours before day, he remounted his horse, and reached Mantua at sun-rise.

Romeo was still in bed when he entered his chamber; and poor Pietro was so much affected with the sad news he brought, that for some moments he was unable to utter a word; but his sighs, and the tears which ran down in great abundance from his eyes, persuaded his master that some ill accident had happened, though he was far from guessing at the real one; yet, with some impatience, he asked him, if his father and all his friends at Verona were well. "Speak," added he, beginning to be more alarmed. Finding he still continued silent and weeping, "Keep me no longer in suspence, but tell me what is the cause of that affliction I see you in."

Pietro, with a faultering voice, then told him, that Julietta was dead, that he had seen her laid in the monument of the Capelletti, and that it was reported in Verona, that grief was the cause of her death.

Romeo, struck as with a thunder-bolt at this dreadful news, remained for some time in a speechless agony of grief; then furiously springing out of his bed, "Ah, traitor!" cried he aloud, "cruel, perfidious, and ungrateful Romeo! it was not sorrow that killed thy wife, grief is not so quick a murderer! Ah! no, it was thy cruelty that killed her. Did she not tell thee in her letters, she would die rather than be the wife of any other, and earnestly entreat thee to come and take her from her father's house; and thou, unworthy, lingering lover, amused her with vain promises, but had not

the road to Verona. Having rode pretty fast, he arrived there in the evening, and went to the house where he had appointed to meet Pietro, who having provided every thing that he had been commanded, they went together, at four o'clock in the morning, to the church-yard, which was in the citadel, and got to the monument of the Capelletti without being discovered.

The vault being opened without much difficulty, with the instruments they had brought with them, they propt up the top with poles, and Romeo taking a dark lanthorn, which Pietro had also provided, he descended into the vault. Here he beheld his wife dead as she appeared, and stretched out upon her bier.

Romeo at this sight fell fainting upon her breast, and continued for some moments in a death more real than her's; recovering at last to a painful sense of agonizing woe, he took his wife in his arms, and holding her close prest to his bosom, bathed her cold face with his tears, which flowed in such abundance, that for a long time he was not able to utter a word; but when he recovered the use of speech, he broke into such moving complaints, as might have softened the fiercest and most impenetrable souls to compassion. Continuing still fixed in his resolution to die, he took the phial out of his pocket, and drank off the fatal draught in a moment; then ascending a few steps, he called to Pietro, who was standing in a corner of the church-yard. "Pietro," said he, when he approached, "behold here my wife: how much I did and do love her, thou partly knowest; thou knowest also, that it is as much impossible for me to live without her, as it is for a body to live without a soul; I therefore brought with me a poison,

which in less than half an hour procures a certain death; this I have gladly drank this moment, that dying near her, whom in life I so passionately adored, I may remain with her dead, since my cruel destiny would not permit us to live together. See, there is the phial which I have emptied; it was given me, thou may'st remember, by a mountebank in Mantua, who came from Spoletta, and brought with him living aspicks and other serpents: the water it contained was distilled from those creatures. God of his infinite mercy pardon me this act, since I did not destroy myself to offend him, but because it was not possible for me to live without my dearest wife. Think not, Pietro," added he, wiping away the tears that flowed from his eyes, while he was speaking, "think not, because thou seest me weep, that I lament my death at these early years. No, my weeping proceeds from the anguish I feel for the untimely death of her, who was worthy of a much longer, and much more happy life. Here," said he, pulling out the letter, "give this to my father: it contains some particular requests, which I have desired him to perform after my death, as well concerning my interment in this monument, as my servants in Mantua, and you in particular: I am persuaded my father will faithfully execute all I have required in the letter. Farewell, I can no more; I feel already the approach of death; the powerful poison wanders through all my limbs, and will shortly enter the last retreat of life; I shall expire in half an hour. Take away the props from the vault, and leave me to breathe my last in the bosom of my adored wife."

Pietro, at these words of his master, seemed to feel his heart tore from his breast; such was the excess of his sorrow: fain he would have done something to assist him, but it was now in vain; there was no remedy for that fatal poison.

Romeo, descending again, took Julietta in his arms, and after calling Pietro to close up the vault, fixed his dying lips on the mouth of his wife, and holding her fast folded to his breast, waited for death in that posture.

Julietta, who had now digested the sleeping powder, began to awake, and, her senses perfectly returning, feeling herself fast embraced, she suspected the friar was going to carry her to his cell with some impure design. Possessed with this thought, "Ah! father Lorenzo," said she, "is this the fidelity you owe to Romeo? Do you thus abuse the trust he reposed in you?" Endeavouring then to free herself from those suspected embraces, and opening her eyes at the same time, she saw and knew her Romeo, though disguised in the habit of a German soldier.

"And are you here, my love?" said she. "Where is father Lorenzo? Why don't you take me out of this monument? Haste, let us go, I beseech you."

Romeo, when he saw her open her eyes, and heard her speak, was sensible immediately that she was really alive, and feeling in the same moment an excess of joy and sorrow, he strained her eagerly to his bosom, and weeping cried, "Oh, life of my life, and by far the dearest part of me, what man ever felt the extatic joy I feel this instant, which brings me the full confirmation

that thou art not dead, but alive and well in my arms! but oh! was ever anguish equal to mine at the same time! since, this happy, this miserable moment, I feel myself going to be tore from thee by death; now when life would be most welcome to me, a quarter of an hour is all the time I can possibly live. Was there ever, oh cruel Heaven! an object at one and the same moment so exquisitely happy and so transcendantly miserable! How can I do otherwise than rejoice, my sweetest, my most lovely wife, when I behold you living, whose sudden and unexpected death I have so bitterly wept; but oh, my sorrow also is extreme, that now, when life would be dear to me, since, in possessing you, I have all for which I wish to live, now to be torn from you! how severe, how beyond measure cruel, is my destiny!"

Julietta, hearing Romeo speak in this manner, being now quite awakened, replied, "What words are these you speak to me, my dearest lord? is this all the comfort you intend to give me? and did you come from Mantua to bring me this fatal news?"

Romeo then, in a few words, telling her what he had done, and the cause of it: "Alas! alas!" cried the miserable Julietta, "what do I hear!—Oh what is it you tell me!—By what I understand then, father Lorenzo did not write you an account of the measures he and I had taken, though he promised me faithfully to do so."

Here Julietta, weeping, sighing, and bitterly complaining, amidst interrupting bursts of sorrow, recounted all that the friar and she had done to avoid being

married to the young nobleman her father had provided for her.

Romeo, hearing this, felt his grief and agony redoubled; and while Julietta with heart-piercing groans lamented their unhappy fate, calling the heavens, the stars, and all the elements most cruel and unmerciful, her dying husband, observing the corpse of Tibbald lying near him, turned towards it.

"Oh, Tibbald," said he, "if in thy present state thou art capable of knowing any thing, thou must know that I sought not to offend thee; but that my intention, by mixing in the combat, was to persuade thy party to retire, and mine to lay down their arms; but thou, possessed by long hereditary hatred against me, assaulted me cruelly with the most untameable malice; then losing all patience, I scorned to move one step to avoid thee, and thy ill destiny made me kill thee. Now then I ask thee pardon for that offence; so much the greater, as thou wert then become my kinsman by my marriage with thy cousin: if thou desirest vengeance on me, behold the fatal consequences of thy death; couldst thou wish for a more complete revenge than that thy murderer should here in thy presence come to give himself a voluntary death, and, dying, seek a corner of thy sepulchre to remain interred beside thee; so that, though in life we were enemies, yet in death one grave may hold us peaceably together?"

Pietro, at this piteous discourse of the dying husband, and the piercing cries and bitter complaints of the wretched wife, stood motionless with horror and grief, almost doubting if the melancholy scene he beheld was real; and, not knowing what to say or do,

remained fixed like a statue on the side of the monument.

" Oh, Romeo," said the exquisitely distressed Julietta, " since it is not the will of God that we should live together, I may at least be permitted to remain with you here; for oh! be assured, I will never, never forsake you."

Romeo then taking her in his arms, began with the gentlest and most tender soothings to calm her sorrow, and persuade her to live, telling her he could not die in peace, unless he was assured she would preserve her life; but while he was speaking, he felt his strength forsake him by degrees, his eyes grow dim, and all the powers of his body so weakened, that he was no longer able to stand, but letting himself gently sink on the ground, and looking piteously in the face of his afflicted wife, " Alas!" said he, " my love—I am dying."

Friar Lorenzo, who, for what reason is unknown, was not willing to take Julietta out of the monument, and carry her to his chamber the night she was interred, the following night, finding Romeo did not appear, accompanied by a faithful brother of the order, came to the monument with instruments to break open the vault, and arrived there the same moment that Romeo sunk down upon the earth, and seeing it already opened, and Pietro standing by it, he asked him where Romeo was.

Julietta, hearing the voice, and knowing it to be the friar's, raising her head, and weeping, said, " Heaven pardon you, how well you sent the letter to Romeo!"

"I sent it," replied he, "by friar Anselmo, with whom you are acquainted; wherefore then do you speak to me in this manner?"

"Descend," replied Julietta, redoubling her tears, "and see."

The friar, going down, immediately perceived Romeo stretched out, having yet some small remainder of life: "Oh, my son! oh, Romeo!" cried he, "what does this mean?"

Romeo, opening his languishing eyes, and knowing the friar, with tears which ran fast down his dying cheeks, recommended Julietta to his care, and devoutly asked pardon of God and him for the offence he had been guilty of in hastening his own death.

It was with great difficulty the unhappy lover pronounced these last words, which, as soon as he had finished, he expired. Julietta, shrieking aloud, and calling many times on the name of her loved husband, oppressed at last with agonizing grief, fell fainting on his body, and continued so long in that state of insensibility, that the two friars and Pietro, who were busied in giving her all the assistance they were able, thought she was dead: recovering, however, to a painful sense of woe, she wildly wrung her hands, tore off her hair, and bathed the lifeless body with her tears; then clasping him to her throbbing bosom, "Oh, thou loved centre of all my wishes," said she, "my dear, my only lord, once the sole bliss of my life, now, ah! now my only misery! how art thou cut off in the spring of youth, and early bloom of beauty! Thou, at a time when all are fondest of life, hast willingly shortened thy course; and me, me, the unhappy cause!—Yes, my

dearest lord, thou didst come to finish thy days in the arms of her, who, in life, thou hadst loved most, and who loved thee above all earthly things; hither thou didst come to breathe thy last sighs, and to be interred near me; not suspecting these bitter tears would have bewailed thee dead. Where art thou now, my love? art thou not still with me?—I know thou art—thou canst not stay in a place where I am not—thy dear spirit wanders about me—I see—I hear thee—thou wonderest at my long stay—fear not, my dearest lord, but I will follow thee—the most painful death that could be inflicted on me would not equal the torments of living without thee—I come then, I come, my only love—stay one moment for me, that my freed soul may mount with thine, and be with thee for ever."

The two friars and Pietro, wholly subdued by grief, wept excessively at this dismal scene; yet they used their utmost endeavours to comfort her, but all in vain.

"My daughter," said father Lorenzo, "what is done cannot now be undone: if tears could recall thy Romeo to life, ours should flow as fast as thine; but there is no remedy for what is past: comfort thyself then and resolve to live; and if thou art not willing to return to thy father's house, I will place thee in a holy monastery, where thou may'st spend the remainder of thy life in serving God, and praying for the soul of Romeo."

Julietta, whose thoughts were wholly swallowed up in the blackest despair, heard with gloomy silence all the friar had been saying, and, obstinately bent on death, collecting her whole force of grief, and violently

restraining all the powers of life, she expired, holding her Romeo fast locked in her arms.

While the two friars and Pietro were endeavouring to recover her, some soldiers passing that way by chance, alarmed by the light they saw in the monument, ran hastily thither; being informed of what had happened to the unfortunate lovers, they left the friars under a good guard, and took Pietro along with them to the prince, to whom he minutely related their whole history.

The morn being now come, the whole city was filled with grief and consternation at this melancholy adventure; the people ran in crowds to the monument of the Capelletti; and the prince being resolved that one grave should hold the faithful lovers, their funeral obsequies were performed with great pomp by the two distressed families of the Montecchi and Capelletti, between whom there was afterwards a transient peace. The friar and Pietro were pardoned, and the father of Romeo, in every particular, fulfilled the dying requests of his beloved son.

REMARKS

ON

THE TRAGEDY

OF

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE characters and incidents of the above play are taken from a translation of the foregoing novel of Bandello. It has been asserted, without producing any reasonable testimony to support it, that the original relator of the story of Romeo and Juliet was *Luigi da Porto*, a gentleman of Vicenza, who, after being leader of the Venetian armies and wounded in battle, betook himself to letters. His first novel was printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*, in which the story of Romeo and Juliet was *said* to have been contained. I am, however, of opinion, that Shakspeare never saw the novel of La Giulietta. The original was published in 1535, and we hear of no translation but an extract which Malone publishes. Whereas the original of Bandello was published in 1554, and was translated into French by Pierre Boisteau, and printed at Paris in 1555. This French edition was afterwards translated into English by William Painter, and the story formed into a poem by Arthur Brooke, which poem, together with Painter's translation, Shakspeare selected, with all their imperfections, to form his tragedy of Ro-

meo and Juliet. Had Shakspeare been fortunate enough to have seen the original of Bandello, he would have instantly abandoned the faulty translation. His not seeing it confirms the opinion that he was unacquainted with the Italian language; for it would be absurd to imagine that he would consult a bad translation, in preference to a correct original. Every alteration the translator made from the original, Shakspeare followed, and was not only indebted for incident, but even for thoughts and expressions.

In the original, we find the lovers passing the night after their nuptials in the garden. The translator alters this incident, by making Romeo procure a ladder of ropes, and ascend the window of Juliet. Shakspeare follows the translator in making Romeo do the same.

In Bandello, the poison is given to Romeo by a Spoletto mountebank, which was kept by him as a curiosity, long before he required the use of it. The translator obliges him to go in search of a person who will sell him such drugs. Shakspeare has copied every circumstance from the translator, and even borrowed some hints in describing the furniture of the apothecary's shop, as will be seen by the following quotation from Brooke's poem:

" And then fro streate to streate he wandreth up and downe,
To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
And seeking long, alac too soone! the thing he sought, he founde.
An apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he gessed to be poore.
And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,
And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew;

Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
What by no friendship could be got, with money could be bought,
For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:
'Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he), I geve them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me
Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre
Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre.'
The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent
To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent."

The soliloquy of Shakspeare on the same subject cannot be too severely animadverted on. Romeo, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of Juliet, tortured by the most agonizing reflections, in which he determines to destroy himself, pauses in the street to give a studied and lengthy detail of the miserable furniture of an apothecary's shop. This is so inconsistent with the condition of Romeo, and so ill timed, that, notwithstanding its manifest beauties, we are at a loss to account for the absurdity of its introduction.

The tomb scene is very differently managed by Bandello than Shakspeare. Bandello relates the circumstance of the death of the lovers in the most natural and pathetic manner, and in a way fitted to excite more interest than the studied catastrophe with which Shakspeare concludes. When Romeo is informed of Juliet's death by his servant, Bandello describes him as being for a few minutes deprived of speech by astonishment and grief, and then very naturally breaks forth with complaints and self-reproaches for leaving her;

then, wild with despair, attempts to kill himself, which his servant prevents; then sinks into silent sorrow, weeps with a broken heart, and thinks of means he shall use to die with Juliet in the monument. Shakspeare makes Romeo appear in high spirits, drawing happy presages from a dream; he is interrupted by his servant's entrance, who acquaints him with Juliet's death. This unexpected information, this sudden reverse of his flattering hopes, this quick destruction of all his airy visions, we conclude would draw from him the most violent expressions of grief; he would naturally have asked, how, when, where did it happen? This would have been an improvement on the original. But not so. He asks no questions, he betrays no curiosity to learn circumstances so intimately associated with his happiness; he merely pauses for a moment, and utters, with something like apathy, "then I defy you, stars." This is a very injudicious arrangement of action, when the feelings should be kept constantly alive, and must appear forced and unnatural to the most indiscriminate reader.

According to the translator, previous to Romeo's breaking open the monument, he orders his servant away, threatening him with death if he disobey. Shakspeare copies him closely; but previously condescends to give a reason for his entering the tomb.

> "Why I descend into this bed of death,
> Is partly to behold my lady's face:
> But *chiefly* to take thence from her dead finger
> A precious ring; a ring which I must use
> In dear employment."

After this satisfying confession he tells him, if he dare return and pry into what he is further about doing, he'll "tear him joint by joint, and strew the hungry church-yard with his bones." Surely this threat was very unnecessary, after informing the servant how innocent his design was, and will bear no comparison with the calm and fixed despair of Romeo in the original of Bandello.

On hearing of Juliet's death, and having determined to destroy himself, he writes to his father, wherein he acquaints him with his love and marriage, and his determination to die, asks forgiveness of him, and intreats that he may be interred in Juliet's monument. This being done, he leaves Mantua, taking with him the letter and poison. He opens the monument, and places Pietro to guard him from surprise; then gazing on the sad victim of his love, and for a few moments being absorbed in grief, he swallows the poison. Ascending the steps, he calls Pietro, and informs him what he has done, gives him the letter to his father, and takes an affecting leave of him; then returns to the vault, clasps the body of Juliet in his arms, and desires him to close the monument, and let him breathe his last in the bosom of his adored wife. This conclusion is extremely affecting; his desire to have the monument closed upon him whilst holding Juliet in his arms, is very consistent with the violent love he had for her whilst living. The English translation differs much from the original in arranging the catastrophe; it makes Romeo die before Juliet awakes. The friar returns, presses her to leave the monument, but being alarmed at the approach of some soldiers, hastily with-

draws. She stabs herself with a dagger after they had departed. All these circumstances are copied by Shakspeare. Romeo dies before Juliet awakes*; the friar, fearing the watch, presses her to leave the tomb; he runs away, and she stabs herself. In the original of Bandello, the catastrophe is managed in a more judicious and affecting manner. Whilst Romeo is holding the supposed dead body of Juliet in his arms, and shedding his last tears for her, she awakes. For an instant he is transported at finding her alive, when shortly the conviction that he must lose her causes double agony. Her return to life he greets with the most lively demonstrations of joy, whilst he bitterly laments the cruel destiny which separates them. The amazement and horror of Juliet, when informed of the circumstances, are beautifully conceived.

Romeo's speech to the body of Tibbald is very fine, and pourtrays the gentleness of his disposition. This incident is wholly neglected by Shakspeare. When the poison works, and in agony he sinks from the arms of Juliet, regarding her with a look beaming with affection and despair, and sighing, "alas! my love, I die," the scene is highly pathetic, and drawn with all the force and colours of refined imagination.

Romeo and Juliet is esteemed one of the most regular of Shakspeare's plays, and contains some of the finest efforts of poetic genius. Those scenes which paint the soft blandishments of love, are inimitable.

* According to Garrick's alteration from the original of Shakspeare, Juliet awakes before Romeo dies; and with this judicious correction the tragedy is now performed.

It must be lamented that he never saw the original of Bandello; for, if he has produced a tragedy combining so many excellencies from a faulty translation, it is reasonable to conclude that the original would have furnished materials for completing a more correct and beautiful play.

Shakspeare owed very little to his own invention in forming his characters; this will be readily admitted, on comparing the tragedy with the story of Bandello. The only incident which he can claim as original, is the death of Paris; and here this character, which is nearly all his own, is brought forward to be slain by Romeo; which is a cruel exercise of poetic latitude, and is a stain on the mild and amiable character of Romeo, since it appears that his designs might have been carried into execution without destroying Paris.

That Shakspeare was indebted to the novel of Bandello for thoughts and expressions, will be seen by comparing the two soliloquies of Juliet previous to her swallowing the draught the friar gave her. Bandello makes the friar appear as a great chemist, and well acquainted with the virtues of herbs. Shakspeare borrows the same thought, by making botany his favourite study, as will be perceived in his first soliloquy.

Throughout the whole tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, there is so close a connection with the novel of Bandello, that no candid reader will deny, however he may wish to establish the pre-eminence of Shakspeare's invention, that he has been entirely indebted to the translation of it, for the plot, characters, and incidents of his tragedy.

THE

SEVENTH NOVEL OF THE THIRD DECAD

OF THE

HECATOMYTHI

OF GIRALDI CINTHIO.

JEAN BAPTISTE GIRALDI CINTHIO was born at Ferrara, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, and descended from a noble family, which held a distinguished rank among the poets and literati of his age. Cressimbini, a favourite Italian poet, asserts that he excelled in tragedy. Besides his tragedies, which were printed at Venice in 1583, we find a poem, in twenty-six cantos, called *Ercole*, printed at Modena, 1557, which, Cressimbini asserts, contains all the spirit of Italian poetry. But the best known of all his works was a collection of 100 novels, called the *Hecatomythi*, of which the following novel is one. These were translated into French, by Gabriel Chapuis, and printed in 1584, and announced in the title page *as containing many fine examples and notable histories*. In addition to these he wrote the history of Andrew Doria, which was printed at Leyden, 123 years after his death. Giraldi taught the belles-lettres at Mondovi and at Turin, and was also professor of rhetoric at Pavia some time afterwards. He was subject to continual attacks of the gout, which was hereditary in his family; and presuming that his health would be restored by breathing the air of his native province, he returned to Ferrara; but died three months afterwards, in the year 1573, aged 69. He left one son, Celso Giraldi, who collected the tragedies of his father, and afterwards published them. Giraldi Cinthio was a man of amiable manners, joined to a cultivated mind and honest character. He held several honourable stations in the department of science, and his death deprived the university of Pavia of one of its most learned professors.

IN Venice there was a Moor, who, for his extraordinary valour, and the many proofs he had given of his consummate prudence and superior genius for war, was extremely dear to that republic, which, more than any other, delighted in rewarding great and virtuous actions.

A Venetian lady of wonderful beauty, named Disdemona, not subdued by the irregular sallies of a female appetite, but struck with the great qualities and noble virtues of the Moor, became violently enamoured of him; and he, no less charmed with the greatness of her mind, than with the extreme beauty of her person, burnt in the most ardent flames for her.

Fortune so far favoured their mutual passion, that, notwithstanding the united endeavours of all the lady's kindred to prevent it, they found means to get their marriage solemnized; and during their abode in Venice they lived together in the greatest harmony and tranquillity imaginable.

It happened that the senate of Venice recalled their forces which were at Cyprus, and gave the command of those that were to be sent thither in their stead to the Moor.

This dignity was never conferred upon any but persons of unquestionable courage and fidelity.

The Moor, therefore, considering this command as a reward for that valour he had shown in the service of the republic, received it with great joy; but, when he reflected on the length and danger of the voyage, the necessity there seemed of leaving Disdemona behind filled him with inconceivable concern.

Disdemona, whose felicity wholly centered in the Moor, was transported to find the senate, by the public dignity they bestowed on him, had given a sanction to her choice; and having resolved to accompany her husband in so honourable an expedition, waited for the time of their departure with the utmost impatience.

The secret grief which preyed on the heart of the Moor, beginning, as the time of parting approached nearer, to spread a gloom on his countenance, and give an air of restraint to his behaviour, Disdemona, extremely alarmed, entreated him to tell her the cause of that change she observed in him: "What is the reason," said she, "that I see you melancholy and dejected, at a time when the honours you have received from the senate give you most reason to rejoice?"

"The excess of my love for you," replied the Moor, sighing, "prevents me from enjoying those honours as I ought; since they force me to the sad necessity of suffering one or other of two things, both equally insupportable: for either I must expose you to the dangers of the sea, by taking you with me to Cyprus, or else leave you behind me at Venice. The first cannot but be a most heavy misfortune to me, since every fatigue you will suffer, every danger you are exposed to, will bring me the extremest affliction; and as for the second, parting with you is more terrible than parting with my life."

"Ah! my dearest husband," said Disdemona, "what thoughts are these which you have suffered to afflict you? Did you imagine I would consent to a separation from you? How could you wrong my love so much? that love, which, to be with you, would impel

me to pass even through flames; well may I then resolve to accompany you to sea, in a secure and well-manned ship. If there are dangers and fatigues to be endured, you shall not endure them alone; I will share your fortune, whatever it be, and nothing but death shall divide me from you."

The Moor, in a transport of grateful tenderness, throwing his arms round her neck, and pressing her to his bosom, cried out, "Heaven long preserve you, my most dear, my lovely wife, in these affectionate sentiments for me!"

Some little time after, the necessary preparations for their voyage being ready, the Moor, with Disdemona and their attendants, entered a galley, and set sail for Cyprus; whither, after a pleasant and easy voyage, they arrived, together with all the forces under the Moor's command.

Among the officers in these troops was a lieutenant, very dear to the Moor. Nature had given him a most beautiful and graceful person, but a mind replete with all manner of wickedness; however, he knew so well how to conceal his vicious inclinations under an apparent generous and noble behaviour, that his hypocrisy, assisted by the speciousness of his form, procured him the esteem and friendship of all his companions.

The Moor, who had conceived a particular friendship for him, took great pleasure in his conversation, and invited him frequently to his house; and Disdemona, fond of every occasion of gratifying the humour of her husband, treated him with equal civility.

The lieutenant had married a young woman at Venice, whom he brought with him to Cyprus; Disdemo-

na, fond of this woman, because she was an Italian, and also an agreeable companion, went often to her house, and passed great part of the day with her.

The villanous lieutenant, having, by these means, frequent opportunities of seeing Disdemona, became violently enamoured of her; and neither restrained by the fidelity he owed his wife, or the respect and gratitude due to his friend and commander, resolved to use his utmost endeavours to gratify his infamous passion.

Well knowing that death would be the consequence of his presumptuous attempt, if it came to the knowledge of the Moor, he durst not discover his flame to Disdemona any other way than by sighs and passionate glances, hoping in time to inspire her with desires like his own.

But the lady, whose thoughts were wholly engrossed by the Moor, took so little notice of those silent addresses, that her indifference persuading him some other lover possessed her heart, rage, jealousy, and despair produced the effects of the most violent hatred, and he resolved to be revenged both on her and the lover she favoured.

A young gentleman, who was captain of a troop at Cyprus, and greatly beloved by the Moor, was suspected by the lieutenant to be the happy rival who enjoyed the affections of Disdemona: his death therefore he determined to procure; and by accusing the lady to the Moor of adultery, prevent any other from possessing her, since he could not.

His design thus laid, he waited only for some favourable opportunity to put it in execution; the Moor's passionate affection for his wife, and the great affection

which subsisted between him and the young captain, making the villain apprehend his enterprize would be very hazardous and doubtful.

Fortune however assisted his wicked intentions, and, when he least expected it, afforded him the means of effecting them.

The captain happening indiscreetly to draw his sword upon a soldier and wound him, the Moor was so much offended that he deprived him of his command.

Disdemona, who only regarded this young gentleman because he was beloved of her husband, was greatly concerned that he had fallen under his displeasure, and often solicited for his pardon.

"I am so pressed," said the Moor one day to the lieutenant, "with my wife's entreaties in favour of the captain, that I believe I must comply with her desire, and pardon him."

"She has reason," said the villain, seizing this occasion to execute his scheme, "that she may see him as usual."

"What is it you say?" replied the Moor, hastily.

"Do not insist upon my speaking plainer," resumed the lieutenant: "far be it from me to sow the seeds of discord between man and wife; yet, methinks, if you would open your eyes, some things would not escape your observation."

The Moor, rouzed to attention by these words, and greatly disturbed at the latent meaning of them, earnestly entreated the lieutenant to explain himself more clearly: but the artful villain absolutely refused; and though the Moor used his utmost endeavours to persuade him to give him the satisfaction he desired, yet

he persisted in an obstinate denial: nevertheless, the hints he had thrown out fixed a thousand stings in the breast of the wretched husband; he ruminated night and day on the purport of those fatal words, and the more he reflected on them, the more his disquiet increased.

Disdemona, ignorant of the cause of his melancholy, did not neglect to solicit still for the captain. "Why," said she to him one day, "will you suffer a small fault to cancel the friendship which has subsisted so many years between the captain and you? Must all his services and long experienced fidelity be wholly forgot for the sake of one inconsiderate action? The soldier he wounded is no longer at enmity with him; they are reconciled; and why should you continue inexorable?"

The Moor, no longer able to suppress the emotions with which his heart had been long agitated, replied in a rage:

"It is strange, Disdemona, it is very strange, that you should be so extremely concerned about this man; if he was your brother, or some other relation, his interests could not be dearer to you."

The lady answered, in a soft and humble accent: "Heaven forbid, my lord, that I should incur your displeasure by soliciting for the captain's pardon, to which nothing has induced me but the concern I am under to see you deprived of so good a friend; a friend whose fidelity you have so often praised to me: the fault he has committed is not great enough to merit your hatred; but you Moors are by nature so furious, that every little thing moves you to anger, and a desire of revenge."

"And that," answered the Moor (excessively enraged at her words), "some persons, who little think of it, shall prove; yes, they shall see me take a severe vengeance for the injuries I have suffered; and then, and not till then, shall I be satisfied."

Disdemona, full of fear and wonder at these ungentle words, and unaccustomed rage of her husband, trembling and pale, replied: "Although my only inducement to plead for the captain was the consideration of your ease and satisfaction, yet, since my solicitations are displeasing to you, I will never more speak to you on this subject."

To this humble and submissive answer the Moor made no reply; but, comparing his wife's earnest entreaties for the captain with the lieutenant's insinuations, a thousand black suspicions rose in his mind, tortured with doubts of her fidelity, and wishing, yet dreading, to be freed from his distracting suspence.

He quitted her with a gloomy silence, and, sending for the lieutenant, renewed his entreaties, that he would speak more openly concerning his wife and the captain.

The villain, who had resolved to effect the ruin of these two innocents, after long resisting the Moor's solicitations, as if unwilling to give him pain, feigning at last to be overcome by his repeated prayers, said, "I cannot deny, my lord, but that my extreme reluctance to give you uneasiness has prevented me thus long from telling you what must afflict you more than any other; but since you command me to speak plain, the regard I have for your honour as my friend, and the duty I owe you as my general, will not permit me to disobey you. Know, then, that your black colour is become

distasteful to your wife; she is passionately in love with the captain, and her impatience at finding herself deprived of the pleasure she took in his company is the cause of her continual solicitations for his pardon, that she may converse with him as usual."

These words gave mortal agonies to the soul of the wretched Moor; and though he was but too well convinced of the truth of them, yet, dissembling his conviction, in order to try him further, "I know not," said he, with a furious countenance, "why thou hast dared to load my wife with these infamous aspersions."

"This rage," replied the lieutenant, "is the reward I expected for my friendly information; but since my duty, and the desire of preserving your honour, has carried me this length, I will not now go back. What I have told you is but too certain; and if your wife, with a counterfeited tenderness, has so blinded your eyes, that you will not see your dishonour, there is no reason why I should not declare the truth to you. The captain himself has owned to me the favours he has received from her; not satisfied with possessing her in secret, he must have a confidant in his happiness; but had I not been afraid of your resentment, I would that moment have rewarded his presumptuous confession with the death he merited."

The Moor, racked with unutterable pangs, cried out, "Give me the means of seeing with my own eyes the truth of what you have said, or else be sure I will make thee wish thou hadst been dumb."

"It would have been easy to do this," replied the villain, "while the captain and you continued in friendship, and he had free access to Disdemona; but now

that you have punished him for a slight fault, instead of taking vengeance for an irreparable injury, it will be difficult to satisfy you; but though I am persuaded that he loves Disdemona, yet it is certain, since he is in disgrace with you, he is obliged to act more cautiously than before, when, through your friendship for him, he came to your house every day: however," added he, taking leave of him, "I do not despair of being able soon to give you an opportunity of seeing what you will not believe without it."

The unhappy Moor then returned to his house, carrying a poisoned arrow in his breast, and impatiently waited for the day in which the lieutenant was to prove the truth of what he had told him, and confirm him in eternal misery.

Nor was the villain himself wholly at ease, when, reflecting on the known chastity of Disdemona, he was sensible he could not give the Moor such a convincing proof of her disloyalty as he demanded.

After long deliberating with himself on the methods by which he might best execute the horrid scheme he had begun, he at last thought upon a stratagem which seemed to promise success.

Disdemona, as has been already said, went often to visit the lieutenant's wife; the villain, when she was one day at his house, observed a handkerchief at her girdle, finely wrought in Moresco work, which, because it was presented her by the Moor when he married her, she had a particular value for, it being also highly prized by the Moor himself: this handkerchief the lieutenant determined to steal, and with it accomplish her absolute ruin.

Disdemona being extremely fond of a little child of his, about three years of age, he took her in his arms and carried her to the lady, who, receiving her from him, kissed her several times, and pressed her close to her breast.

The villain, in the mean while, drew her handkerchief gently from her girdle, and, concealing it in his pocket, went away transported with joy at his good success.

Disdemona, wholly ignorant of her loss, returned to her house, and did not miss her handkerchief till some time after, when happening to have occasion for it, and not being able, after diligent search, to find it, she concluded it lost; and remained extremely terrified lest the Moor should ask for it, as he often did.

The lieutenant, who had all this while been watching for an opportunity to dispose of it where it might produce the mischief he had projected, found means at last to leave it on the captain's bed, whom he visited one morning before he was up for that purpose.

The captain rising soon after he went away, the handkerchief fell upon the floor, and he finding something under his feet, stooped to take it up; and seeing the handkerchief, knew it to be Disdemona's, but was not able to imagine how it came there: resolving however to return it to her, he put it in his pocket, and going out, was informed that the Moor was not at home; taking this opportunity therefore to deliver it, he went to a back door, and knocked softly. Fortune, as it should seem, conspiring with the cruel lieutenant to ruin the innocent Disdemona, brought the Moor back just in that moment, who, hearing somebody knock in

that cautious manner, full of tormenting distrust, he ran to a window, and opening it, inquired, in a surly accent, who was there.

The captain, hearing the Moor's voice, and fearing that he intended to do him a mischief, ran away without speaking a word.

The Moor ran eagerly down stairs, and rushed into the street to seek him, but he was already out of sight; then returning full of rage and grief, he went to his wife's apartment, and asked her if she knew who it was that knocked below.

The lady replied, "that she could not tell who it was;" which indeed was true.

"I think," said the Moor, "it seemed to be the captain."

"I know not," replied Disdemona, "whether it was him or any other."

The Moor, supposing she did not answer him truly, with difficulty restrained his rage from breaking into reproaches and menaces; but resolving to act nothing against her till he had consulted his wicked confidant, and to prevent her discovering his disorder, left her suddenly, and went to the lieutenant, to whom he related what had happened, entreating him to go to the captain, and endeavour to make some more discoveries.

The villain, secretly exulting at this accident, promised him to do as he required; and placing the Moor where, unseen himself, he might see them together, though not hear their discourse, he artfully contrived to bring the captain near the place, and began to talk with him on indifferent things, using at the same time such gestures with his head and hands, as persuaded

the Moor they were talking about Disdemona, and making a jest of his dishonour and her incontinence.

When they parted, the Moor eagerly quitted his concealment, and came to the lieutenant to know what they had been saying.

The subtle villain, suffering himself to be long entreated before he would discover what he had heard, at length confessed, that the captain told him, "he had often enjoyed Disdemona, when, by his being abroad, they had an opportunity to meet; and added, that the captain had told him also that the last time he was with Disdemona, she gave him that handkerchief, which he had presented her the day of their marriage."

The Moor thanked the lieutenant for this intelligence, and told him, "that he would ask Disdemona for that handkerchief, and, if she could not produce it, he should be convinced all that he had told him concerning her infidelity was true."

Accordingly, one day after dinner, discoursing freely with Disdemona on indifferent things, he took occasion to speak of the handkerchief, and asked to see it.

The lady, who had long dreaded this demand, blushed excessively; and thinking to conceal her confusion, which was well observed by the Moor, rose and pretended to seek for it; and after she had employed herself in this manner some time, "I cannot find it," said she (returning to her husband); "perhaps you have it yourself."

"Is it probable," replied he, "that I would desire you to give it me if I had it in my possession? However, look for it no more at present; you will find it perhaps some other time."

Then, leaving the room, he began to consider in what manner he should murder his wife and the captain, without bringing on himself the suspicion of being the author of their deaths.

These gloomy thoughts employing him night and day, Disdemona, who perceived his behaviour to her much altered, often endeavoured to discover the cause.

"What ails you, my lord?" said she to him many times. "Why do I behold you always disturbed and uneasy? You, who used to be the gayest man in the world, are now become the most peevish and melancholy."

The Moor, continuing to dissemble his resentment, returned her evasive answers, with which she was but ill satisfied; conscious she had given him no cause for treating her unkindly, she concluded possession had abated his flame, and disgust had succeeded to his once violent passion for her; full of these melancholy apprehensions, she went to the lieutenant's house, in order to unburthen her heart to his wife, with whom she lived in great familiarity.

"Alas!" said she, weeping, as soon as she saw her, "I know not what to think of my lord; he, who was once all love and tenderness towards me, is become so altered within these few days, that I am persuaded he no longer loves me; and I fear I shall prove a sad example to all young ladies who presume to marry against the consents of their parents; and a warning to the Italian women never to join themselves to men, between whom and them nature and heaven have placed such wide distinctions.—I know," added she, sighing, "that my lord is fond of your husband, and

communicates to him all his affairs; if through him then you are acquainted with the cause of the Moor's unaccustomed coldness to me, I entreat you to let me know it, and do not refuse me your assistance in this distress."

The lieutenant's wife was indeed well acquainted with the whole affair; her husband having often pressed her to join with him in his cruel schemes against the innocent Disdemona; but though she never would consent to the being accessary to her ruin, yet, dreading her husband's resentment if she betrayed his secret, she only replied, "I advise you, madam, to beware of giving the general any suspicions of your fidelity, and let it be your continual study to persuade him of your truth and affection."

"All this I do," replied the weeping Disdemona, "but all is in vain."

In the mean time the Moor, restless, unresolved, and seeking occasion to be convinced of what he wished not to know, entreated the lieutenant to contrive it so, that he might see Disdemona's handkerchief in the captain's hands.

This, although the villain thought very difficult, yet he promised to perform, and watched all opportunities of keeping his word.

The captain had a woman in the house who was very skilful in works of embroidery; she having seen Disdemona's handkerchief, and understanding that it was to be returned to her, resolved to work one like it.

The lieutenant being informed of this, and one day knowing that woman was seated at a window working, with the fatal handkerchief before her for a pattern, he

carried the Moor through the street, who, perceiving his wife's handkerchief in that woman's possession, had no longer any doubt of her infidelity, and took a firm resolution to murder her and the no less injured captain.

Conferring, therefore, with the lieutenant upon the means of executing his horrid purpose, he earnestly entreated him to undertake to murder the captain, assuring him that he would never forget the obligation.

The lieutenant excusing himself from complying, as well for the wickedness of the deed, as for the great danger in attempting it, the captain being a very brave and courageous man; the Moor added to his entreaties the present of a large sum of money, which at last fixed him in a resolution to obey him.

The lieutenant had not waited long for an opportunity of executing his impious design, before Fortune presented him with a very favourable one.

The captain coming late one night out of the house of a courtezan, the lieutenant, who was watching for him, rushed suddenly upon him, and with one stroke of a scymitar cut off his leg.

The unhappy captain fell to the ground, and the lieutenant upon him, who sought to finish the murder; wounded as he was, however, he drew his sword, and endeavoured to defend himself, crying out aloud for help.

Some soldiers, who were quartered near the place, came running to his assistance; so that the lieutenant, fearing to be discovered, left him and ran away; yet he did not go far, but taking a little compass, joined some other persons, who, drawn by the captain's cries, were hastening to him, and mixing among the crowd who

were about him, he saw that his leg was cut off, and did not doubt but he would die of the wound; nevertheless, concealing his inward joy at his success, under an appearance of great concern for the captain's misfortune, he lamented it as if it had happened to his brother.

In the morning the news of this accident was spread all over the city, and coming to the knowledge of Disdemona, she, who was naturally tender and compassionate, expressed great sorrow for it.

The Moor, distracted with rage at this confirmation, as he thought it, of her affection for the captain, went hastily to his wicked confidant: "Dost thou know," said he, trembling with fury, "that my wife is in such grief for the captain's misfortune, that she is almost distracted?"

"How can it be otherwise," replied the lieutenant, "when he is her soul?"

"Her soul," repeated the furious Moor, "ah! I will tear her soul from her body!—I should be unworthy the name of a man if I suffered such a wretch to live."

Then consulting together how they should dispatch her, whether by poison or a dagger, the lieutenant, pausing, said, "I have thought of a method by which you may kill her, without giving suspicion to any one that you had any hand in her death, and this it is: the house in which you live is very old, and the cieling of your chamber has many cracks in it; 'tis my advice that we should beat Disdemona with a bag of sand till she dies, that no mark of violence may appear on her body; when she is dead we will throw down part of a rotten beam from the cieling, and having broke her skull, pre-

tend she was killed by the fall of the beam as she lay in bed.

This cruel contrivance pleased the Moor extremely; and, having agreed to execute it the following night, he found means secretly to convey the lieutenant into a closet within the bed-chamber.

The unhappy Disdemona retired at her usual hour to bed, and the Moor with her; they had not lain long before the lieutenant making some little rustling in the closet, the Moor asked his wife if she heard any noise.

She answering in the affirmative, "Rise, then," said the Moor, "and see what it is."

The lady got up immediately, and the lieutenant that moment rushing out of the closet, gave her a furious blow with a bag of sand on her back; the wretched Disdemona fell on the floor almost breathless, yet faintly calling her husband to help her; he throwing himself out of the bed, replied, "Infamous woman! thou now receivest the reward of thy unchastity: thus ought all adulteresses to be treated, who, deluding their husbands with a feigned affection, load them with shame and grief."

The wretched lady hearing these words, and feeling herself near her end, by another blow which the cruel lieutenant had given her, sighed out with a broken and interrupted voice: "Since justice has been denied me in this world, oh, let the Divine Justice bear witness to my innocence, and receive my soul to mercy!"

The remorseless villain, unmoved with this pathetic exclamation, striking her a third time with all his force, she expired immediately.

When they were convinced she was dead, the lieutenant took her off the floor, and, crashing her skull, laid her in the bed; then, with the Moor's assistance, broke down part of a beam, and placed it so as to give it an appearance of having fallen upon her head.

The lieutenant then went cautiously out of the house; and the Moor, with loud cries, began to call for help, saying the house was tumbling down; the servants and neighbours ran in to his assistance, and some of them approaching the bed, found Disdemona within it dead, and, as they supposed, murdered by the fall of the beam.

This piteous spectacle drew tears and complaints from all who beheld it, and the next day the corpse of the injured lady was buried, amidst the universal grief of all the inhabitants of Cyprus, to whom her virtues had rendered her extremely dear.

The manner of her death not being suspected by any one, the villanous perpetrators of it thought themselves absolutely secure; but the Almighty Justice would not long permit such a crime to remain unpunished.

The Moor, who had loved the unhappy lady with the utmost excess of passion, finding himself deprived of her for ever, and not able to endure the loss, his whole soul was filled with the most torturing anguish; and in the frenzy of his grief, he would search for her in every apartment of the house, and call incessantly on her name; then reflecting, that by the lieutenant's accusations he had lost this beloved wife for ever, and with her all the comfort and happiness of his life, he conceived so violent a hatred of him, that he could not

endure to have him in his sight, and, had he not feared the inviolable justice of the Venetian senate, he would have put him to death; but not being able to do this, without hazarding his own life, that he might in some measure gratify his revenge, he deprived him of his post.

The lieutenant, enraged at this treatment, resolved to effect his ruin; and for that purpose went to the captain, who was now recovered, but with the loss of his leg, having been obliged to have a wooden one in its stead. "The time is now come," said the diabolical villain, "in which you may take vengeance on the man who was the occasion of the loss of your leg; if you will go with me to Venice, I will there discover him to you and the senate, and prove the truth of what I now say; but here, for many reasons, I dare not speak plainer."

The captain, who wished for nothing so much as to be revenged on this secret enemy, thanked the lieutenant for his information, and a few days after they both embarked for Venice.

When they arrived, the lieutenant told him that it was the Moor who had cut off his leg, through an opinion that he had dishonoured his wife, and that for the same cause he had also murdered her, and made it be reported that she was killed by the fall of a beam.

The captain hereupon accused the Moor to the Venetian senate, of having deprived him of his leg, and murdering his lady, producing the lieutenant for a witness to both these facts.

The lieutenant then related the manner in which it had been executed, adding, that the Moor had commu-

nicated this whole scheme to him, and offered him great rewards to assist him in it, which, because of the wickedness of the deeds, he had absolutely refused.

The senate, enraged at the cruelty which had been practised by a barbarian upon two of their citizens, sent orders to have the Moor arrested at Cyprus, and brought with a strong guard to Venice.

Soon after his arrival he was publicly tried; but, persisting in a denial of the crimes with which he was accused, he was put to the torture; but such was his extreme obstinacy and contempt of pain, that all the different torments which were inflicted on him were not able to force a confession from his lips.

He was therefore sent back to prison, and some time after banished from Venice for ever; but though he had escaped death by the law, yet the relations of Disdemona procured him to be murdered in the place to which he had retired.

The lieutenant returned to his own country, and continuing still in his wicked practices, he accused one of his companions of having offered him a reward to kill his enemy; the gentleman was seized and racked, but he denied the fact so resolutely, and spoke so much against his wicked accuser, that he also was put to the same torture, so that, being miserably mangled, he died as they were taking him down from the rack, to carry him to his own house.

The lieutenant's wife, after her husband's death, returning to Venice, related all the foregoing particulars to the senate. And thus, by the especial providence of God, was the death of the innocent Disdemona revenged.

REMARKS

ON THE

TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

A SLIGHT variation in the characters and catastrophe marks the distinction between Shakspeare's tragedy of Othello, and the foregoing novel of Giraldi-Cinthio, the chief incidents bearing strong features of resemblance. Shakspeare well knew the conclusion of the novel to be inimical to stage effect, and therefore judiciously altered it.

The ground-work of the novel, as well as that of the play, is the marriage of Desdemona with Othello, a Moor, who is a general in the Venetian army. Here we digress a moment to inquire into the signification of the word *Moor*, as used by Shakspeare. To palliate the folly and indelicacy of the inclinations of Desdemona, we are generally presented, on the stage, with an Othello complexionally pleasant; but this is an error in actors, and a misrepresentation of Shakspeare's intention; for it is evident he meant, by a Moor, a native of Ethiopia, not of Morocco; a real black, not one of tawny hue; for such we find Othello, by his own confession:

> "——— Haply for I am *black*,
> And have not those soft parts of conversation
> That chamberers have."

The same idea is conveyed in Cinthio, where the lieutenant tells him, "Your black colour is become distasteful to your wife."

In Shakspeare's age, persons of all hues not absolutely white, were denominated Moors; and to this day, in England, a negro is called a *blackamoor*. In Titus Andronicus, Bassianus calls Aaron, the Moor, "swarth Cimmerian." *Swarth*, according to Dr. Johnson's definition of the word, is *black*; and *Cimmerian* is figuratively used to convey the idea of approaching darkness. The Cimmerii were a nation on the western coast of Italy, inhabiting a country which was supposed to have been so gloomy and barren, as to have given rise to the proverbial allusion, Cimmerian darkness. Plutarch informs us, that Homer drew all his horrible imagery of hell and Pluto from this dismal wild.—Lavinia, speaking of Tamora, and referring to Aaron, calls him "her *raven*-coloured love;" further, Titus says,

> "We are not brought so low,
> But that between us we can kill a fly,
> That comes in likeness of a *coal-black* Moor."

These authorities are sufficient to prove Shakspeare's meaning in regard to the complexion of Othello and Aaron. The Merchant of Venice furnishes still further proof, for we find no distinction made between the Prince, who, according to the modern acceptation of the word, would be called Moor, and the other characters: *his* complexion is simply denominated "the shadowed livery of the burning sun."

In Cinthio, Desdemona is a plain citizen's daughter. This is some extenuation of her conduct; for her situation in life may have deprived her of the opportunities of cultivating her understanding, and refining her imagination. But Shakspeare makes her the only daughter of a senator, a magnifico, enjoying high rank, and surrounded by wealth and grandeur. She is, by his own account,

> "—— A maiden never bold;
> Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
> Blushed at herself."

And yet she is neither prevented by the fear of public censure, the anger of her father, nor the voice of conscience, but elopes with Othello, and defends her conduct in presence of the senators of Venice, by saying,

> "I saw Othello's visage in his mind."

As if it were possible that all the inestimable treasures of which the mind can boast would atone for the mortification a beautiful woman knows she must endure, in being the partner of a man of such colour as Othello. The absurdity of this incident, which is great in the novel, is considerably augmented in the play. Although it has been slightly censured, it still has passed without much investigation, from a reasonable supposition that such an occurrence might possibly happen.

The bravery and great qualities of Othello are made the palliatives of Desdemona's imprudence. It has frequently been said, that "courage in a man is a sure passport to a lady's favour." Whilst we admit

this, we must observe, that beauty, if not always regarded as a necessary qualification, has its full share of female approbation.

Cinthio describes the lieutenant as possessing great personal attractions. This is judiciously altered by Shakspeare, who bestows all the beauty on Cassio, and thereby furnishes strong grounds for Othello's jealousy. The principal actions of the play, and likewise of the novel, are owing to the contrivance of Iago. He is an ancient, or ensign: it appears by his own account, that Cassio has succeeded in obtaining a lieutenancy, which he wanted. Here we have an instance of marked partiality in Othello. Cassio receives the appointment, notwithstanding the superior claims and qualifications of Iago; but, when a suitable person is required to take charge of Desdemona, Othello singles him out, as being worthy of such high confidence:

> "——— My ancient;
> A man he is of honesty and trust."

Cinthio makes it appear that the disaffection the lieutenant had towards the captain, was owing to a suspicion that the captain rivalled him in Desdemona's favour, of whom he was violently enamoured. This is not wholly neglected by Shakspeare, who makes Iago acknowledge that he loves Desdemona, which is partly the cause of his hatred to the Moor, but the principal reason is a suspicion which he entertains that his wife had proved unfaithful to him with the Moor. The failure of his application for the military promotion

likewise strengthens his enmity to Othello and Cassio, and makes him resolve to ruin them both.

In the first act, Iago and Roderigo resolve to apprise Brabantio of his daughter's elopement. In this scene, there is nothing to improve, delight, or edify; it is replete with unnatural and offensive figures, and composed of a mass of opprobrious language, in which the genius and judgment of Shakspeare are shown with every disadvantage.

Othello is appointed to command the troops at Cyprus, and, at the beginning of the second act arrives there. Here the principal actions of the play commence. Cinthio makes the captain draw his sword and wound a soldier; for so doing, Othello deprives him of his commission. Shakspeare very properly amends this incident, by making Cassio get intoxicated, and quarrel on guard, for which offence he is cashiered. Here we have refined and delicate touches, blended with energy and elegance. The morality and humiliation of Cassio, when contrasted with the military pride of Othello, and the ambitious revenge of Iago, sheds peculiar lustre over a scene which is deservedly the admiration of every reader. Throughout this scene but one inconsistency occurs, which is likely to be lost sight of, in the crowd of beauties by which it is surrounded. Iago plots to make Cassio drunk; succeeds in doing so; makes him quarrel with Roderigo and Montano; alarms the Moor, tells his story, and gets Cassio cashiered; all which is effected in some fifteen minutes. Here Cassio is very suddenly made intoxicated, and equally as suddenly made sober, and without allowing

sufficient time for the fumes of the "invincible spirit" to evaporate, professes repentance, not in the unintelligible language of a drunkard, incapable of feeling or reflection, but in the style of a man whom the power of contrition and the force of reason had reduced to the humiliation of such a sudden repentance, as would lead us to believe his faculties could not have been for an instant suspended.

It may be urged, that repeated instances are recorded where a sudden alarm has renovated the torpid intellects of men who had been in the most degenerate state of brutal apathy. This will be admitted; but no one will have the temerity to assert, that this resuscitation of reason could have produced images equal to those which Cassio so forcibly draws, so strongly depicts. It may appear minute to dwell on a circumstance which is liable to be considered of little moment; but it must be observed that two extremes are here produced, and crowded in so short a space of time, that reason will not allow the probability of its operation, and a dramatic writer is accountable to the eyes, ears, and even hearts of an audience, for the propriety of the actions of his play.

The scene in which Iago, by ambiguous reflections, works Othello into a jealousy, is precisely the same in the novel as it is in the play: the same dark insinuations are used by Shakspeare that Cinthio speaks of: the incidents he found arranged, and adopted all the thoughts, and some few of the expressions. Cinthio makes the lieutenant commence by distant hints, and express himself in half words to Othello, after Desdemona had been entreating for the captain, and had left

the room: this is precisely the same in Shakspeare. The same unwillingness in Iago to explain his meaning is shown by both writers, and the effect the dialogue has on Othello is plainly seen to be alike. The Moor in Cinthio is still dissatisfied with the lieutenant's story, and says to him, "Give me the means of seeing with my own eyes the truth of what you have said, or else, be sure, I will make thee wish thou hadst been dumb." In Shakspeare, Othello says to Iago, in nearly the same words,

"Give me a living reason that she's disloyal."

"———Give me the ocular proof;
"Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
"Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
"Than answer my wak'd wrath."

Emilia is a character of considerable importance in the tragedy. Cinthio makes her the wife of the lieutenant, and friend to Desdemona. Shakspeare varies this incident, by making her the lady's attendant or confidant. The handkerchief, which is of so much consequence, Cinthio makes the lieutenant privately steal from Desdemona; therefore no person is privy to the transaction. This is very improperly altered by Shakspeare. Emilia, who is all meanness and deception, finds the handkerchief, gives it to her husband, without knowing the use he intended making of it; at the same time she tells him of its great value; that it was the Moor's first gift; that her lady would go mad when she missed it; and yet she gives it to him. Desdemona seeks for it, Othello raves about it, in Emilia's pre-

sence; she is witness to all the tears and misery the loss occasions her mistress, and does not confess that she found it and gave it to her husband. The catastrophe rests then on this improbable incident; for, had Emilia said, and it is reasonable that she should do so, not knowing for what purpose Iago intended it, "I found the handkerchief, and gave it to my husband," the mystery would at once have been made clear; but she still maintains an inflexible silence, notwithstanding the affection she manifests towards her lady.

The Moor is represented by Cinthio as a man of extraordinary valour, and Shakspeare calls him the valiant Othello. After the guilt of his wife is supposed to have been made clear to him, he determines to destroy her. This task he assumes to himself, whilst he orders Iago to kill Cassio. It may well be doubted whether a brave man would have resorted to such unjustifiable measures, even when convinced of the infidelity of his wife. It was, no doubt, Shakspeare's intention that Cassio should suffer by the hands of Othello; we are prepared to expect an event of that kind, by his fury and ungovernable rage, and also by his prefatory exclamations:

> "O that the slave had forty thousand lives;
> "One is too poor, too weak for *my revenge.*"

But, as he proceeded, Shakspeare well knew that an interview with Cassio would occasion an elucidation of the contrivance, and thereby destroy the effect of the tragedy; so that this event is brought about at the expence of good sense and reason.

In reflecting upon the unnecessary cruelty which impels Shakspeare to destroy Desdemona, we are naturally led to survey the whole catastrophe. We find the stage representing a spectacle of real horror, which can only find its apology in the barbarity of the times. Roderigo, Emilia, Desdemona, and Othello are severally murdered, whilst Iago, ostensibly the cause of these evils, escapes; or, at least, his punishment is not exhibited.

Desdemona suffers by the hands of Othello, who is not impelled by sudden rage or quick determination, but sets about the task with all the deliberation of studied resolution, and, whilst professing to adore her, does not even turn his eyes from so unsoldier-like an act.

It is certain that almost any writer, save Shakspeare, would have found some means for her deliverance; but, if we review the catastrophe of his celebrated tragedies, we not unfrequently find him blending the destruction of the most amiable with the most depraved; consequently careless about the distribution of good and evil, and rewarding characters in violation of justice.

Cinthio's Moor is valiant, suspicious, cunning, obstinate, and cruel. Shakspeare's Othello, whilst possessing a large portion of the same qualities, bears evidently a more amiable complexion, and is fitted to excite more interest than Cinthio's Moor: nevertheless, he is impatient, proud, and irascible; ambitious in his views, weak and impolitic in his measures, and resolute in his cruelty; yet, withal, he is a dignified and persuasive orator, and at intervals displays an exalted spirit.

Iago is nearly the same character as Cinthio's lieutenant; a glaring picture of deformed humanity, capable of committing the vilest actions upon the most insufficient and slight grounds. He is a mixture of atrocious wickedness, of spirit and subtlety, and yet drawn with such shrewdness of conception, that his enormities seldom disgust. Desdemona, without the variation of a solitary incident, is precisely the same character in the play as in the novel. Her tender fidelity renders her the object of commiseration and concern, and never fails making a due impression, and exciting the favour of every feeling heart, in reviewing her pathetic distress and unmerited fate.

Shakspeare, with the usual warmth of his genius, has produced, in this tragedy, many scenes of peculiar tenderness. The versification is flowing, graceful, and elegant, and some sentiments noble and brilliant, though crowded with improbable irregularities, and founded upon inconsistent and offensive principles.

THE HISTORY

OF

DORASTUS AND FAWNIA.

BY ROBERT GREEN, A. M.

BEFORE christianity appeared in the world, there reigned in Bohemia a king, named Pandosto, who was married to a princess of exquisite beauty and consummate virtue, called Bellaria. The harmony that subsisted between this royal couple gave the greatest satisfaction to all their subjects, whose happiness was greatly increased by the felicity of their sovereigns.

At the end of the first year of their marriage, Bellaria was delivered of a son, who was named Garrinter. The Bohemians upon this occasion made great rejoicings over all the kingdom. And the king, as well to express his own satisfaction at this happy incident, as to comply with the desires of the people, appointed justs and tournaments in honour of the young prince; to which not only many foreign noblemen resorted, but also several neighbouring kings and princes came to exercise their valour and judgment at these martial entertainments.

The sports lasted twenty days, during which time the king made a general feast for all his subjects; and the kings and princes, who had been royally entertained, returned home to their respective countries, full of admiration of the great magnificence of Pandosto.

The smiles of fortune are seldom sincere or lasting; the fickle goddess, weary of bestowing favours upon Pandosto, while he was wholly taken up in the enjoyment of them, prepared a sad reverse of fate for him and the lovely Bellaria. Pandosto from his earliest youth had contracted and maintained a strict friendship and correspondence with Egistus, the young king of Sicily.

This prince being desirous of showing that neither time nor distance of place could weaken the force of his affection for Pandosto, resolved to visit him in his own dominions, to congratulate him upon his marriage and the birth of a son. For this purpose he ordered a small fleet to be prepared, and with a select number of attendants arrived in Bohemia.

Pandosto and his queen, with a numerous retinue, went to meet Egistus at his landing, and carried him to the palace in the midst of most expensive shows and magnificent arches, which had been prepared and erected for his reception.

Pandosto, whose heart overflowed with grateful transport for this demonstration of friendship in Egistus, intreated his queen to show all imaginable respect and esteem to a prince whom he loved so much, and to whom he was so highly obliged.

The sweet Bellaria, who had no other will but that of her husband, was easily prevailed upon to comply with a request to which her own inclinations naturally incited her, for the noble qualities she observed in Egistus had already produced suitable effects in a mind, that, being virtuous and sensible to the highest degree

itself, could not chuse but love those perfections in another.

Bellaria, therefore, as well in obedience to her husband's commands, as in consequence of the friendship she had conceived for Egistus, gave him every day a thousand innocent marks of her esteem, which that prince, who admired and loved her perfections with all the warmth of a disinterested friend, did not fail to return with every instance of gratitude and respect.

This mutual esteem gave rise to an easy confidence and familiar intercourse between them; so that, Pandosto being often engaged with his ministers in affairs of state, Bellaria and Egistus passed away the time in his absence in various discourses and innocent amusements, all which, at first, was very pleasing to Pandosto.

But that unhappy prince, either because he was conscious of the superior merit of Egistus, or through the natural bent of his disposition, began to look with suspicious eyes on a friendship and familiarity which he had been so solicitous to form: doubtful and uneasy thoughts arose in his mind, he reflected on the irresistible charms of Bellaria, and the manly beauty and noble qualities of Egistus, and thought it impossible that two persons so formed to please should be insensible to each other's merit.

These doubts having entered his mind, he fed his growing jealousy with continual observations on the looks and words of his friend and wife; and, prejudiced as he now was, their innocent familiarity appeared to him to be a convincing proof of their guilty passion:

suspicion was now changed to absolute certainty; he no longer looked upon Egistus as his friend and guest, but as the destroyer of his honour, and the violator of his queen.

A violent hatred succeeded the tender affection he once bore to Egistus; and those smiles of love with which he had always been accustomed to behold the charming Bellaria, gave place to sullen reserve and gloomy frowns: racked with the tormenting remembrance of his fancied wrongs, the desire and hope of revenge afforded him some intervals of ease.

He resolved therefore to poison Egistus; and while his mind was labouring how to execute his cruel purpose with security, his words and behaviour still wore an appearance of friendship and respect.

Pandosto had a cup-bearer, named Franion, whom, because he had always shown an inviolable attachment to his person, he believed it would be easy to persuade to execute his purposed vengeance on the king of Sicily.

To this man, therefore, the jealous monarch communicated his ungenerous design, and promised him a large reward, if when, the next time that Egistus called for drink at his table, he would put poison in his cup.

Franion shuddered with horror at this inhuman proposition; and, with all the freedom of a good man and a faithful subject, he endeavoured to dissuade his king from his barbarous purpose. He represented to him that murder was an unpardonable offence to the gods, and abhorred by all mankind; that such unnatural crimes not only drew down the wrath of heaven upon the perpetrators of them, but the revenge of men.

He urged to him the sacred laws of hospitality; that Egistus was his guest, his friend and ally; that any cruelty committed upon his person would brand his name with perpetual infamy, and sow the lasting seeds of discord and hatred between the Sicilians and Bohemians; and that even his own subjects would murmur at such an unexampled piece of cruelty and treachery.

These arguments had no force with the determined Pandosto, who, persisting still in his cruel resolution, gave Franion his choice either to poison Egistus, and be rewarded with riches and honours, or to suffer death for his disobedience.

Franion, staggered by these dreadful threatenings on one hand, and allured by those great promises on the other, told Pandosto that he would obey him, and, as soon as a fair opportunity offered, he would poison Egistus.

The king was very well pleased with this promise, and resolved, as soon as his designed vengeance on Egistus was executed, to sacrifice Bellaria in the same manner to his abused love and injured honour.

When the king was departed, Franion, having no longer that dreadful object before his eyes, threatening death and torments if he did not murder the innocent prince, began to reflect seriously upon the horrid deed he had engaged to perform. Murder, he thought, however secretly and securely committed, might for a time avoid danger, but never wholly escape punishment; that no balm, no lenitive could heal the stings of a wounded conscience, and the guilt of innocent blood would always be accompanied with remorse and horror.

He reflected that, though he was a subject, his king had no right to his obedience when his commands were contrary to the express will and pleasure of the gods, to whom he owed a higher duty.

He considered, that the peaceful calm of a contented mind in a humble condition was preferable to the restless turbulence of dignity and riches, when purchased with crimes and stained with blood, and that honest poverty was infinitely better than shameful grandeur.

Seeing therefore that he must either die with a clear mind, or live with a foul and spotted conscience, his soul was so perplexed between these two extremes that he could take no rest; at last he determined to discover the affair to Egistus, and for that purpose he went to his apartments, and desiring a private audience of the king of Sicily he was admitted to his presence, and in a few words laid open the whole conspiracy against him.

The brave and generous are not easily induced to believe those they love are capable of baseness and ingratitude. Egistus judging of Pandosto's heart by the rectitude of his own, told Franion, with a severe countenance, that he would not entertain a thought to the prejudice of the king of Bohemia's honour.

"Pandosto," continued he, "is my friend and ally; no suspicion has ever yet interrupted our mutual affection; I did not come here to invade his territories, to seduce his subjects from their allegiance, or to conspire with his enemies. Since, therefore, I have given him no cause to seek my death, I cannot believe him guilty of so unjust and treacherous a design; but rather suspect the information you have given me to be the effect

of a combination among the Bohemians, to create a variance between me and their king."

Franion replied, "that it was dangerous to dally with the rage of an incensed and secret enemy; that if the Bohemians had intended any harm to him, they might easily accomplish it without revealing their conspiracy; that it was unkind, therefore, in his majesty to misconstrue his zeal for his preservation into a treacherous design, for that his intention was to prevent treason, not to become a traitor."

He urged him then to fly with speed into Sicily if he hoped to escape the danger which threatened him, and begged his majesty would permit him to go along with him, when, if he did not fully prove that Pandosto had designed to poison him, he desired that his imagined treachery might be punished with the most cruel torments.

Egistus, weighing the matter thoroughly in his mind, gave many thanks to Franion, and promising, if he arrived safe in Sicily, to reward him royally, he desired him to contrive the method of their escape.

Franion went immediately to consult with the admiral of Egistus's fleet, and it was agreed between them that it should be put in readiness to sail as soon as a fair wind and opportunity offered.

In the mean time Franion amused Pandosto with hopes of soon having his so much desired revenge accomplished, telling him that he was employed in preparing and compounding so subtle a poison, that the moment it was swallowed would procure immediate death.

Pandosto received this news with a malignant joy, every hour seeming an age to his impatient fury till his revenge was satiated with the death of those who had offended him.

Egistus being informed that a favourable gale had sprung up, conveyed himself and his Sicilians, by the assistance of Franion, out of a postern gate of the city, with such secrecy and expedition, that they got on board their ships without the least suspicion, and, spreading all their sails to the wind, soon lost sight of Bohemia.

As soon as Pandosto was informed that Egistus had fled away in the night, and that Franion was gone with him, he let loose all his rage upon his queen, whom he accused of conspiring with Egistus and the traitor Franion, and commanded she should be led to prison.

The Bohemians were all alarmed, and suspected some treason; and the furious Pandosto, believing the queen not only guilty of dishonouring his bed, but of projecting the flight of Egistus, sent his guards with orders to seize her.

The innocent Bellaria, not expecting the impending storm, was playing with her little son Garrinter, when the guards, with much reluctance, came to execute the king's demands.

The queen was, at first, astonished, and turned pale; but, recollecting herself and assuming all the noble pride of conscious innocence and affronted virtue, she gave her hand to the captain of the guard, and, without murmuring, suffered him to lead her to her prison, where she spent the time in patient sorrow and absolute resignation.

Pandosto, mad with the disappointment of his revenge upon Egistus, resolved it should fall doubly heavy on the head of the injured Bellaria: he, therefore, caused it to be proclaimed throughout all his dominions, that the queen had committed adultery with Egistus, and, with his cup-bearer, Franion, had conspired his death.

Though the queen's life had hitherto appeared blameless, yet this confident proclamation, and the flight of the king of Sicily and Franion, raised many suspicions against her in the minds of the people, who, notwithstanding, daily offered up prayers for her deliverance.

Her youth, her beauty, the sweetness of her manners, but, above all, her misfortunes, excited every one's compassion.

But the cruel Pandosto, in whose rocky bosom pity could find no access, resolved to load the unfortunate Bellaria with every kind of infamy and hardship: he would not allow her to be treated in the prison with the respect due to the rank she once held, but caused her to be served and attended with the most cruel neglect.

The cruelties he exercised on the queen did but in part satisfy his revenge: he longed to make Egistus feel the weight of his fury; but this monarch was so powerful by his allies, having married the emperor of Russia's daughter, that he despaired of ever being able, by open force, to accomplish his revenge.

The unhappy queen, being informed of the vile accusation against her, so openly proclaimed, conscious of her own spotless innocence and the integrity of Egistus, earnestly entreated that she might be brought to a pub-

lic trial, confronted with her accuser, and allowed to answer for herself.

But the king was so inflamed with rage and jealousy that he would not receive her petition; and, while the poor queen was thus languishing under the weight of her calamities, and hopeless of redress, she perceived herself to be pregnant.

So affecting an incident in her melancholy condition drew complaints from her, which softening the rugged temper of her keeper, he caused the king to be immediately informed of it, not doubting but the news would induce him to set her at liberty.

The queen's pregnancy, however, produced quite a contrary effect; for the king no sooner heard of it than, starting up in a violent fury, he swore Bellaria and her bastard should die, even though the gods themselves should say no.

The queen, notwithstanding so many cruel afflictions, was happily delivered of a daughter, and Pandosto immediately declared his resolution to have both the mother and child burnt.

The noblemen of his court used all the arguments their reason and humanity could furnish them with, to prevail upon him to change his barbarous purpose; but all they could do was to prevent the murder of the child.

The queen's doom, he told them, was irrevocably fixed; but though, at the earnest solicitations of his nobles, he promised the child should not be put to death, yet the resolution he took concerning it was little less cruel, since by it he only meant to protract its fate.

He sent a person to the prison with orders to take the infant from its wretched mother, and, putting it into a boat and launching it into the sea, leave it to the mercy of the wind and waves.

The guards who assisted at this barbarous deed, moved by the sweet countenance of the innocent babe, could not help accusing the king of great cruelty; nevertheless fear of his resentment obliged them to execute his commands.

They put the child into a boat, covering it with boughs to preserve it from the inclemency of the weather, and set it into the ocean, when immediately so great a storm arose, that it was with much difficulty they got to shore again.

This horrid deed accomplished, the king assembled his nobles and counsellors, and Bellaria was brought into court, where she heard the charge against her read.

The queen, who saw that nothing but her death would satify the incensed king, confiding in her own innocence, assumed all the courage her unhappy condition required, and with a noble haughtiness demanded to have law and justice; "For mercy," said she, "I do not expect: let my accusers, therefore, appear in court, and give their evidences before my face."

Pandosto replied, "that the witnesses were of such credit that their words alone were sufficient; that for her, indeed, it was her part to deny such a monstrous crime and forswear herself, seeing that she had overcome all sense of shame and remorse in committing it; nevertheless," added he, "you shall die, and die a most cruel and ignominious death."

The queen, not terrified by these threats, replied, without any emotion, "that to proceed to punishment without proof, was rigour, not law."

The nobles approved of what she said, and required that her accusers should be sworn and openly examined; and, if the queen's guilt was fully proved, his majesty might condemn her to suffer the punishment ordained by the law for such offences.

The king answered, that in this case he could and would dispense with the law, and that the nobles should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it.

This threat struck them all dumb; but Bellaria, who despaired of life, and dreaded infamy more than death, said, "if his will must be the law, the jury's verdict will be useless." Then falling on her knees, she conjured the king, by the love he bore to the young prince Garrinter, his son, that he would grant her one request, which was to send six of his nobles, in whom he placed the greatest confidence, to the island of Delphos, and there consult the oracle of Apollo concerning the crimes she was accused of."

Pandosto could not refuse so reasonable a request, and, having named six ambassadors to be dispatched with all speed to Delphos, he committed the queen to close imprisonment till their return.

The ambassadors performed their voyage in three weeks, and, as soon as they landed at Delphos, they went to the temple of Apollo, and with great devotion offered sacrifices to the god, and gifts to his priests, according to custom; and then humbly besought an answer to their demands.

They had not kneeled long at the altar, when Apollo, with a loud voice, said, "Bohemians, what you find behind the altar take, and depart." They obeyed the oracle, and found a scroll of parchment, which the priest commanded them not to open but in the presence of the king.

The ambassadors assured him of their exact obedience to his injunctions, and their devotions being finished, they left the temple, and sailed with a fair wind for Bohemia, where they soon arrived, and hastened to court.

Pandosto received them very graciously, and they, after giving him an account of their voyage, presented the divine scroll to him, intreating him at the same time, since the queen's life or death, her innocence or guilt, was contained in that sacred writing, that he would summon the nobility to meet in the judgment hall, and before them and the accused queen cause the oracle to be read.

The king approved of their advice, and on the day appointed the king and the nobles being all assembled in the court, the queen was brought to bar, and thus spoke:

"How I have led my life before Egistus came into Bohemia, I appeal, Pandosto, to thy conscience, and to the immortal gods: they only know whether I am guilty of the crimes whereof I am accused; for me, I here protest my innocence, and, for the truth of what I say, I refer myself to the divine oracle."

Here Bellaria being silent, the king commanded one of his nobles to open the scroll, which he did, and read

aloud the following words, which were written in letters of gold.

THE ORACLE.

"Supicion is no proof; jealousy is a partial judge; Bellaria is chaste, Egistus blameless, Franion a true subject, Pandosto treacherous, his babe innocent; and the king shall die without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

After the oracle was read, the court resounded with joyful acclamations; the queen's innocence thus manifested, filled every heart with transport.

The king, beginning now to be ashamed of his rash jealousy and unjust suspicions, not daring to approach the wronged Bellaria, desired his nobles to implore her to forgive the injuries he had offered her; and, stung with remorse and horror at his past actions, he publicly confessed his design against the life of Egistus.

While he was thus laying open his own treachery, a messenger came hastily into the court, and informed the king that the prince Garrinter was dead.

Bellaria, whose soul had been overwhelmed with joy by the divine oracle, which had declared her innocence, was seized with such an excess of sorrow at these dreadful tidings, that her tender heart, not able to support the force of these contrary extremes, burst with the mighty weight, and sinking down, she expired in a moment.

The king became senseless at this dreadful sight, and being carried to the palace, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the physicians, he lay speechless three days.

The Bohemians were in the utmost despair, nothing but mourning and complaints were to be seen and heard; the death of the queen and prince, and the extreme danger the king was in, filled the whole city with grief and consternation; at length he recovered his senses and his speech, and this news in some measure revived the drooping Bohemians.

But the king's despair was so violent that he attemped to murder himself, and was with difficulty prevented by his nobles, who used all the arguments they could think of to calm his mind and persuade him to bear his misfortunes patiently.

Their dutiful cares at last succeeded, the king grew more patient and resigned, and gave orders for the interment of his queen and son, which was performed in the most solemn and splendid manner.

Once in every day, he went to Bellaria's tomb, and with tears of penitence and sorrow lamented her unhappy fate, and his own misfortunes.

Here we must leave this distressed prince for a while, to relate what befel the royal infant whom we left floating on the ocean.

The boat in which it was laid being tost for two days with the wind and sea, and every moment ready to perish in the waves; it pleased the gods to direct it at last to the coast of Sicily, where it was driven on shore.

It fortunately happened that a shepherd who had missed one of his sheep, not finding it in any of the covers hard by, came to the sea-side, in hopes it was there browsing on the sea-ivy, and, hearing the voice of a child, which he at first mistook for the bleating of a sheep, went to the sands, and saw a boat driven

aground. He immediately waded towards it, and discovered a most beautiful babe lying at the bottom, wrapt in a scarlet mantle embroidered with gold, and a chain of rich jewels about its neck.

The shepherd, astonished at this adventure, beholding the beauty of the infant, and the riches that were about it, began to think it was some little divinity, and was going to adore it; when the weak cries of the child, who seemed to be just perishing with cold and hunger, persuaded him it was a mere mortal.

Compassion took the place of reverence; he approached the child, took it into his arms, and supposing, by the extraordinary magnificence of its dress, that it was of noble birth, he resolved to carry it to the king.

As he was wrapping the mantle close about it to preserve it better from the cold, a bag of money fell from it at his feet; which he taking up, was so captivated with the sight, that, changing his design, he determined to breed up the infant himself, and apply the money to his own use: then returned a bye way to his cottage, lest any one should perceive what he carried in his arms.

As soon as he entered the door the child began to cry, which alarming his wife, who supposed he was bringing home a bastard to nurse, she rated him very severely for his infidelity.

The shepherd begged her to be pacified, and told her, if she would be secret and cautious, their fortunes were made for ever; then putting the child in her arms, he produced the gold and jewels he found with it, which so pleased the poor woman, that she resolved to nurse

the child carefully, and make their neighbours believe it was their own.

The gold and jewels they concealed, and the shepherd returned to the care of his flocks, while his wife employed herself in nursing the foundling, to whom they gave the name of Fawnia.

In a few years after the shepherd purchased a good farm, and, from tending the flocks of other people, became master of a considerable one himself.

When Fawnia arrived at the age of ten years, Porrus and Mopsa, for so her supposed father and mother were called, committed the care of their flocks to her; and the young shepherdess, whose beauty, at those early years, was the astonishment and admiration of all that beheld her, applied herself with the utmost diligence to her pastoral employment, so that every thing prospered under her hands.

Porrus now purchased land, which he designed to leave Fawnia at his death; and she growing to fifteen years old, many of the rich farmers' sons made their addresses to her.

The fair shepherdess was not only the admiration and wonder of the country; her wit and judgment was equal to her beauty; and those uncommon charms of mind and person made her even be talked of at court.

She, who believed herself to be the daughter of Porrus, was not elated with the praises that were bestowed on her, but, with a sweet humility, conformed to the lowliness of her condition, and tended her flocks with the utmost diligence and care.

Though she was not vain of the graces of her person, yet her rural habit was always exactly neat: her

lovely hair was bound up with a graceful negligence, and she took care to choose the freshest and most becoming flowers to compose the garland which shaded her charming face from the sun.

The king of Sicily had only one son, named Dorastus, a beautiful and accomplished youth, of whom the Sicilians had great hopes.

The king, desirous of seeing him married before he died, sent an ambassador to the king of Denmark, to demand the princess Euphania, his daughter and the heir to his dominions, in marriage for the prince of Sicily.

The king of Denmark agreeing to the proposal, Egistus acquainted his son with the treaty he had entered into: he enlarged on the beauty and virtues of the princess Euphania; on the advantages of an alliance with the king of Denmark, and concluded with praising the gods for the happy success of his negociation.

Dorastus heard all this with such apparent indifference that the king was amazed, and asked him if he had any objection to the match?

The prince answered coldly, "That his heart was yet a stranger to love; that all women were indifferent to him, and that marriage was an engagement he had no inclination to enter into."

The king, extremely offended with this reply, threatened him with the severest effects of his displeasure if he did not endeavour to conform to his will; and, finding the prince continued in a sullen silence, and would give him no satisfaction, he quitted him in great displeasure.

Dorastus was sensibly afflicted at his father's anger, and ardently wished he could conquer that repugnance

he felt in his soul to marriage, that he might not offend him by an absolute refusal; but the more he struggled to overcome that dislike which forced him to seem disobedient to his father, the deeper he found it rooted in his breast.

A short time after this discourse had passed between the king and the prince, there happened to be a meeting of all the shepherds' daughters in Sicily.

Fawnia was chosen queen for the day, and, drest in her best clothes, presided over their rural sports. The day being passed in such innocent diversions as shepherdesses, when evening approached they separated, and Fawnia desiring a neighbouring shepherdess to go with her to see if her flock was folded, Dorastus, who was returning from hawking, met the two virgins as they were going home, and, struck with admiration at the beauty of Fawnia, he stopped and asked her several trifling questions, in order to have an opportunity of gazing on her.

Fawnia answered him with so much sprightly wit and so graceful an air, that the prince, already half vanquished by the charms of her person, was wholly subdued by those of her mind. Love, offended at the former obstinacy of this young rebel, resolved now to make him feel the utmost effects of his power, and, with the keenest arrow in his quiver, pierced that once insensible heart.

The prince sighed with pain and pleasure; he could not remove his eyes from the lovely face of Fawnia, which was all overspread with a rosy blush: he saw her confusion, and, ashamed of his own weakness, he resolved to force himself away, and, clapping spurs

to his horse, he hastily bid the shepherdesses farewell, and rode home to the palace.

Fawnia, who had surveyed the prince with a curious eye, began, as soon as he was gone, to praise him to her companion: she admired his youth, his beauty, his sweet affability. The pleasing theme transported her beyond her usual moderation: her thoughts were full of the prince's perfections; she could not find words sufficient to express her admiration. She perceived, at length, and blushed at, her indiscretion, and remained silent and composed during the rest of their walk.

She took leave of her companion at the door of her cottage, and retired to bed full of a pleasing anxiety, for which her inexperienced innocence could not yet find a name.

The prince, whose mind was still more restless and uneasy than Fawnia's, because he better understood the nature of his distemper, passed the night in various and tormenting thoughts. Fain would he have banished the sweet image of Fawnia from his remembrance, but love had engraved it too deeply in his heart; and, finding his endeavours to forget her fruitless, he sought to excuse and justify his passion, by reflecting on the inevitable charms of her that caused it.

"Oh, cruel! oh, injurious Fortune!" cried he, transported with the bright idea, "to hide such perfection in a cottage, and lavish crowns and sceptres often on deformity!

"Oh, Fawnia! was that enchanting form made only to grace the fields? were these bright eyes ordained to shine in humble vales, and only bless rude swains with

their love-darting beams? was that sprightly wit, and those native graces of thy mind given thee to be for ever clouded in a cottage?

"Ah, no! it cannot be; the gods are just and equal in their dispensations, and, though they did not make you born a princess, they did more, and made you deserving to be one: I am their instrument to raise you to the rank for which nature designed you, and which no other can so worthily fill."

The amorous prince paused at these words; then suddenly giving way to new reflections, "How would it please my father," cried he, "to know that my heart is capable of love! Oh, divine law! feared by all men, because honoured by the gods themselves.

"But alas! Dorastus," added he, breathing a deep and dreadful sigh, "who is it that is the object of thy passion? a rural maid, the daughter of a simple shepherd. Does this match suit with the dignity of thy birth, thou who art the son of a king, and heir to a powerful kingdom? Ah! let me rather die than poorly submit to such a shameful weakness; for 'tis better to perish nobly than to live with contempt."

The wavering prince, resting a while upon this thought, endeavoured to collect his whole force of reason to support a resolution which seemed worthy of himself; but love, who laughed at all his vain attempts to elude his power, again imprest the lovely image of Fawnia upon his fancy.

"Oh! Beauty," said the sighing prince, "how absolute is thy empire over the heart! sweet and imperious tyrant! thou shalt be obeyed; I yield to thy irresistible force: yes, Fawnia! lovely and adorable

Fawnia! thou shalt be mine; thy humble birth shall be no obstacle to my desires.

"The gods themselves have not disdained to love; Jupiter was enamoured of Danaë, and the bright Apollo wooed the inexorable Daphne; these were mortal beauties, and they were deities; why then, though a prince, may not I love a shepherdess? But their passions were dishonourable; mine is pure and chaste, 'tis true, and herein I surpass the gods: be still, then, oh my soul! for 'tis decreed Fawnia, the adorable Fawnia, shall be mine!"

The prince having thus taken his resolution, his mind grew easy and composed; but it was far otherwise with the charming shepherdess; strange and unusual dreams perplexed her roving fancy the whole night.

That homely couch, which before had only supplied calm and unruffled slumbers, and cheerful dreams of pleasant labour and innocent amusements past, now gave birth to anxious wishes, delusive hopes, and uneasy repinings.

She awaked, but not as usual refreshed with her repose, her renewed spirits sparkling in her cheerful eyes, and eager to begin the rural labours of the day; but, heavy, languishing, and full of uneasy perturbations, she rose before her wonted hour, and thinking to banish the various thoughts which tormented her by industrious toils, she drove her flocks to the field, shifted the folds, and doubled her morning's work; at last, fatigued and breathless, she sat down at the foot of a tree, and thus began to accuse the folly and presumption of her new passion.

"Unfortunate Fawnia!" said she, softly sighing, "thy shepherdess's hook expresses thy mean condition, and thy desires show thy aspiring mind: ah! simple maid, thoughts above fortune bring contempt; 'tis for the eagle only to gaze on the sun. Art thou not a poor shepherdess? the daughter of a country swain? Be content, then, to stand securely in the vale, and do not, by endeavouring to climb the hills, hazard the danger of a fall: but, oh! love is a powerful lord, and will be obeyed. I love Dorastus; ah! the more wretched I, the less cause I have to hope: will eagles catch at flies? or cedars stoop to brambles? Dorastus is a prince, and knows what his station requires of him; I am the poor daughter of a shepherd, and forget my humble condition.

"Cease then to love, unhappy Fawnia! or, if thou canst not do that, conceal at least thy wrong-placed passion, for it is better to die with grief than live with shame: but oh, gods! why did you give me a soul capable of the most exalted passion, and yet place me in a condition which makes that passion presumption?"

The lovely shepherdess, having thus given vent to her uneasy thoughts, rose up and began to walk round her flock, gathering up the straggling sheep, to prevent them from going among the corn, and, while she was thus employed, endeavoured to conquer her too much raised desires, by contemplating her mean estate, and the apparent impossibility of ever accomplishing her wishes.

Meantime Dorastus consumed away with impatient desire; his former pleasures now grew tasteless to his

sense; company was tedious; music only soothed his sweet disorder, and added fuel to his fires.

Weary, at length, of the intolerable restraint his pride had forced him to lay upon his wishes, he resolved to satisfy his longing eyes with another sight of the sweet, but dangerous Fawnia.

For this purpose he stole secretly out of the palace, and, without any attendants, took his way to the fields where he had first seen the beauteous shepherdess, Fawnia.

There he walked some time, without meeting with the object his passionate eyes were every where in search of. Enraged at his disappointment, a thousand times he curst both love and fortune, and, just as he was resigning himself to the most bitter despair for his ill success in this first attempt, a casual glance discovered Fawnia to him, sitting on the side of a hill, selecting the most beautiful flowers out of a large heap, which, in sweet confusion, were scattered about her, to make a fresh garland for her head.

The passionate prince stood at a little distance, for some moments, contemplating her with an excess of wonder and delight, when Fawnia, happening to look up, she met his ardent gaze, and this sudden and unexpected sight gave her so much emotion, that her fair face was, in an instant, dyed with a rosy blush.

She rose, however, from her seat, and curtsied to the prince, but with such native elegance and grace, that Dorastus, who could not conceive how a country maid, bred up in the fields and woods, could have so much politeness in her manner, was lost in astonishment and admiration.

"Fair virgin," said he, approaching her, "either your poverty is great, or the life of a shepherdess is very sweet, than you can take such delight in rural labours; is it because you are so like a nymph that you resolve to imitate the nymphs, and waste your days in woods and lawns? Tell me, sweet maid, what pleasures are there in a country life to balance its fatigue?"

"Sir," said Fawnia, with an enchanting bashfulness, "to be contented is to be rich; that condition is most to be coveted in which there is most tranquillity: as we shepherdesses are not born to honour, and little beholden to beauty, so fame or fortune is beneath our care; we are not solicitous for any thing but the necessaries of life; we think our raiment fine, if it preserves us sufficiently from the cold, and our food dainty if it suffices appetite; our greatest enemy is the wolf, and our chief care is to keep our flocks in security; we spend the day in rural songs, and delight more in talking of Pan and country sports, than Venus, and her trifling toys; our toil is to shift our folds, but the attending our flocks is only an agreeable amusement; our wealth consists in not desiring more than we possess; our honour in not aiming to be higher than we are; envy looks not so low as a shepherd; shepherds do not raise their thoughts to ambition; we are rich because we are content with our poverty, and proud only in knowing we have no cause to be proud."

Dorastus was charmed with this sprightly answer. Oh! thought he, if this fair creature's birth was equal to her wit and beauty, she would be a wife for the greatest prince in the world.

" I perceive, Fawnia," said the prince, addressing himself to her again, " that 'tis owing to your not being acquainted with the enjoyments of a court, that you are so contented with a country life; I commend your wit and prudence, but I pity your poverty and low condition. Will you forsake your father's cottage, and attend on a lady at court?"

" 'Tis dangerous, sir," answered Fawnia, " to tempt fortune; she is a fickle goddess, and often raises poor mortals only to throw them down again. I was born to toil for the court, and not live in it, and am entirely satisfied with my present condition."

" Ah! Fawnia," said Dorastus, with a sigh he could not suppress, " I guess the cause of your fondness for a rural life: you love a country shepherd."

" Sir," replied Fawnia, smiling, " pardon me if I tell you, you have not guessed right. Shepherds! alas, they cannot love they are so simple, and maids must not if they are no older than I am."

" In my opinion, pretty one," said the prince, " maids ought to love because they are young. Cupid is a child, and the goddess of love is painted young."

" Age may indeed be painted with false colours," said Fawnia, " and youth may have actions too forward; but what art too little conceals in one, ignorance reveals in the other."

Dorastus, who thought this conversation the most pleasing of any he ever had, would have perhaps drawn it out to a considerable length, but, perceiving some of his attendants approaching, he was willing to know a little more of her heart before he parted from her.

"Perhaps, Fawnia," said he, taking her hand, "I love thee; if so, you must needs yield me your heart, for I am a prince, you know, and may command you."

"I acknowledge your power, sir," said Fawnia, "in all just and reasonable things; but, with submission, I must say my heart is only at my own disposal; constrained love is force, and force you have no right to use over me: and believe me, it is not a vain boast I make, when I tell you that, poor as I am, I set so great a value upon my chastity, that I would rather die than be the mistress of the greatest king upon earth, and my birth is so mean and groveling that I am not fit to be a farmer's wife."

The lovely shepherdess ended these words with a sigh, which escaped her unawares.

The prince, after a little pause, replied, "It seems then, Fawnia, that you cannot love Dorastus."

"Yes," said Fawnia precipitately, "when Dorastus becomes a shepherd."

The prince's attendants being now come near, he hastily went to meet them, leaving Fawnia alone and pensive, her imagination filled with a thousand new ideas.

She seated herself again at the foot of the hill, revolving in her mind all the prince had said to her; and this second view of him, together with the affability of his behaviour, and some flattering hopes she began to entertain, entirely completed the conquest of her heart.

For some moments she resigned herself up to the most soothing reflections; but, when the lowness of her condition rushed upon her thoughts, and broke the sweet delusion she was so fond of, then she began to

blame the extravagance of her wishes, and tried to recollect her scattered reason.

"Ah! Fawnia," whispered she, "why dost thou gaze at the sun and grasp at wind? stars are to be beheld at a distance, not aimed to be touched with the hand; hopes are to be measured by fortune, not impelled by desire; and falls come by climbing high, not by sitting low. But what then?" added she, after a little pause; "must all fall who endeavour to rise, because some do? No; happiness comes by chance, and Fortune winds those threads which the destinies spin. Alas! what strange perplexity am I in, favoured by a prince, yet obliged, through prudence, to reject that favour; denial in my words, and desire at the bottom of my heart? I love Dorastus, yet I seem displeased with his courtship. Ah! 'tis our sex's fault to fly from those we eagerly wish to meet. But take heed, Fawnia," said she, sighing, "for if the prince is repulsed by thy shyness, thou wilt severely repent; for unless he loves, thou must die. Ah! die then, simple maid, for Dorastus only jests with thee; Dorastus cannot stoop to love a shepherdess; sit down then in thy sorrow, and pine in secret. Ah me! how am I changed! I was wont to pass away my days in cheerful songs; now I waste them in sighs and complaints."

While Fawnia was thus giving vent to the tender anxieties of her soul, the approach of night put her in mind that it was time to put her sheep in the fold, which having done, with a heavy heart she hastened to her poor cottage.

While love made this havock in the innocent breast of Fawnia, it raged with such violence in the heart of

the passionate prince, in which the pride of royal birth maintained an unequal conflict, that, sinking under the force of those contrary passions, he became a prey to melancholy and despair: he loathed his food, sleep fled from his eyes, he grew pale and wan, and fell into a languishing disease.

The king, amazed at the alteration in his son, and trembling for his life, ordered the attendance of the ablest physicians in his kingdom; but their art was all in vain.

The prince himself grew apprehensive of the danger he was in: he found he could not live without Fawnia, and thought it great folly to die for what it was in his power to obtain. Honour long opposed the gratification of his desires, but love, resistless love, at length prevailed.

The prince, wholly abandoning himself to the power of this sweet tyrant, procured a shepherd's habit and a crook, and, making them to be conveyed to a secret place, he went privately out of the palace, and, attiring himself in those rural weeds, took his way to the place where his charming shepherdess fed her flocks.

As he went along, some uneasy reflections arose in his mind when he surveyed his homely dress.

"Ah! Dorastus," said he to himself, "what a strange alteration is here, a prince transformed to a peasant! Does this wild folly suit with the dignity of thy birth? but indeed thy habit suits well with thy groveling thoughts; this is thy proper dress, thou wert always disguised before. Oh! gods, for what crime am I

assigned this penance? Oh! Love, what a fond ideot hast thou made of me!

"Yet why should I blush at this disguise? have not the heavenly deities descended to earth, and changed their glorious forms for love? love made Jupiter a bull, Neptune a ram, and Apollo, like myself, a shepherd. If they, who were gods, submitted to that all-compelling power, shall I, who am a mortal, dare to rebel against it?"

While the prince was thus justifying the strange effects of his passion by those great examples, he spied Fawnia at a distance, running after one of her sheep which had strayed from the rest. The sight of that lovely face suppresst in a moment all other emotions but those of love and joy.

He flew towards her, and she, who did not know him in that disguise, but thought it was some genteel young shepherd coming to meet her, secretly wished it had been her lot to have placed her affections upon such a one, whom with reason she might have loved, and hoped to have obtained.

The prince's nearer approach convinced her of her mistake; she sighed and blushed with pleasure and surprise, and stopping, curtsied to him with her usual gracefulness.

Dorastus, taking her hand, prest it with passionate tenderness to his heart, and then, fixing an ardent kiss upon it, begged her to sit down and listen to him a few moments.

The lovely shepherdess, trembling with the mixed emotions which love, hope, and fear excited in her soul, sat down with him under the shade of a spreading oak,

and the prince, after gazing on her for some time with a fixed attention, thus spoke:

"You wonder, Fawnia, no doubt, at my strange apparel, but, if you knew my thoughts, you would wonder more: the one, indeed, disgraces my outward shape, but the others disturb my mind.

"I love you, Fawnia; for how can I do otherwise, formed as you are to inspire all who see you with that passion? You promised to love me when I became a shepherd; behold your prince transformed to a country swain: now, then, I claim the performance of your promise, since I have fulfilled your desire."

"'Tis true, my lord," said Fawnia, "you are changed in appearance, but 'tis in appearance only: painted eagles are not eagles, and Zeuxis' grapes, as I have read, were only painted grapes. Rich ornaments do not make princes, nor rural weeds a swain; shepherds are not called so because they wear pastoral attire, and have a crook and scrip, but because they attend their flocks and take care of their rural affairs: this apparel, therefore, has not made a shepherd of a prince, but makes a prince appear like a shepherd."

"Had I been born a shepherd," replied Dorastus, "I should have loved you willingly, and, being a prince, I am constrained to love you: do not then, with an unseasonable coyness, reject a passion which you only could have inspired: now is your time to love and be beloved, while that sweet bloom glows in your charming face, and every feature smiles with the gaiety of youth. Have you not observed the fate of those beautiful flowers with which you so often adorn your lovely hair? They bud, they bloom, they wither, and are neglected.

Such is your beauty, Fawnia: in youth it is praised, admired, and coveted; in age forgotten and despised: yield then to virtuous love, for, notwithstanding the inequality of our conditions, I mean to make you my wife."

Fawnia, transported with surprise and joy at this unhoped-for declaration, no longer kept up her forced indifference, but beholding the prince with a languishing sweetness, her face being all overspread with blushes, "Ah! my lord," said she, "I am ashamed to discover the thoughts which have long filled my mind: ought I, beggar as I am, to own my desires have reached at a prince? Oh! Dorastus, I dare not say I love you, because you are the son of a great king, and I am a poor shepherdess; but the gods know how I have honoured Dorastus! receive, then, my humble, my dutiful affection, and look on me as your handmaid, ever ready to obey your will in all things which are not prejudicial to my honour."

Dorastus, overjoyed at this sweet and modest confession of her love for him, embraced her with a passionate tenderness, calling all the gods to witness the vows he made her of everlasting love and fidelity; and now the lovers began to consult upon the measures they should take to be united for ever.

Dorastus, who knew his father would be excessively enraged at such a match, told Fawnia there could be no safety for them in Sicily, and that, therefore, he would provide a sufficient quantity of money and jewels to support them till some favourable change happened in their affairs, and with the treasure fly into Italy, and there solemnize their nuptials.

This proposal was agreed to with great joy by Fawnia, who trembled at the thoughts of the king's discovering their love, believing that nothing less than death would be inflicted on her for her presumption. She, therefore, urged the prince to make the necessary preparations for their flight with the utmost speed, lest fortune should cruelly prevent their intentions.

The prince, whose eager passion prompted him no less than her fears to hasten their departure, assured her all should be ready in a few days; and now the approaching night warning them to depart, he took leave of Fawnia with a tender embrace, and, repairing to the place where he had left his clothes, threw off his shepherd's frock, and returned to the palace.

Fawnia was so transported with the unexpected tide of good fortune which had come rushing on her, that for some time she could hardly persuade herself that all was not a dream; but when the tumult of her joy was a little allayed, and, calmer reflections succeeding, convinced her of the reality of her happiness, she thanked the gods devoutly for their amazing bounty to her, and beseeched them to continue their favour and protection to her and her beloved prince.

In the mean time Dorastus lost no opportunity of seeing his lovely shepherdess. She drove her flocks to the fields every day, and continued to watch them as usual; not from any delight she now took in her pastoral employment, but in the dear hope of seeing her beloved lord.

Dorastus, notwithstanding he always came to meet his Fawnia in the habit of a shepherd, was at last discovered by some that knew him to be the prince; so that

his frequent visits to Fawnia making much noise among the country people, some of Porrus's neighbours, out of good will to the old shepherd, advised him to keep his daughter at home, and keep a strict eye over her, lest, by going so often to the field, she should bring him home a young son at last; for that the young prince came often to see her.

This news greatly surprised and alarmed the good old man, who, after thanking his neighbours for their kind informations, hastened home to his wife, and calling her aside, and wringing his hands, the tears fast falling down his aged cheeks, "O wife!" said he, "I fear, I fear our daughter Fawnia has committed sin, and that she will buy repentance at a dear rate. I have sad news to tell you. My neighbours tell me that the young prince Dorastus looks upon Fawnia with a wistful eye, and if that is the case, I would not give a wisp of straw for her honesty at the year's end.

"I tell thee, wife, that beauty is a great snare to entrap young men, and fair words and fine promises are great enemies to a maiden's honesty; the poor may entreat and be refused, but princes, if entreaties won't do, may command, and then who can resist them?

"But it is a hard case though," said the old man, sobbing, "where the lust of a prince is the law, and that he should bind poor folks to that which he himself freely breaks."

"Take heed what you say," said the good wife, with a sagacious look; "speak no more than you should, lest you hear what you would not; do what you can, but no more than you may; great streams may be stopped by art, but not by force; take care of yourself,

lest, by endeavouring to save Fawnia's honesty, you lose your own head: it is dangerous, the proverb says, to play with edged tools, and bad to sport with princes; remember the wolf had his skin stripped over his ears for looking into the lion's den."

"You speak like a fool," said Porrus, who could not relish his wife's sage counsel; "if the king should hear that Dorastus loves our daughter, his fury would be such that we might lose our goods, if not our lives. A thought has just now entered my head, by which I will prevent the king's being offended with us, and perhaps it may not displease the prince: I will carry the chain and jewels I found with Fawnia to the king, and confess that she is not my daughter, and tell him the whole story of my finding her; the king may perhaps take her under his own care, and then, whatever happens, we shall be blameless."

The good wife was well enough pleased with this proposal, and it was resolved between them to take the first opportunity of speaking to the king.

In the mean time, Dorastus had communicated his design of leaving Sicily to a faithful domestic, who had attended his person from his childhood, named Capnio. This man at first endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash and dangerous an enterprize, but finding the prince determined to depart, he ceased to trouble him with any more fruitless expostulations, and prepared to assist him in the prosecution of a design, which, though he did not approve, he saw it was impossible to prevent, unless by betraying his master to the king, a piece of treachery he could not bring himself to commit, being bound, as

well by his own inclinations, as a sacred oath the prince had made him take to the contrary.

He therefore with great secrecy and expedition provided a vessel to transport them to Italy, and the prince having furnished himself with a great quantity of money and jewels, gave orders to Capnio to get some rich apparel for Fawnia; the baggage was all safely conveyed on board, and, the master of the ship perceiving the wind likely to be favourable in a few hours, he gave Capnio notice that they must come on board early the next morning.

Capnio having informed the prince of this, he sent him to Fawnia, desiring her to be in the fields by break of day, where he would meet her and carry her to the port.

She slept but little that night: love, fear, and anxious expectation kept her waking. At the first dawn of light she rose, and, unfolding her sheep, drove them to the fields, giving many a longing look for her beloved prince. At last he appeared on horseback: she ran eagerly to meet him, and he, dismounting, after printing a hasty kiss upon her trembling lips, took her up behind him, and gallopped as fast as possible to the haven where the ship lay.

The sailors, perceiving him at a distance, rowed to shore with their boat, and taking in the lovers, carried them safe on board; where we must leave them to see what happened at land.

Porrus, having heard that the king intended to take the air that morning, put on his holiday clothes, and, taking the chain and jewels he found with Fawnia con-

cealed in his bosom, he took his way to the palace, intending to watch the king's coming out at the gate.

Fortune, determining to favour the lovers a little longer, flung Capnio, who was hasting to the port with a casket, in the old man's way.

Capnio, seeing him taking the road to the palace, and knowing him to be the father of Fawnia, asked him where he was going so early.

Porrus, who knew him to be a courtier, replied, that prince Dorastus had dealt very hardly with him. I have but one daughter, said the good man, who, to say the truth, has some share of beauty; I have reason to apprehend the prince has seduced her, and I am going to complain to his majesty of this injury.

Capnio, immediately foreseeing all the fatal consequences that might attend the old man's complaint at that critical time, resolved to prevent it, and therefore began to wheedle him by blaming the prince for so unworthy a design; and added, because he was a poor man, and had no friends to stand by him, himself would assist him in all he could; but, said he, you will lose your labour if you go to the palace; for the king designs to take the air to-day on board a ship that lies in the harbour, and is already set out; therefore, if you will be ruled by me, as I am going to give them notice of his majesty's coming, that they may be prepared to receive him, I will take you with me, and place you so conveniently, that you shall have all the liberty you can desire to make your complaint.

Porrus thanked his new friend with great submission for his proffered kindness, and went with him to

the port, still complaining of the prince; but concealed the chain and jewels, and mentioned nothing concerning Fawnia's being a foundling.

The sailors, seeing Capnio, sent a boat for him. But now Porrus's heart failed: he began to suspect some design upon him, and, when Capnio asked him to go into the boat, he refused, under pretence of being afraid of the sea. Capnio pressed him, but to no purpose: whereupon, as there was no time to be lost, he ordered the mariners who came in the boat to carry him in by force.

Porrus now saw he was betrayed; but thinking it would be fruitless to cry out or exclaim against his false friend, he civilly entreated him and the sailors to be kind to him, and pity his condition, who was but a poor man and lived by his labour, and should be undone if he was absent long from his flocks.

But they were as deaf to his entreaties as the winds and waves to the prayers of sinking mariners, and laughed to see him so much afraid. Having reached their ship, they obliged him to go on board, where the first objects he cast his eyes on were the prince and Fawnia.

She being drest in rich apparel, he scarce knew her at first; so much was her native beauty heightened by the magnificence of her clothes, in which she appeared with such a graceful ease, that it seemed as if she had never been accustomed to any other.

Porrus stood gazing on her at a distance, greatly astonished at what he saw, and wondering where it would end; and the prince and Fawnia, who were

equally surprized to see him there, eagerly asked Capnio for what purpose he was come.

Capnio informed them that he met him as he was going to complain to the king of the injury he suspected the prince had offered him in the person of his daughter, and that he had prevented his design by artifice, and brought him forcibly to the ship; adding, that it was absolutely necessary they should take him with them to Italy, otherwise their discovery would be inevitable.

The prince approved this advice, but Fawnia, who loved and respected the old shepherd as her father, heard this resolution with great concern.

Porrus, understanding that he should be carried from his wife, his country, and friends, into a strange land, burst into tears and complaints, and, falling on his knees, earnestly entreated Dorastus to pardon his rash folly, and permit him to return home, assuring him he would be as secret as the grave: but the prince could not be prevailed upon by all his protestations to hazard the danger of a discovery; and, though Fawnia herself with tears conjured him to grant her father's request, he continued obstinate in his refusal, assuring her their ruin was inevitable if he complied. Fawnia then applied herself to comfort the old man as well as she could, and the ship with a fair gale pursued her voyage.

While this passed at sea, Egistus, who intended to hunt that morning the prince departed, sent to desire his son's company in that diversion, hoping it would help to remove the melancholy which had of late hung upon him.

The gentleman of his bed-chamber returned answer, that the prince went that morning very early to walk as

he supposed in the grove, as was his daily custom; whereupon the king sent some of his attendants to look for the prince in that place, but they coming back without him, the king, attended by his nobles, went to the chace, and, after spending the day in hunting, returned to the palace. Surprized at not finding his son yet come home, he ordered strict search to be made for him; his not appearing that night filled him with a thousand uneasy apprehensions, and the next day messengers were dispatched all over the kingdom to seek for him.

The unhappy king, at length supposing he had fallen a prey to the wild beasts in the forest, ordered several parties of horse to scour the country round, and if possible bring him some intelligence of his fate.

Some of these men meeting a fisherman near the sea-side mending his nets, they inquired if he had seen or heard any thing of the prince, and he very ingenuously told them that a few days ago he had seen the prince, with Fawnia the daughter of Porrus, the old shepherd himself, and Capnio, all go on board a ship, which instantly put off to sea.

This news was immediately carried to the king, who, full of surprize and grief, ordered the wife of Porrus to be brought before him, and examined her himself concerning the flight of her husband and daughter with his son.

The old woman told the king, that her neighbours had informed her husband the prince was too familiar with his daughter; and that, apprehending something worse would follow, and hearing his majesty intended to hunt a few days ago, he rose early in the

morning, with an intention to complain to his majesty of the injury he feared the prince intended to do Fawnia, and added, with tears, that she had never seen her husband since.

Egistus, perceiving the unfeigned simplicity with which she told her tale, dismissed her; but reflected so deeply upon the dishonourable action his son had committed, that he fell into a fever, and continued so weak and ill that his physicians had no hopes of his recovery.

But Dorastus, who regarded neither father, country, nor crown, now he was in possession of his beloved Fawnia, never troubled himself about the grief his strange flight would occasion the king and all the Sicilians, but resigned himself wholly up to the contemplation of his present happiness, which he would not have quitted for all the empires in the world.

The winds for some time seemed to favour their flight, and they steered their course to Italy without any interruption; but one morning the sky began to be overcast with clouds, the winds grew high, the sea swelled, and at last a storm ensued, which raged during three days with such such unceasing fury, that the ship was so much damaged the sailors expected every moment it would sink.

Poor Fawnia was almost dying with her fears, but the sight of Dorastus, who never left her a moment, yielded her some comfort amidst the horrors of approaching death. On the fourth morning the storm abated, and the sailors discovered land, which they soon knew to be the coast of Bohemia.

Their confused shouts of joy gave Dorastus to understand they were in sight of some harbour, and with tears of joy and tenderness he congratulated Fawnia on their safety.

But when he was told it was the coast of Bohemia upon which they were driven, remembering the enmity there was between the king of that country and his father, whom he had sought to poison, he was greatly perplexed, not knowing what to do; or whether it was better to trust to the fury of the winds and waves than the treachery and cruelty of the inhuman Pandosto.

Capnio, who saw it was impossible to expect any safety at sea, advised the prince to conceal his name and country, and take up his residence in some small village till they could procure a ship to carry them to Italy.

Dorastus approved this scheme, and ordered Capnio to bid the ship's crew give out that his name was Meleagrus, a gentleman of Trapalonia, and assure them in his name of a large reward for their secrecy.

This done they went on shore, and hired lodgings at a farm house in a village, a mile distant from the chief city of Bohemia. As soon as they were recovered from the fatigues they had endured at sea during the storm, Dorastus, impatient to be united to his beloved Fawnia, gave Capnio orders to make preparations for their marriage.

But in the mean time the fame of Fawnia's beauty was spread through all the village, and from thence reached the city, and at last the court; nothing was talked of but the lovely stranger, whose wonderful beauty was the subject of general admiration.

Pandosto, though at that time above sixty years old, was fired with the reports he continually heard of this young miracle, and was resolved to see her; and being informed they affected great privacy, and lodged in a very mean house, he determined to have them seized on suspicion of their being spies; and brought before him, in order to be examined by himself.

Accordingly he sent a small party of his guards to apprehend them, who, coming to the house where they lodged, informed them that they must come before the king.

Dorastus, not in the least daunted by this message, took Fawnia by the hand, and, leaving Porrus to take care of the treasure, followed the guards, together with Capnio.

Being introduced to the king, they paid their obeisance to him with a respectful confidence that might have persuaded him of their innocence, had he really suspected them to have come into his country with any bad intention.

But the king, at the first glance of Fawnia, was so astonished at her wonderful beauty, that, forgetting what he had to do for several minutes, he stood motionless like a statue, not able to remove his eyes from that enchanting object. Recovering himself at last, he turned to Dorastus, and asked him sternly who he was, of what country, and with what intent he had landed in Bohemia. "Sir," said Dorastus, with a countenance unchanged, and a resolute tone of voice, "my name is Meleagrus, a knight, born and bred up in Trapalonia; this young woman, whom I intend to make my wife, is a native of Italy, from whence I brought her. The

reason I have so small a train is, that, her friends being unwilling to consent to her marriage, I took her away privately, with an intent to carry her to Trapalonia; as we were sailing, a violent storm arose, which drove us upon this coast, and I propose to stay no longer here than till our ship is refitted, and put into a condition to pursue her voyage."

Pandosto, either not satisfied, or pretending not to be satisfied, with this account, rose from his seat in a rage. "Meleagrus," said he, "I am not to be imposed on by this unlikely tale: this lady appears to be of a much higher quality than you represent her, and, by the graceful loveliness of her person, fitter to be the wife of a great prince, than a simple knight, as you declare yourself to be.

"You have stolen away this young lady from her unhappy parents, like a false traitor, and, as you have made them miserable by your theft, will, no doubt, shortly make her so too; therefore, till I can be thoroughly informed of her birth, and till you have produced a certificate from Trapalonia to confirm the account you have given of yourself, I will detain ye all in Bohemia."

The noble mind of Dorastus could but ill brook the base suspicions and injurious language of Pandosto, and, almost forgetting the character he assumed, he looked on him with a frown of anger and disdain, and with a haughty accent thus replied:

"It is unworthy the honour and dignity of a prince to reproach any man with having committed scandalous crimes without any proof of his guilt, or even suspicion to form a belief on; inoffensive strangers ought to be

treated with kindness and benevolence, not with distrust and cruelty, which is contrary to the laws of nations, and the customs of all civilized people; but the gods will severely revenge the cause of those, who, through inability to right themselves, are obliged to put up with wrongs and injuries."

Pandosto was so enraged at this bold and resolute language, that he immediately ordered his guards to carry the audacious stranger to prison, and likewise ordered all the ship's crew to be put in a close dungeon. For Fawnia he ordered an apartment in the palace to be prepared, and recommended her to the care of some of the court ladies.

Dorastus heard the order for his confinement with a contemptuous silence, and followed the guards without deigning to cast a look on the enraged king, and only by a passionate glance at Fawnia expressed the anguish of his soul at being thus torn from her.

She, with streaming eyes, saw him depart, and, retiring to the apartment allotted for her, resigned herself up to the deepest despair, and continued wholly insensible of all the consolations that were offered her.

Meantime Pandosto, in whose old bosom love had again kindled a flame, lost no opportunity of seeing the beauteous stranger. At first, he fancied he was only giving way to a pleasing amusement when he sought the sight and conversation of Fawnia, but he soon perceived that she was become necessary to his happiness.

His restless anxiety when he was absent from her, his disordered wishes when with her, the perturbations of his mind when he thought of Meleagrus, convinced

him that this unknown virgin had conquered his heart. He blushed at his own weakness; he reflected on his advanced age; his exalted rank; on her youth, beauty, and mean condition; and sought for reasons against yielding to the force of his misplaced passions: reasons he found many, but love was stronger than them all.

In vain he represented to himself that Fawnia loved the unknown knight, and that a heart already prepossessed with a young and amiable object, was not likely to yield to his solicitations: his passion seemed to gather strength from the obstacles which opposed it, and he resolved, if persuasions failed, to make use of all his power, to compel Fawnia to his desires.

For this purpose he sent a messenger to her, one day when he was walking in a park behind his palace, to tell her he wanted to speak to her.

Fawnia went to him unwillingly, and, as she approached, the king, taking her hand, walked with her a few steps; then stopping suddenly, he looked earnestly at her a moment, and thus spoke:

"Fawnia, I am charmed with thy wit and beauty, I pity thy distrest situation, and am willing to make thy fortune, provided thou wilt forsake that despicable knight who brought thee hither. He is unworthy to possess an object so lovely; thou art fit for the embraces of a king, and if thou wilt yield to be my mistress, I will advance thee both to dignity and riches."

"I little expected," replied Fawnia, with a noble disdain, "to hear a proposal so base and so unworthy the majesty of a king, from Pandosto. Is it for you, sir, for one of your dignity and age, to attempt to seduce an unhappy maid, whom fortune and your own

injustice has put into your power? But know, my lord, that your endeavours to engage me from Meleagrus are all in vain; he won my heart by honourable love, and he only shall possess it: my unhappy fate drove me into your dominions, where I have been separated from Meleagrus, and am persecuted by you; but these misfortunes cannot lesson my love or shake my constancy. True love, like true virtue, gathers strength and firmness from distress. No, though your majesty has imprisoned my lover without any cause, contrary to all the laws of hospitality and justice, and by that means I am left alone and without any protection in your court, yet think not that the most terrible threats or most alluring temptations can make me consent to any thing that is dishonourable. I have a noble mind, though the gods have been pleased to cover it with plebeian clay; I cannot be terrified by threats, or soothed by flatteries into a base compliance; therefore be assured, I would rather chuse to be the wife of Meleagrus, and share with him the greatest miseries that cruel fortune can inflict, than be the mistress of Pandosto, and live in all the splendour he can bestow."

The king, though greatly surprised and perplexed with this resolute answer of Fawnia, yet would not give over his solicitations; when he found he could not prevail upon her to yield to his desires by promises of wealth and grandeur to herself, he swore that he would not only set Meleagrus at liberty, but that he would confer honours and dignities on him, and raise him to a rank equal to the greatest of his noblemen."

But Fawnia replied, "that she would not purchase his liberty, ardently as she loved him, with the loss of

her honour;" and Pandosto, seeing her so fixed in her resolution not to forsake Meleagrus, would press her no further at that time, and left her to herself.

Fawnia, as soon as she was alone, began with sighs and tears to bewail this new misfortune which had befallen her, anticipating by her fears the distresses her refusal of the king's offers might bring upon Dorastus and herself.

"Oh! unfortunate Fawnia," said she, "how well has thy presumption, in daring to love a prince, been punished by the calamities thou endurest at present, and those greater ones which thou hast reason to expect! Ah! fond and inconsiderate maid, hadst thou been contented with the humble condition of a shepherdess, in which thou wert born, thou hadst escaped these evils; but thy rash folly has not only undone thyself, but ruined him whose happiness is and ought to be dearer to thee than thy own!

"Oh! Dorastus, Dorastus, thou who wert born a prince, art now a prisoner for my sake; those hands which were formed for sceptres are loaded with shameful irons for me, unworthy me. What miseries has thy fatal passion for the wretched Fawnia brought upon thee! too lovely and too generous prince, thou hadst been still great and happy but for me. Oh! that by my death I could free thee from thy unworthy bonds, but, alas! thy freedom can only be procured by the sacrifice of my honour, and that sacrifice thou wouldst never consent to; no, my dear prince, 'tis only by my fidelity to thee that I can requite thy wondrous love, and here I swear by the immortals gods, no temptations,

no threats, not even of death itself, shall ever make me forsake thee!"

Fawnia, having thus given vent to the secret sorrows of her soul, retired to her apartment in the palace, and passed the melancholy hours in bewailing the confinement of her beloved prince, and offering up prayers to the gods for his deliverance.

Meantime Dorastus lay in a close prison, loaded with irons like a common criminal, and now a thousand bitter reflections rose in his mind; rage and shame at the unworthy treatment he received, made him sometimes regret his ill-placed passion, which had brought him into so wretched a condition.

But this thought seldom dwelt long upon his mind, and he was more ready to accuse the gods of cruelty and injustice for dividing him from Fawnia, and subjecting him to such miseries, than to repent the folly that had caused them.

Oh! wretched Dorastus, would he cry, when assaulted by a vainly suppressed remorse, oughtest thou in reason to repine at thy fate? are not worse punishments, if possible, than what thou now endurest, due to thy unworthiness and folly? couldst thou expect to be favoured by Heaven, thou who didst forget the duties of thy station, and hast disgraced thy rank and dignity? The wrath of Heaven is levelled at the wretch who disobeys his father, and oppresses his old age with shame and sorrow. Thou hast done this, Dorastus, and mayest with reason expect the severest punishments will be inflicted on thee; behold me then, ye gods, ready to suffer all your vengeance, and willing to expiate my offence by death. But on me, on me only, let loose

all your fury; spare the lovely, the innocent Fawnia, shield and defend her helpless youth from the inhuman tyranny of Pandosto, and if my death can procure her safety, hasten it, ye heavenly powers, and let my punishment atone for all."

While the two lovers thus groaned under the cruel tyranny of Pandosto, his passion for Fawnia gave him no less disquiet; her denials, instead of abating, increased his unlawful desires; his discontent appeared in every look and action; so that his courtiers, who saw him always disturbed and uneasy, wondered from whence the sudden alteration proceeded.

Though the resolute behaviour of Fawnia, in the last interview he had with her, gave him no reason to hope for any change in her sentiments, yet, being impatient to see her again, and assail her virtue with new solicitations, he ordered her to be brought privately into his apartment.

Fawnia, with great reluctance, suffered herself to be conducted to his presence, and the king, as soon as he saw her, ordered all his attendants to withdraw, and, with a soothing look and voice, thus spoke to her:

"Well, charming Fawnia, have you considered upon the purport of my last conversation with you, when we walked together in the park? are you become less obstinate, and more wise? will you prefer the love of a king to the affection of a miserable knight? I persuade myself you are not so insensible to the charms of ambition as not to think it better to be the favourite of a king, than the wife of a poor subject."

"My lord," replied Fawnia, "I am sensible I am in your power, and have, indeed, severely felt the arbi-

trary exertion of it. Is it just, is it reasonable, my lord, to inflict upon innocent persons such punishments as are only due to guilty ones? What crime has Meleagrus committed against you, that he must be loaded with chains, and confined in a horrible prison? and what right have you over my person, that you detain me here in your palace, and force me to listen to your infamous proposals? Meleagrus has never attempted to seduce your subjects from their allegiance to you; why, then, do you attempt to allure me from the fidelity I owe to him? But know, unjust prince, though fortune has put my person in your power, my mind can never be subdued, but disdains alike your promises and threats: I have vowed to keep myself for my beloved Meleagrus, and nothing but death shall prevent my keeping my vow."

"Is it possible, then," said Pandosto, "that you can persist in refusing the love of a king, for the sake of that wretched man? Foolish and ungrateful girl, you say you are in my power, yet I forbear to use it to your prejudice; and what I might compel by force, am contented to sue for by prayers: yield, then, and reward my ardent passion with your love; Meleagrus shall be set at liberty, your countrymen discharged, and all that your utmost wishes can suggest, shall be fulfilled by a king who burns in love for you."

"Why do you talk of love?" replied Fawnia, with a beautiful disdain, "you, who are a stranger to that godlike passion? Alas! 'tis profanation to call the inclination you have by the name of love. Such love as yours, my lord, is worse than death to a modest virgin, and to avoid it I will freely sacrifice my life. Well may

you threaten me with your power, you who are capable of making so ill a use of it; but know, lascivious prince, that all your power is insufficient to force me to a crime the gods abhor; and, since I dare die to preserve my honour, your impious attempt will gain you nothing but eternal infamy."

Pandosto, enraged at her unalterable love for Meleagrus and fixed resolution to refuse his offer, ordered her, with eyes sparkling with fury, to quit his presence, swearing, at the same time, that, unless she disposed herself soon to yield to his desires, he would force her to comply, whatever might be the consequences.

Fawnia, not in the least terrified at his menaces, quitted his apartment and retired to her own, arming her soul with fortitude to escape his threatened force by death, if Heaven afforded her not some other means of relief.

In the mean time the king of Sicily was informed, by some Bohemian merchants, who had discovered Meleagrus to be Dorastus, that his son was in Bohemia, and confined in prison by the king.

Egistus, though extremely offended with his son for his disobedience and desertion of him, yet could not hear of the shameful treatment he received from Pandosto without feeling great affliction; and, reflecting that Bellaria and himself had been cleared by the oracles of Apollo of the crime the king suspected them guilty of, he did not doubt but Pandosto would send back his fugitive son at the request of his ambassadors.

He therefore ordered a small fleet to be well manned and prepared, and, giving a commission to some of

his principal nobles to demand the prince of Pandosto, they embarked and set sail for Bohemia.

Pandosto received the Sicilian ambassadors with great respect, which filled them with hopes of returning to their master with success, and, soon after their arrival, related to them the adventure of the Trapalonian knight, who, he said, had come into his dominions in a very suspicious manner, bringing with him a young lady named Fawnia, and no attendants but a shepherd and an old man.

The ambassadors immediately perceived this Trapalonian knight was no other than their prince Dorastus; but they dissembled the matter for the present, till the king granted them a public audience, and then, in the name of their sovereign, they demanded the prince of Sicily of him, who was in his dominions, under the name of Meleagrus.

They then proceeded to acquaint his Bohemian majesty, that the prince of Sicily had, contrary to the will of the king his father, quitted the kingdom, and carried with him a young maid named Fawnia, the daughter of an old shepherd called Porrus, and that Capnio, one of the prince's attendants, had accompanied him in his flight.

They concluded with telling the king, that it was the request of their sovereign Egistus, that prince Dorastus should be freed from his confinement, and sent home with them, and that Capnio, Porrus, and his daughter Fawnia, should be put to death.

Pandosto heard this embassy with great astonishment, and, willing to reconcile himself to Egistus, and

to show how much he desired to renew their long-interrupted friendship, he resolved punctually to execute his will, and to sacrifice Fawnia both to his policy and his injured love.

He therefore sent orders immediately for the release of Dorastus, who was greatly surprized at this unexpected favour; but he was still more so, when, being conducted into the king's presence, he saw several noblemen belonging to his father's court, who, as soon as he appeared, approached, and paid their duties to him with the utmost respect.

Pandosto, rising from his chair of state, embraced him with many expressions of tenderness and respect, mingling apologies for what had passed while his birth and quality were unknown; then, seating him on his right hand, he declared to him the purport of the embassy he had received from the king, his father.

Dorastus, in great confusion to find the cause of his flight was thus publicly known, held down his head to hide the blushes which overspread his face; but, when the king went on to relate the punishment that he was required to inflict upon Fawnia and the other partners of his flight, he was not able to conceal the strong emotions of his soul, but, in the most passionate terms, he exclaimed against the cruelty and injustice of his father, and earnestly conjured Pandosto not to execute so inhuman a sentence.

The king, without being moved by his intreaties, ordered Fawnia, Capnio, and Porrus to be brought before him, and, giving way to the fury of his resentment against Fawnia, whose noble resistance had changed the

former love he bore her into hatred, he accosted the trembling maid with these reproachful words:

"Mean and contemptible wretch," said he, "how durst thou raise thy dazzled eyes to honour, and in thy base-born soul nourish the flames of ambition? Was it for thee, thou beggar, to entertain hopes of marrying a prince, and practise arts to induce the son of a great king to forsake his country to gratify thy insolent desires? But know, thou dangerous syren, death shall be the reward of thy daring ambition; and thou, old doating fool," said he, to the pale, trembling Porrus, "whose insolent folly has prompted thy daughter to this rash undertaking, thy life shall pay for thy presumption.

"But, for thee, Capnio," added the enraged king, "death is too easy a punishment; thy treason and falsehood merits something worse. I therefore condemn thee to have thy eyes put out, and, till thou diest, grind continually in a mill, like a blind horse."

Dorastus, whom the sentence that was past on Fawnia had thrown into a silent agony of grief, rage, and despair, perceiving they were about to lead her away, rose up to speak in her defence; but, overcome with the violence of these different emotions, he sunk down again in his chair, without any appearance of life.

By the timely assistance of the king's physicians he recovered his senses, and, at their instances, he was removed from the sight of Fawnia, who, as soon as he was taken out of the room, spoke in this manner:

"If my death will be the means of procuring peace and happiness for prince Dorastus, who is my betrothed lord, and whose sacred vows the gods have heard, and

registered in heaven, and which no power on earth can dissolve, I am then content to die: but my innocent and tender passion for him I shall carry to my grave; my last breath shall be spent in begging blessings for him, in imploring the gods to shed their choicest gifts on him, that, when he succeeds to the throne of his father, he may rule his subjects with prudence, equity, and moderation; for wisdom and mercy are divine attributes, and a monarch's true safety and happiness consists in the love, and not the fear, of his people. Behold me, then, O king, prepared to suffer all the rigour of your sentence. But oh! my father, what has he done that his grey and venerable hairs must, by violence, be brought to the grave? Alas! he is absolutely innocent of the engagement between the prince and me; he neither counselled my flight, nor consented to accompany me in it, but was brought forcibly on board the ship, and compelled to be the partner of our voyage: must he then die for an involuntary crime? Oh, unjust and cruel destiny!—But who art thou, king Pandosto, who judgest thus the subjects of another king, who, not having committed any thing worthy of punishment, since they came into thy territories, hast nevertheless passed sentence of death upon them? But something within me says thou hast a power to judge Fawnia; be it so then; and welcome death, which will bring me to those regions of bliss where eternal justice, mercy, and compassion reigns.

The old shepherd, moved with the affectionate entreaties of Fawnia in his favour, and perceiving there was no more hope of life, resolved, before he died, to

but magnificent shows were everywhere to be seen, and the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.

The king conferred the honour of knighthood on old Porrus, who had been so long the reputed father of Fawnia; and, causing a noble fleet to be put in readiness to sail, he embarked with Dorastus, Fawnia, and the Sicilian ambassadors, with a numerous retinue, and soon arrived at Sicily, where he was kindly received by Egistus, who was perfectly satisfied with his son's fortune.

The nuptial ceremonies between the prince and princess were performed with great magnificence; and, soon after, Pandosto, giving way to a thousand gloomy reflections which the consideration of his unjust jealousy of Bellaria, his designed cruelty to Egistus, but above all his unnatural passion for his daughter, had inspired, a deep melancholy seized his spirits, which turning to a phrenzy, he one night took advantage of the absence of his attendants, and stabbed himself with a dagger.

His death was much lamented by Dorastus, Fawnia, and the good Egistus: his body being embalmed, the young king and queen of Bohemia took leave of the king of Sicily, their father, and carried the corpse of the deceased monarch with them to Bohemia, where the funeral obsequies were performed with great splendour; and they ascended the throne to the universal joy of the whole kingdom.

REMARKS

ON

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ALL commentators on the dramas of Shakspeare concur in supposing that the above play was taken from Green's story of Dorastus and Fawnia.

In several instances, when they were in a state of doubt and perplexity, and could not be prepared, by warrantable proofs, for the reception of juster impressions, they expressed their opinions with considerable caution: for it never could be ascertained to a certainty what novels or what stories Shakspeare consulted, in forming the fables of his plays; but they judged merely from the connection existing between them and those tales which were popular in his age. There seems, however, to be but one opinion relative to the Winter's Tale, and the admirers of Shakspeare think him entitled to great credit, in producing so entertaining a play from "so paltry a story." But the truth is, the homely and simple tale of Dorastus and Fawnia has furnished Shakspeare with all the incidents which are contained in this play; and, where any variation occurs, it will be admitted that it falls short of the natural circumstances in the novel; for, what there is produced by chance, in Shakspeare is the effect of forced design.

The characters are altered as follows:

Egistus is called	Leontes.
Pandosto, - -	Polixenes.
Garrinter, - - -	Mamillius.
Dorastus, - -	Florizel.
Franion, - - -	Camillo.
Porrus, - - -	Old Shepherd.
Bellaria, - - -	Hermione.
Fawnia, - - -	Perdita.

By giving the fable of the Winter's Tale, it will at once display the resemblance, and show the intimate connection which exists between them.

Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and Leontes, king of Sicilia, were bred together in youth, and manifested a strict friendship for each other. After being seated on the thrones of their fathers, Polixenes visits his friend and early companion, Leontes, and, after having passed a considerable time with him in his dominions, purposes returning to his home. Leontes, unwilling to lose the society of his friend, presses him to a longer stay. Polixenes refusing, Leontes desires his queen Hermione to solicit him. She obeys; and Polixenes, at her request, consents to remain a little longer in Bohemia.

From the earnestness of his wife's entreaties Leontes take occasion to be jealous, and, in a furious rage, endeavours to persuade Camillo, the cup-bearer of Polixenes, to poison him. Camillo promises to perform his orders, but secretly acquaints the king of Bohemia with the jealousy and revengeful disposition of Leontes, and they both make their escape by night. Leontes, supposing that his wife was privy to their flight, accuses

her publicly of adultery, and of conspiring with Camillo to take away his life.

Hermione, whilst confined in prison, is delivered of a daughter, which Paulina, an old lady and friend to the queen, carries to Leontes. He, in a rage, orders Antigonus to convey the child to some desert place, and there leave it to perish. Antigonus complies with his orders, and carries the child into Bohemia, and leaves it in a wood; but, as he is returning to his vessel, he is devoured by a bear, and the ship is wrecked.

Leontes sends messengers to Delphos, to consult the oracle of Apollo relative to his queen's infidelity. She is brought to trial on their return; the oracle is broken open, and read aloud, which pronounces her innocence.

Leontes, in a rage, declares the oracle is false, and orders the court to proceed to trial; when a message is brought, announcing the death of the prince, his son. The queen, on hearing this news, swoons, and is carried out.

The king, fearing that the death of his son was a punishment for his profanation in denying the truth of the oracle, asks pardon of Apollo, repents of his accusation, and resolves to make the queen amends. His resolutions are interrupted by the entrance of Paulina, who informs him that Hermione is dead. Leontes, in great affliction, vows to visit her tomb daily, and weep over it.

The infant, which was left by Antigonus in Bohemia, is found by a shepherd, and called Perdita, which he brings up as his own child. Florizel, son of Polixenes, falls in love with Perdita, and resolves to marry

her. The king, his father, discovering his intention, threatens Perdita with death if she presume to listen to his son's addresses. Camillo, wishing to return to his native country, Sicilia, persuades Florizel to steal her away, and, feigning an embassy from his father to Leontes, to carry her there, which would secure him a kind reception.

This scheme is effected: he arrives in Sicilia, and, with Perdita, is received with great friendship by Leontes; but, soon after this, Polixenes himself arrives, being persuaded by Camillo to follow his son.

The old shepherd, the supposed father of Perdita, is decoyed on board the prince's vessel, and she is discovered to be the daughter of Leontes, on his arrival at Sicilia.

Paulina invites the two kings to see a statue of Hermione. They follow her, and she shows them Hermione herself, whom they supposed dead, standing upon a pedestal. Paulina orders the statue to descend, which it does, and is discovered to be the living Hermione.

Leontes receives her with transport, and Florizel is married to Perdita, which concludes the play.

The close resemblance between the Winter's Tale and the novel is clearly proved, from a slight survey of the foregoing fable.

Jealousy is the foundation of all the king's adventures in the story, and likewise in the play. Its rise, progress, and termination are more naturally accounted for by Green than by Shakspeare.

After Hermione entreats Polixenes to make a longer stay, and he assents, Leontes is suddenly made jealous, and, from the utmost confidence, security, and

friendship, passes instantly to the extremity of rage and suspicion. He is sensible of the rapid progress of this passion, and yet offers to leave Hermione with Polixenes, telling them,

" We two will walk, my lord,
" And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
" How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome."
* * * * * * * * *
" *To your own bents dispose you.*"

This jealousy, which is extravagant enough in the story, is immoderately augmented in the play. Egistus persuades Franion to poison Pandosto, which, after some hesitation, Franion promises to do. This is closely copied by Shakspeare. The incident of the queen's imprisonment and birth of the princess are alike, and both kings adopt nearly the same method of destroying the infant princess.

In the story, the queen, confident of her innocence, entreats Egistus to consult the oracle of Apollo, concerning the crime of which she was accused. Shakspeare makes Leontes, although not in doubt about her infidelity, send himself to the oracle.

In the novel we are told, that, after the oracle was read, the king, satisfied that his suspicions were unfounded, professes repentance; at the same time the news is brought that his son Garrinter was dead. To show the great parity between the trial of Hermione and the like incident in the novel, I shall here transcribe the scene.

Hermione. Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not!——No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I should be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle
Apollo be my judge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers with Dion and Cleomenes.

Offi. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*reads*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo "a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly be- "gotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is "lost, be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!——
Leo. What is the business?
Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.
Leo. How! gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.——How now there?

[*Hermione faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!——
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice: quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great: and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Through my dark rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling?
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries, were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasser,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little: though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't

Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear it: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that I have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your own patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day, I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there,
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

In order to vent his rage on the infant, Egistus, in the novel, orders some of his guards to destroy it.—Shakspeare imposes this task on a nobleman; who, though he reproves Leontes for his jealousy, and professes a wish to save the child by any sacrifice, yet finally consents to leave it in a desert place to perish. The child, in the novel, is deposited in a boat, and left to the mercy of the winds and waves, and is thrown by chance on the coast of Bohemia, where it is found by Porrus. Antigonus designedly conveys the infant to Bohemia. As his return would interfere with the arrangement of the play, to prevent discovery of where the infant was placed, he is devoured by a bear, which passes by the little princess without doing it injury: a storm at the same time arises, which wrecks the ship in which Antigonus came to Bohemia, and all the mariners on board perish. These occurrences, which, in the play, are produced with so much danger and destruction, are wholly governed by chance in the novel.

The loves of Florizel and Perdita are conducted in the same manner by Shakspeare as they are by Green. Shakspeare introduces a new and entertaining character in Autolycus, which, with those of Paulina and Anti-

gonus, is entirely his own. There is some difference, however, in the manner of the lovers' elopement, as regulated by Shakspeare. The king discovers himself to his son at the sheep-shearing, and threatens Perdita and the old shepherd with death, if they encourage the advances of Florizel. Shortly after, Florizel and Perdita escape and go on board a vessel, by the advice of Camillo. The king, it is to be supposed, would keep his son in strict confinement, to prevent this unequal match; but this he neglects to do, and, after several severe menaces, returns to his palace, and leaves his son in company with Perdita. In the novel, no one is privy to their escape but Capnio, and they are driven by contrary winds into Bohemia. In the play they go there by design, as messengers from Polixenes, although it is reasonable to suppose the fraud would have been detected, and they sent home by Leontes.

Camillo is a very inconsistent character: he advises Florizel to elope with Perdita, and expresses no desire to accompany them; which being done, he acquaints the king with the steps the prince had taken, with a view that Polixenes should pursue the fugitives, and afford him an opportunity of returning to his native country.

The incidents which lead to the discovery of Fawnia's birth are natural and proper, as they are represented in the novel; but Shakspeare, in altering, has rendered them perplexed and intricate.

In the play, Hermione is supposed to have died, and Leontes, in the midst of grief and repentance, vows to visit her tomb daily, and weep over it. Assisted by Paulina, Hermione conceals herself, for sixteen years,

from the king her husband. This she does with the perfect assurance of his penitence and remorse, and with the positive knowledge that he pined away in constant grief for her death, and his injurious suspicions. Surely no affectionate wife would have remained thus long concealed from a penitent husband, and then adopt the absurd and mean contrivance of standing on a pedestal and representing a statue. Besides, for a queen to degrade herself by this fantastical mockery, is ridiculous in the extreme. Such abuse of reason and want of dignity are too glaring to escape observation.

Incidents like these, when opposed to the agreeable versification and other poetical beauties discernible in the Winter's Tale, rob it of its approved value, and lessen the admiration which would otherwise be implicitly bestowed on it.

We find many passages in the story are borrowed by Shakspeare, particularly the speech of Florizel to Perdita.

> " The gods themselves,
> Humbling their deities to love, have taken
> The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
> Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune,
> A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
> Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
> As I seem now: their transformations
> Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
> Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
> Run not before my honour."

Dorastus speaks to Fawnia in nearly the same words: " The gods themselves have not disdained to love: Jupiter was enamoured of Danaë, and the bright Apollo

wooed the inexorable Daphne; these were mortal beauties, and they were deities: why then, though a prince, may I not love a shepherdess? But their passions were dishonourable; mine is pure and chaste, 'tis true, and herein I surpass the gods."

Most of the plays of Shakspeare have been censured, more or less, for the violation of the unities; but the Winter's Tale is particularized, as committing a great breach of dramatic rules. With these rules Shakspeare was well acquainted, but disregarded them, and considered them as checking the interest of a play, and intruding on the latitude which, it is admitted, a poet should be allowed. I confess that a breach of unities is of little consequence when confined within the bounds of moderation; but the Winter's Tale occupies sixteen years, and we are presented with the same characters in the fifth act that we see in the first, with this difference only, that, in the fifth act, they are sixteen years older. This lapse of time, however, is not lost sight of by Shakspeare, for, when Leontes views the supposed statue of Hermione, in the last act, he exclaims,

> " But yet, Paulina,
> Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
> So aged as this seems.
> *Polix.* O, not by much.
> *Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence,
> Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
> As she lived now."

Shakspeare had precedents for greater violations of time and place than ever he was charged with. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, there was a famous play ex-

tant, called Endymion, written by Lyly, two acts of which occupied the moderate space of forty years. Endymion, lying down to sleep, at the end of the second act, awakes at the beginning of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. There was also a comedy written in the year 1603, called the Patient Grissel, by Thomas Decker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton. Grissel is married in the first act; in the second, she has a son and daughter, which daughter is produced, in the fifth act, as a woman old enough to be married. Contemptible absurdities like these Shakspeare never copied, although he transgressed the established rules of the drama in several of his productions.

Of Robert Green, the author of the foregoing story, I am unable to collect much information. He lived in Shakspeare's time, and was educated at Oxford. Malone makes some slight mention of him, and thinks he was the author of the old "Taming of a Shrew." It is certain, however, that he wrote many stories or novels, in the manner of Bandello and Cinthio.

THE

MENÆCHMI.

A

COMEDY OF PLAUTUS.

MARCUS ACCIUS PLAUTUS was born at Sarsina, in Umbria, and obtained great reputation at Rome for his comic genius. It is said, that, having lost all his property by trade, he was compelled, for a subsistence, to hire himself to a baker to turn a mill; and that he employed many hours, during the intervals of labour, in the composition of his comedies. But this story may be ranked among the fables with which the lives of great men are interspersed. Nineteen comedies of this poet are all we possess; although there is reason to believe he wrote many more, which were lost.

The following stanza, written by Varro, sufficiently demonstrates the literary reputation of this favourite of the comic muse:

> Postquam morte captus est Plautus,
> Comœdia luget, scena est deserta;
> Deinde risus, ludus, jocusque, et numeri
> Innumeri simul omnes collacrymarunt.

"At the death of Plautus, Comedy wept, the scene was deserted; the smiles, the verse, the games, the graces, and the gods, united in bewailing his loss."

The comedies of Plautus were esteemed, in his own time, for the precision, purity, energy, and elegance of their style; and the learned Varro says, "that if the Muses were to speak Latin, they would adopt the language of Plautus." Since taste, however,

has been improved under Augustus, Plautus has been reproached for the negligence of his versification, his insipid pleasantries, and ridiculous puns. These faults, however, did not prevent his comedies being performed in the reign of Dioclesian, five hundred years after they were written. Plautus has less art but more genius than Terence. The intrigues are better managed, the incidents more varied, and the action more animated, in his comedies, than in those of his rival. The following comedy, though not altogether literal as to the translation, breathes all the spirit of its author; and, considering the early period in which it was written, it may be regarded as a great curiosity.

Plautus died a hundred and eighty-four years before the christian æra.

THE PERSONS.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum, son of Moschus and Theusimarcha, and brother of Sosicles.

An old man, father of the wife of Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

The wife of Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Erotia, the mistress of Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Physician.

Peniculus, parasite of Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Slaves.

Cylindrus, cook to Menæchmus of Epidamnum and Erotia.

Menæchmus Sosicles, brother to Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Messenion, slave of Menæchmus Sosicles.

Scene—*Epidamnum in Macedonia.*

PROLOGUE*.

I begin, gentlemen, with telling you that I wish you all as well as myself. Here is a comedy of Plautus which I bring you, and intreat you will give it a favourable attention: listen now to the subject of the play, and be silent; I shall endeavour to comprise it in as few words as possible.

'Tis customary with poets in their comedies to make one believe that all passes at Athens, to the end that the subject may appear entirely Grecian, and may be more esteemed by the spectators; as for me, I shall not pretend to say that we are going to represent here to-day happened in any other place than where it really did.

The subject of this piece is truly Grecian: yet, notwithstanding that, it is not Attic, but Sicilian, and what I have hitherto said is only the introduction to it.

In explaining the argument to you, I shall not amuse myself with showing you patterns only, but present you with the whole piece, for it is my intention to be very full in the exposition of this intrigue.

There was formerly at Syracuse a good plain simple man, a merchant by profession: his wife was delivered of two sons at one birth, who so perfectly resembled each other, that the nurse who suckled them, and the mother who bore them, were not able to distinguish the one from the other. This I was told by a person

* This quaint prologue is perfectly consonant with the times, and always preceded the comedies of Plautus and Terence.

who saw them: for my own part I never did see them, and I tell you so that you may not be deceived.

When these two children arrived to the age of seven years, their father took one of them with him on board a vessel which he had loaded with merchandize, and carried him to Tarentum, whither he went to trade, leaving the other at home with his mother.

It happened that when they arrived at Tarentum they were celebrating games, which, as it is usual with public spectacles, drew together great numbers of people.

The little boy straying from his father was taken up by a merchant of Epidamnum, who carried him into his own country; the father's affliction for the loss of his son was so great that it deprived him of his senses, and a few days after of his life.

This news being carried to Syracuse, the grandfather of the two children, understanding that one of them was taken away at Tarentum, and that the father was dead, changed the name of his grandson who remained with him, and gave him that of his brother that was lost, whom he had loved extremely, and was desirous of preserving the remembrance of; he called him therefore Menæchmus, a name that was common to himself as well as to the twins.

This circumstance I remember very well, having heard it proclaimed by the public criers; and that you may avoid mistakes, I inform you beforehand that these twin brothers have both the same name.

But I must now return to Epidamnum: is there any one among you who has occasion for any thing from that country? if there be, he needs only to speak,

and command me freely: however, he must understand that it will be necessary to give me money to enable me to perform his commission; for to give me no money would be a very great folly, and to give me money a still greater: I return then to the place from whence I came; nevertheless, I do not budge from this spot.

This merchant of Epidamnum, of whom I have spoken so much, and who took away one of the twin brothers, had no children, but in every thing else he was very rich: he adopted therefore the stolen child; bred him up as his own son; married him to a woman with a large fortune; and made a will by which he left him his whole estate. One day, when he went into the country, it rained violently, and, being obliged to pass a very rapid river, not far from the city, the force of the stream carried away this ravisher of children, and hurried him to the furies in spite of his teeth.

Behold now the young man established at Epidamnum, in possession of a great fortune; his brother, brought up at Syracuse, is this day arrived at Epidamnum with his servant, in search of this other brother; for this reason the city of Epidamnum will be the scene of this comedy: when we play another, the scene also shall be changed; for you know the subjects are not always the same: sometimes we play a merchant of slaves, sometimes a young debauchee, sometimes a poor man, a beggar, a king, a parasite, or a fortune-teller.

THE MENÆCHMI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Peniculus the Parasite.

THE name of Peniculus, which I bear, was given me by the young people of the city, because, when I am at table, I know so well how to make it clean. Those masters who load their fugitive slaves with chains, are, in my opinion, guilty of great folly; for a poor wretch, who sees a new evil added to those he suffered before, is but the more incited to commit new rogueries, and to avoid punishment by flight. These people never fail of extricating themselves out of difficulties: sometimes they force open the lock with a file; sometimes they break the hinges of the door with a stone; all the precautions one takes with them are useless. The best way to prevent a servant from flying is to attach them to one's self by good nourishment: tie these sort of animals to a good rack, and give them plenty of provender, and, take my word for it, they will not run away, whatever fault they have committed: they may be easily guarded, if you make use of these chains to retain them; the ligaments of the jaws are so pliant, that the more they are stretched, the closer they may be drawn.

For a proof of this, I am going to the house of Menæchmus, to get myself tied in this manner, and voluntarily submit to a sentence which has been long ago passed upon me. Menæchmus is a man who not only feeds people well, but even gives them a new birth and new life: he is the first man in the world for performing wonderful cures: he is blest with a noble appetite himself; you would say that each of his repasts is a feast, so well he knows how to furnish a table: there is nothing to be seen, on all sides, but pyramids of dishes, so that, if one wants any thing from the other end of the table, one is obliged to raise one's self quite up from the bed to reach it.

I have been many days absent from him, during which time I have remained shut up at home with my dear little family; for I cannot eat or drink any thing that does not cost me very dear; therefore I am sometimes obliged to fast for want of money. I am now going to visit Menæchmus: but his door opens; 'tis himself who is coming out.

SCENE II.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum, Peniculus.

Menæchmus, to his wife (within).

If you were not foolish and unreasonable to the last degree, you would not have a mind at once so stubborn and so weak; it ought to be sufficient that a thing does not please your husband to make it unpleasing also to you; but, be assured, if you ever take the liberties with me which you have just now done, I will send you back to your father, and never see you more.

When I have an inclination to go abroad, you always endeavour to detain me; call me back; inquire where I am going; what I intend to do; what affairs I have to transact from home; what I want; what I carry out with me; what I do when I am out; in short, I have a tutor instead of a wife, to whom I am obliged to give an exact account of all my actions. I have hitherto had too much indulgence for you; but do not imagine I will have it for the future: when I give you, in abundance, whatever you can desire,—servants, jewels, rich clothes, all your wishes can aim at, you ought, if you were wise, to enjoy this happiness, and cease to be continually watching your husband; but, that you may not do it to no purpose this time, I shall inform you myself that I design to have a rendezvous with a mistress, and am now going to take her with me to supper, at an appointed place.

Peniculus.

This man is persuaded he has vexed his wife heartily, when, at the same time, it is I who suffer; for, if he sups abroad, I shall be disappointed, and not his wife.

Menæchmus.

Most glorious triumph! my noise has obliged my wife to retire. Where are the intriguing husbands? why come they not in crowds to load me with presents, and congratulate me on my dexterity in drawing myself out of difficulties? I have contrived to take away this robe from my wife, and am going to carry it to my mistress: 'tis thus we ought to treat those inquisitive dames

who are continually prying into all our affairs: yes; I am ready to prove to any one who shall deny it, that this exploit of mine is fine, equitable, pleasant, and cunningly performed; at my own expence I have robbed one wicked woman to make a present to another who is quite as bad; I have at least, however, the glory and pleasure of spoiling my enemies to enrich my allies.

Peniculus.

But pray tell me, Menæchmus, what share of the spoil have you destined for me?

Menæchmus.

Ah! wretch that I am! I am lost! I am fallen into an ambuscade.

Peniculus.

No, no; quite the contrary; you have met with a reinforcement.

Menæchmus.

Who is there?

Peniculus.

'Tis I.

Menæchmus.

Oh! the most convenient, the most favourable of all my friends! Good morrow, Peniculus.

Peniculus.

Good morrow, incomparable patron.

Menæchmus.

Well, what news hast thou to tell me?

Peniculus.

Delightful meeting! I hold my tutelary genius by the hand.

Menæchmus.

Thou couldst never have come more conveniently.

Peniculus.

'Tis my custom; I never fail to present myself in the most seasonable moments.

Menæchmus.

Are you desirous of hearing a noble exploit?

Peniculus.

Who is the cook that has prepared the meats? Show me, if you please, what remains; I shall then be able to judge if he has succeeded well or ill.

Menæchmus.

Tell me, hast thou never seen painted in fresco upon walls the rape of Ganymede by the eagle of Jupiter, who was in love with the fair boy; or that of the charming Adonis by Venus, whose heart he had conquered?

Peniculus.

One sees nothing else everywhere; but pray, what are

these pictures to me? Alas! these things are the least of my concerns.

Menæchmus.

Look on me well; whom do you think I perfectly resemble?

Peniculus.

What sort of dress is this that you appear in?

Menæchmus.

Confess to me that my mien is excellent, and that in this dress I appear to great advantage.

Peniculus.

Where shall we sup?

Menæchmus.

Answer my question first.

Peniculus.

You are in the right; therefore I say you are one of the handsomest men in the world.

Menæchmus.

Hast thou not courage enough to add something of thine own?

Peniculus.

Certainly; I say then, that you are a most agreeable man.

Menæchmus.

Go on, go on.

Peniculus.

No, by my faith, I will not go on unless you tell me the matter. Oh! well thought on, you have quarrelled with your wife; pray tell me the occasion of your dispute.

Menæchmus.

Where shall we find a sepulchre, where, unknown to my wife, we may bury the day in supping voluptuously?

Peniculus.

Let us go then, nothing can be better spoken: we will light the funeral pile wherever you please; there is no time to be lost, for the day is already half dead.

Menæchmus.

But while thou triflest away the time in speaking to me, thy own happiness is delayed: ought not the pile to be already on fire?

Peniculus.

Menæchmus, thrust out this eye, though it is the only one I have; I am so prest with hunger that I will not open my mouth to speak a single word unless you command me.

Menæchmus.

Come further from my door.

Peniculus.

I obey.

Menæchmus.

Come yet nearer to me.

Peniculus.

Most willingly.

Menæchmus.

How hard it is to make thee leave that side! Retire, I say to thee, from the den of that lion.

Peniculus.

By the temple of Pollux! I think you would make an excellent jockey, a dextrous leader of horses.

Menæchmus.

Why, pray?

Peniculus.

You look back every moment to see if your wife does not follow you.

Menæchmus.

What is that thou sayest?

Peniculus.

Me, sir! I say whatever you please; to all your affirmatives I say, Yes; to all your negatives I say, No. I have the honour to be your echo, both pro and con.

Menæchmus.

When thou smellest any thing, art thou able to guess what sort of odour it is that affects thy sense? hast thou a delicate nose?

Peniculus.

Ah! in such a case I my single self can divine better than the whole college of augurs together.

Menæchmus.

Well, then, apply thy nostrils to this robe, which I carry under my cloak; smell it as thou should. Well, what scent has it? Why dost thou pause?

Peniculus.

Not without reason, faith.

Menæchmus.

What reason? what does it smell of?—Answer me.

Peniculus.

It smells of three things at once: theft, lecher, and a sumptuous repast.

Menæchmus.

I am going from hence, to carry it to Erotia, my mistress, and will order her, at the same time, to get a supper

prepared for herself, for thee, and me, and, when we are seated at table, we will protract the debauch even till the rising of the morning star.

Peniculus.

You speak like an oracle! Shall I knock at the door?

Menæchmus.

Knock; but stay—stay a little.

Peniculus.

'Sdeath, sir, how long will you delay the sublime pleasure of eating and drinking?

Menæchmus.

Knock, then, but knock softly.

Peniculus.

Sure you think that this door is made of glass.

Menæchmus.

Hold! hold, I conjure you by Hercules: see, my charmer herself comes out of her house to meet us!

Peniculus.

Look one moment at the sun, I beseech you; see how the lustre of that glorious luminary is obscured in the presence of this divine person!

SCENE III.

Erotia, Peniculus, and Menæchmus.

Erotia.

Good morrow, Menæchmus, my dearest and most valued lover.

Peniculus.

And pray what am I?

Erotia.

You are not one of my troop.

Peniculus.

Treat me, at least, as a soldier in the corps de reserve, who is, in time, to fill up the place of another.

Menæchmus.

Give orders to have every thing made ready for the battle I design to have to-day at your house.

Erotia.

I shall not fail.

Menæchmus.

He and I will drink valiantly in this battle: thou shalt judge which of us two soldiers shows most courage in emptying the glasses; for it belongs to thee, as our general, to conduct the army. Ah! my love, how I hate my wife when I look upon thee! she becomes insupportable to me.

Erotia.

Nevertheless you cannot refrain from having something of hers about you; nay, you even wear her clothes. What ornament is this, pray, that you wear on your body?

Menæchmus.

It formerly belonged to my wife, but now 'tis thine, my fair one.

Peniculus.

A courtezan, when she sees the prey ready to fall into her hands, will not give herself time to flatter and caress. But, if you loved Menæchmus, madam, you would already have snatched away half of his nose with the eagerness of your kisses.

Menæchmus.

Hold my cloak, Peniculus, while I perform the vow I have made, and consecrate these spoils to my goddess.

Peniculus.

Give it me: but, before you pull off the robe, let us see you dance in it as I do; dance, I conjure you, in the name of the great Hercules!

Menæchmus.

Me dost thou bid dance? By the said great Hercules! I believe thou art mad.

Peniculus.

If I am mad, certainly you are not much wiser;

however, pull off the robe, then, since you will not dance.

Menæchmus.

I have stolen this robe to-day, but not without exposing myself to great danger: Hercules, in my opinion, undertook a less hazardous enterprize when he forced the girdle from Hippolita, the queen of the Amazons, than I did in robbing my wife of this habit: receive it from my hands, my dear Erotia, 'tis yours, and you deserve it, since you are the only woman in the world that has that sweetness and complacency, which I expect in the person I love: 'tis thus that those whose hearts are truly subjected, ought to make known their tenderness for the beloved object.

Peniculus.

Yes, those who desire to ruin themselves, and ride post to beggary.

Menæchmus.

'Tis a year since I bought this robe for my wife; it cost me four minæ.

Peniculus.

And so there are four minæ thrown away.

Menæchmus.

Dost thou know, my charmer, what I expect from thee?

Erotia.

Tell me, and your will shall be exactly performed.

Menæchmus.

Give orders then for a great repast to be prepared at thy house: there will be only us three. Do not delay to send to the market, for whatever can be found there the most delicate; but, above all, don't forget to have some pigs' cheeks, a ham, a lamb's head, and hogs' puddings, and such other delicious meats as may, when well seasoned, excite a voracious appetite. But the business must be done immediately.

Erotia.

By Venus, there shall be nothing wanting; depend upon it, you shall have all you desire.

Menæchmus.

We will go to the public square: we will not stay long, and, at our return, we will seek, in the bottle, for patience till dinner is ready.

Erotia.

Return when you please, my love, you shall find every thing ready.

Menæchmus.

Let it be done, then, with all possible diligence.—Will you come, Peniculus?

Peniculus.

That I will, by Hercules! I will follow you, I will

accompany you, I will watch you carefully; I would not leave you a moment for the world. What a fool should I be if I did, when the fortune of a god awaits me!

Erotia.

Who is there? Some of you bid Cylindrus, my cook, come hither. There is not a moment to lose: do you hear there?

SCENE IV.

Erotia, Cylindrus.

Erotia.

Take a basket and some money: thou hast three crowns, hast thou not?

Cylindrus.

Yes, madam, I have.

Erotia.

Go then to market, and buy provision to make an excellent repast; but without prodigality: I tell you beforehand there are but three.

Cylindrus.

With submission, madam, who are these three?

Erotia.

Menæchmus, his parasite, and me.

Cylindrus.

You increase the number by seven; for the parasite himself will eat as much as eight persons; so I reckon there will be ten at table.

Erotia.

I have named the guests; do you take care of the rest.

Cylindrus.

Look upon all as already done: you may sit down to table when you will.

Erotia.

Don't trifle away the time.

Cylindrus.

I will return in a moment.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Menæchmus Sosicles, Messenion his slave.

Menæchmus.

In my opinion, my dear Messenion, these sea-faring men know no greater pleasure in the world than when, after a long voyage, they first discover land.

Messenion.

With submission, sir, I think the pleasure is still

more sensibly felt by those who, after a tedious absence from their own country, behold again the well-known port, and are ready to touch the shore. But tell me, I beseech you, sir, what are we come to do here at Epidamnum? are you resolved to imitate the sea, and go round all the islands?

Menæchmus.

We are come hither in search of a brother, a twin brother, whom I look upon as one half of myself.

Messenion.

But what do you imagine will be the issue of this search? It is now six years since we have wandered on the sea in a vain expectation of finding him; we have sailed round all Istria, Spain, the country of the Massilia and Illyria; we have overrun all the Adriatic sea, barbarous Greece, and all the coasts of Italy that are washed by the ocean. Had we been seeking for a needle in a bundle of hay we should have found it by this time, provided it was not invisible. In vain do we hope to find a dead man amongst the living; for, if he were still in being, should we not have met with some one ere now who could have given some intelligence of him?

Menæchmus.

I am determined never to give over my search till I have found my brother, or met with some person, who, having known him, can certainly inform me that he is dead. This pining anxiety will then be at an end, and I will return to Syracuse; but till I have that satisfaction, while life animates this body, I will not cease to wander about the world, and seek him everywhere; too

sensibly do I feel the force of fraternal affection to quit easily the hope of seeing my brother again.

Messenion.

Truly, sir, you desire what can never possibly happen; in good faith we would do much better to return home, unless you design to write a history of the whole earth.

Menechmus.

No more of these satirical speeches, good sir, but beware of drawing my anger upon thee, and do not imagine thou canst oblige me by thy importunities to follow thy impertinent councils.

Messenion.

How well, sir, do you remind me that I am a slave! You have said a great deal in very few words; nothing could be more clearly expressed; nevertheless it cannot prevent me from telling you my thoughts.

Vouchsafe, sir, to favour me with a moment's attention. When I examine our purse, when I count the pieces that are in it, by my faith, sir, I find we have not sufficient to maintain us much longer; it is light, very light, by Hercules! Therefore, if you do not make haste home, it is probable you may soon see it empty, and instead of finding your brother, you will yourself fall into the jaws of necessity and misery. For you must know, sir, the people of Epidamnum practise but little the virtue of hospitality; they are a voluptuous people, and immoderately addicted to drinking. This city is full of slanderers and flatterers, men without justice and probity; there are here also a great number of courtezans,

who, as it is said, are the most alluring and most dangerous of all that ever practised the trade. In a word, this city is called Epidamnum for this reason, that every stranger who enters it is damned.

Menæchmus.

It is fit then that I should be cautious, and look about me. Give me my purse.

Messenion.

What will you do with it?

Menæchmus.

What you have just now said fills me with fear.

Messenion.

And what is it you fear, pray?

Menæchmus.

That you may play me some damned trick in Epidamnum, for I know thou art a great debauchee, Messenion, and art cursedly fond of women. Now I am easily excited to anger, and in those moments I am no longer master of myself. Therefore, by keeping my money in my own possession, I shall guard against two inconveniences: thou wilt not have it in thy power to be guilty of any extravagances, and consequently I shall not have any cause to be angry with thee.

Messenion.

Very well, sir, there is your purse, keep it yourself, that I may be as chaste as a vestal, and you as peaceable as a lamb.

SCENE II.

Cylindrus, Menæchmus Sosicles, Messenion.

Cylindrus.

I have bought provision sufficient to make an excellent repast for my three guests, a repast worthy of my superior skill in cookery. But what do I see! Menæchmus at our door already! Woe to my poor shoulders! the eaters are ready to sit down to table before I am returned from market with the victuals that I am to dress for them. I must speak to him. Good morrow, Mr. Menæchmus.

Menæchmus.

Now the gods bless thee, fellow, dost thou know me?

Cylindrus.

Know you, sir! a pleasant question, by Hercules! Where are your companions?

Menæchmus.

My companions! Whom dost thou mean, friend?

Cylindrus.

Your parasite, for example.

Menæchmus.

My parasite! The fellow is certainly mad.

Messenion.

Did I not tell you, sir, this city was full of sharpers?

Menæchmus.

Pray, young man, who is this parasite thou talkest of?

Cylindrus.

Peniculus.

Messenion.

Oh! I have it here safe in my portmanteau*.

Cylindrus.

You come in good time, sir, for dinner; I am just returned from the market, where I have bought what will make a delicious repast.

Menæchmus.

Answer me, young man, at what price do they sell here the white hogs that are destined for sacrifices?

Cylindrus.

They are a crown a-piece.

Menæchmus.

See, here is a crown, which I will give thee, on con-

* Cylindrus is surprized at not seeing the parasite, Peniculus, with Menæchmus, whom he takes for the Menæchmus of Epidamnum, and asks where he is. Messenion replies, he has it safe in his portmanteau. The equivocation is pleasant enough: Cylindrus speaks of a man, Messenion affects to believe he means a brush, for that instrument was in Latin called *peniculus*, from *pene*, or *cauda*, a tail of an animal, it being generally made of one.

dition that thou wilt purchase with it one of those hogs, and let it be offered for thy cure; for, whoever thou art, it is certain thou art mad to importune, in this manner, a man with whom thou art not acquainted.

Cylindrus.

I am Cylindrus; do not you know my name?

Menæchmus.

What is thy name to me? Go about thy business; I solemnly declare I know thee not, and, what is more, I do not desire to know thee.

Cylindrus.

However, sir, I have the honour to know you: your name is Menæchmus, I think.

Menæchmus.

Ay, now thou speakest like a man in thy senses; that is indeed my name: but where is it thou hast seen me before?

Cylindrus.

Ah! mighty well! where have I seen you, you who are a lover of Erotia, my fair mistress?

Menæchmus.

By Hercules, I am not in love with any woman, nor do I know who thou art.

Cylindrus.

Strange! how can you say so? Is it not I who so often fill your glass when you are merry at our house?

Messenion.

Oh! that I had a good cudgel in my hand, that I might break the head of this fellow.

Menæchmus.

And so you often fill my glass, you say, I who am but this moment arrived at Epidamnum, and was never here before in my life!

Cylindrus.

Is it possible you can with a good conscience deny what I say?

Menæchmus.

Deny it! yes, by Hercules! do I.

Cylindrus.

And perhaps you will say also that that house yonder is not yours, and that you do not actually dwell in it?

Menæchmus.

May the gods confound all the males and females that dwell in it, I say!

Cylindrus.

Certainly this gentleman's brain is cracked, or he would not curse himself in this terrible manner. Hark, sir—

Menæchmus.

What would'st thou?

Cylindrus.

Take my word for it, sir, your brain is a little disordered; you would do well, with that crown you promised me some time ago, to buy a hog for an expiatory sacrifice for yourself, for, by Hercules! Mr. Menæchmus, you are certainly under the influence of an evil spirit, to curse thus, and sport with the anger of the gods.

Menæchmus.

Detestable rascal, how he plagues me!

Cylindrus.

Ha! faith he is in one of his pleasant humours: he often jests and diverts himself with me, for, provided his wife be not with him, he is always in good spirits, and rallies incomparably.

Menæchmus.

What is that thou sayest?

Cylindrus.

Faith I know not what to say, you puzzle me so confoundedly. Here, look into this basket if you please, sir: do you think I have bought provision sufficient for you three? will what I have here make a repast good enough for you, your parasite, and your mistress?

Menæchmus.

What parasite, what mistress do you talk of, fellow?

Messenion.

What fury excites thee to torment this gentleman as thou dost?

Cylindrus.

Pray what business have you with me? I know not who you are: suffer me to speak, without being interrupted by you, to this gentleman, whom I know very well, and to whom I have the honour to be known.

Menæchmus.

By the temple of Pollux! fellow, thou art mad; I know not if thou wert always so, but at present thou art absolutely mad, that is certain.

Cylindrus.

Good sir, jest no longer, I beseech you; I am going to dress all these good things, and put them, by an excellent seasoning, into a fit state to be devoured. I assure you, sir, all shall be ready in a little time, therefore do not go far from the door, but walk here near the fumes of the kitchen. Have you any commands to your Venus?

Menæchmus.

I command thee to go hang thyself!

Cylindrus.

But, by Hercules! I think you would do better to come in, and seat yourself at table, and drink a few bumpers while I prepare your dinner: pray do, sir.—Nay, if you won't, I cannot help it. I will go in myself, and inform madam Erotia that you are here; perhaps she will

prevail upon you to come into the house and divert yourself; you will pass your time much better there than here. [*Exit.*

Menæchmus.

I am at last delivered from this madman. By Pollux, this beginning seems to be no bad proof of what you told me of these impostors of Epidamnum.

Messenion.

Be upon your guard then, sir; it is absolutely necessary; for, by what I can understand from this fool, the mistress he talks of is certainly a courtezan.

Menæchmus.

But how should he know my name? I am really surprised at it.

Messenion.

By Hercules, there is nothing surprising in it; you are not acquainted with the arts of these courtezans: when any foreign vessels arrive, they send their slaves to the port to observe the passengers that come ashore; when they see a young man who seems fit for their purpose, they inquire his name, his family, and country; they accost him, flatter, and soothe him, and draw him so dextrously into their snares, that he is lost in love before he enters the city: ah! sir, we are certainly attacked by a pirate vessel, of which we have good reason to be afraid.

Menæchmus.

By Jupiter! thy advice seems to be just and reasonable.

Messenion.

I shall be convinced that you think so, if I see you take all those necessary and prudent measures, which may prevent your dashing yourself against this dangerous rock.

Menæchmus.

Favour me with a moment's silence, I beseech you; the door opens, let us see who comes out.

Messenion.

With you leave then, I will discharge myself of this heavy burden. Here, you rowers, who are the feet of your vessels, take it to your care.

SCENE III.

Erotia, Cylindrus, Menæchmus Sosicles, Messenion.

Erotia (speaking to her servants within).

Leave the door open: go, I do not want your attendance, take care to make every thing ready within doors: you, Cylindrus, perform your part well, and you, girls, prepare the couches for the table, burn the perfumes, that my lovers may be dissolved in luxury and ease, and nothing may be wanting to complete the voluptuousness of the feast. Magnificence and pleasures ruin our gallants, but enrich us. But where is this teazing man, who, my cook tells me, is walking before my door? oh!

I see him, the most generous, the most agreeable of all my lovers; how much am I obliged to him for the presents he is continually bestowing on me! I will treat him as I ought, with all the distinction due to his merit, and give him the preference to all my other lovers. It is fit I accost and speak to him first. My love, what dost thou here? why dost not come into my house? thou who art more welcome to it than to thine own; nay, it is more thine than mine, for thou art master both of it and me: every thing is ready according to thy order, all is prepared, every wish shall be gratified, dinner is served, there is nothing to hinder thee from placing thyself at table.

Menæchmus.

Now, to whom does this woman think she is speaking?

Erotia.

Certainly to you, my dear.

Menæchmus.

Have we ever had the least occasion to speak to each other before? pray where did our acquaintance first commence?

Erotia.

Venus, my tutelary deity, desirous of making me happy, brought thee first in my way, thee whom I love more than the whole race of mankind besides; and, by the temple of Castor! in preferring thee to all other men,

I do thee but justice, for it is to thy liberalities alone that I am indebted for all the pleasures I enjoy.

Menæchmus.

Certainly, Messenion, this woman is either mad, or her senses much disordered by wine; that, without knowing me, or having ever seen me before, she speaks to me as to the best friend she has in the world.

Messenion.

Did I not foretel all this would happen, sir? Ah! I knew it well, there is nothing more common here; it is the leaves only at present which are falling on you, but if we stay here three days longer, mark my prediction, you will be crushed by the trees themselves. The courtezans in this city have a wonderful address, a charming dexterity in emptying purses; but with your leave I will venture to attack her myself. Good morrow, madam, will you permit *me* to speak a few words to you?

Erotia.

Very willingly: what have you to say to me?

Messenion.

I desire much to know where you have been acquainted with this gentleman.

Erotia.

Here, at Epidamnum, we have been long acquainted.

Messenion.

At Epidamnum, you say, you have been long acquainted with him; but how in the name of the furies can this be, since he but this day arrived at Epidamnum, and was never here before?

Erotia.

Pooh, this is only to divert yourself; we will pursue this jest within. Come, my dear Menæchmus, let us go into the house, we shall be more at our ease there.

Menæchmus.

By the temple of Pollux, this woman knows my name! I am astonished! How could this happen?

Messenion.

The trull has a good nose, she has smelt your purse already; you should have left it to my care.

Menæchmus.

Faith thou art in the right; I have been guilty of great folly in taking the charge of the money upon myself. Here, take it again; and now I shall see whether the purse or my person is the object of her love.

Erotia.

Come, my love, let us go in; the repast is ready.

Menæchmus.

Certainly no invitation was ever more agreeable. However, madam, be pleased to accept my thanks for

your kind offer, and dispense with me from accepting of it.

Erotia.

Since it is so, why did you order a great repast to be prepared?

Menæchmus.

I! have I ordered it?

Erotia.

Yes, you; nothing is more certain than that you ordered a delicate repast for yourself and your parasite.

Menæchmus.

What parasite? 'Sdeath how the woman raves!

Erotia.

Your parasite, Peniculus.

Menæchmus.

Who is this Peniculus, this spunge, this brush to clean shoes?

Erotia.

I protest you counterfeit ignorance perfectly well: this Peniculus then is one who affords you a great deal of amusement; this Peniculus is in body and soul the same identical person that was with you when you brought me the robe that you had secretly stolen from your wife.

Menæchmus.

Very convincing, by Jupiter! what will she not invent at last! So I have robbed my wife of a robe, and presented it to you. Seriously, madam, your head is a little touched, or, like a gelding, you sleep standing.

Erotia.

What pleasure can you find in making me your jest? Will you pretend to deny what passed before as many witnesses as are present at this instant?

Menæchmus.

Explain yourself more clearly: what is it that I deny?

Erotia.

That you have given me to-day a robe of your wife's.

Menæchmus.

And that I deny again, and will always deny it. I never had a wife, and, thanks to the gods, I have none at present. I never in my whole life entered any house in Epidamnum; I never was in the city: I have dined in my ship, and was but just come on shore when I met you here.

Erotia.

Oh, Venus! how wretched am I! What ship do you speak of?

Menæchmus.

A ship made of wood, which for a long time has been under sail; sails, casts anchor, is refitted, and has received many blows with a hammer; 'tis exactly like the working place of a skinner, one stake stands near another.

Erotia.

Cease to torment me with this idle raillery; come in, I conjure thee. I begin to grow impatient; no more of this jest, but give me your hand, and come in with me.

Menæchmus.

Believe me, madam, I'm not the person whom you seek, you take me for another.

Erotia.

Do I not know you well? are you not Menæchmus, the son of Moschus? is it not said that you were born at Syracuse, in Sicily? where Agathocles reigned, after him Pinthia, then Linaro, who at his death left the kingdom to Hicron, who is now upon the throne.

Menæchmus.

All this, madam, is very true.

Messenion.

O Jupiter! This woman certainly came from your country, she knows you so perfectly.

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! I cannot contradict or refuse her any longer.

Messenion.

Ah! sir, what do I hear? Take care how you give way to this inclination; if you once enter her house you are a lost man.

Menæchmus.

I will not let so favourable an occasion escape me; be silent, then, I command thee; I am resolved to acquiesce in all she says; there is no great matter in lying a little when it will procure me a good inn, where the entertainment shall cost me nothing. Madam, I have opposed every thing you said a long time, but it was through fear that my servant would discover the affair of the robe and repast to my wife; now, if you please, I will go in with you.

Erotia.

I am satisfied, and pardon you for your malice in tormenting me thus long. But tell me, do you wait here for your parasite?

Menæchmus.

I do not wait for him, I have no inclination to see him, and if he comes I should be glad you would not permit him to enter.

Erotia.

By Venus! I'll obey you willingly: but I have one favour to entreat of you.

Menæchmus.

Speak, my queen, command me freely; what is it you would have me to do?

Erotia.

I would have this fine robe you have given me carried to the workman to be made fit for my shape, and to have some little ornaments of my own taste and invention added to it.

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! the design is excellent: go, my dear, I see you don't want prudence; the robe will by this means appear entirely new, and if even my wife should see it, she will not be able to know it again.

Erotia.

Oblige me then by taking it to the workman yourself when you go from hence: you promise me to do so, don't you, my love?

Menæchmus.

Look upon it as already done; I give thee my word of love to perform it.

Erotia.

Let us go in, then.

Menæchmus.

Do then step in, my fair; I'll follow thee immediately; I must speak one word to my servant. Messenion, come hither.

Messenion.

Your pleasure, sir?

Menæchmus.

I am going to give a loose to mirth; in the mean time thou and thy companions go to some inn, and before night return and fetch me.

Messenion.

Ah, sir, you know not these courtezans; believe me you would do much better to follow my counsel.

Menæchmus.

Be silent; I say to thee, if I am guilty of any folly, 'tis myself that will suffer; this is no business of thine: by what I have observed, this woman is very silly, and easily imposed upon, 'tis she and not I that will be the dupe.

Messenion.

Ah! I die; he is lost.

Menæchmus.

Why dost thou not go?

Messenion.

I fly, sir. Ah! my master is plunging himself into an abyss, from whence he will never come out; 'tis so. The pirate's vessel carries off our bark at last. But I am a fool to pretend to govern my master. Have I forgot my duty? he bought me for his slave, not for his governor; let me remember that. Follow me, boys, I must come back in good time to fetch my master.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Peniculus.

During these thirty years, which I have lived, I have never been guilty of so wicked, so unhappy an action as this day; my cruel destiny led me into an assembly, where, while I lost my time in gaping and staring about me, Menæchmus escaped me. Ah! without doubt, he is gone to the house of his mistress, and was not willing that I should accompany him, and be a witness of his pleasures. May the gods pour down their fiercest wrath upon him who first introduced assemblies, and thereby hindered people, who have important affairs upon their hands, from pursuing their business! Assemblies ought only to be composed of indolent and idle persons; such ought to be summoned to appear, and, when they don't obey, be punished by large fines. A great many of the inhabitants of this city eat always alone, and in private. Citizens, wholly useless to their country, who have never performed the least service to the commonwealth, mean, sordid wretches, that invite no person to their table, and are never invited to others: such as these ought regularly to assist at assemblies and public meetings.

If this excellent order, this useful custom, had been observed, I should not to-day have had the misfortune of losing so plentiful and delicious a repast; for I am as well assured that Menæchmus had once a design to treat me this day, as I am among the number of the living. However, I will go to him, as late as it is; I have always

hopes of finding some remains of the feast; this thought alone consoles me, and raises my depressed spirits. But is notthat Menæchmus himself that I see? He is coming out with a crown of flowers on his head. Ah! miserable that I am, the feast is finished! they are risen from the table, by all the furies! I am come too late.

SCENE II.

Menæchmus Sosicles, Peniculus.

Menæchmus.

If I bring you back to-day your robe fitted to your shape, and adorned as you desire, will you be contented, my charmer? I will have it done in such a manner that you yourself shall not be able to know it again.

Peniculus.

So, so, he is going to carry the robe to the workman, after having filled himself with meat and wine, without giving the poor parasite his share. By Hercules! I will forfeit my illustrious name, I will cease to be myself rather than not demand the cause of this affront, and gratify my vengeance on the author of it: here will I watch the motions of my new enemy, and, when I have penetrated into his designs, I will accost him, and have a conference with him.

Menæchmus.

Ye gods! who cannot die, although sometimes ye desire death; immortal gods! is there a man in the world on whom, in one day, you have conferred so

many benefits, and who expected them so little? I have eaten of most delicious fare, I have drank plentifully, and, to complete my good fortune, I carry away with me a rich robe, which Erotia would have done well to have given me to remember her by; for, by the faith of an honest man, she shall never see it again.

Peniculus.

How securely the gentleman disburthens his heart of its gaiety! and, now that his belly is full, without doubt, he diverts himself at my expence, and laughs in his sleeve at the fast I have kept, while he was indulging himself over his good cheer.

Menæchmus.

She pretends that I have given her this fine robe, and that I stole it from my wife: I would not undeceive her, but began to flatter and caress her, as if I had been the most passionate of her lovers; I agreed to all she said; answered Yes, or No, as she pleased; in short, I was never more splendidly, more voluptuously entertained in my life.

Peniculus.

Oh! I can no longer contain myself; I must speak to him.

Menæchmus.

Who is this man that comes to meet me?

Peniculus.

What can you say for yourself, light, wavering, and

inconstant man? tell me, oh! most wicked, most villanous, most deceitful, most contemptible of all mortals! what crime have I been guilty of towards thee, that thou shouldst thus barbarously rob me of life? how could you leave me so basely in the public square, and, in my absence, bury a large repast in your gluttonous maw? how have you dared to commit such daring injustice? for can you deny that a share of this feast was my lawful inheritance?

Menæchmus.

What is the meaning of this outrage, young man? what business have you ever had with me? and why do you load with such injurious reproaches a man entirely unknown to you? Do you want to oblige me to pay you for the ill names you have called me with as many good blows with my cudgel?

Peniculus.

You have done me more mischief already than if you had beaten me.

Menæchmus.

By your leave, young man, what is your name? I have a great curiosity to know it.

Peniculus.

What joke is this, to pretend to be ignorant of my name! has our acquaintance then commenced but this moment?

Menæchmus.

By the temple of Pollux, this is the first time I ever saw you, at least for what I know; but certain I am that I have no acquaintance with you: but whoever you are, for your own sake cease your injurious language, and torment me no longer with your mistaken reproaches.

Peniculus.

Dare you thus confidently deny that you know me?

Menæchmus.

If I do know you, what reason can I have to deny it?

Peniculus.

Ah! Menæchmus, awake from this dream, and recall your senses.

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! I think I am awake, and I have all the senses that I received from nature.

Peniculus.

Is it possible that you do not know your parasite?

Menæchmus.

You are mad, young man; stark mad, by Jupiter!

Peniculus.

Answer this question, I beseech you: did you not rob your wife of a robe to-day, to make a present to your your mistress, Erotia?

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! I have no wife, nor have I given a stolen robe to Erotia.

Peniculus.

Amazing! you dream waking; the thing is incontestable: did I not see you a moment ago come out of Erotia's house, with a robe on your body?

Menæchmus.

Confound you for an ideot, you judge of others by yourself, and because you are a ridiculous fop, you think I am so also! So you really say you have seen me in a female habit?

Peniculus.

Yes, I maintain it, I have seen you.

Menæchmus.

Go hang yourself, blockhead, or rather go and offer an expiatory sacrifice to the gods, that they may cure you of this folly, for you are certainly the most stupid of all mortals.

Peniculus.

I swear, by the temple of Pollux! mark me, Menæchmus, that no consideration whatever shall hinder me from telling your unhappy wife this whole affair; yes, she shall know every thing that has passed without the least disguise: and thus the injuries you have done me shall fall heavy upon yourself; I will enjoy my revenge at my ease, and console myself with that for the good cheer

you have had the barbarity to deprive me of; for oh! this disappointment to-day tortures me horribly. Depend upon it I will be revenged; it shall never be said you have devoured all this excellent feast for nothing. I tell you again it shall cost you dear.

Menæchmus.

Will this delusion never have an end? Shall I be eternally mocked in this manner? Every person I see banters me, and accuses me of things I am entirely ignorant of. By Hercules! this is very provoking. But the door opens; what will come next?

SCENE III.

A Maid Servant, Menæchmus Sosicles.

Servant.

Mr. Menæchmus, my mistress Erotia intreats you will buy an ounce of gold, to be added to the robe, and that you will also carry this bracelet to the goldsmith, and desire him to mend it, and alter it so that it may appear quite new.

Menæchmus.

Go, my child, tell thy mistress from me, that I will carefully perform her commission, and not only this, but any other she pleases to command me; my purse and my person shall be always at her service.

Servant.

Do you know this bracelet?

Menæchmus.

No; but I perceive it is gold.

Servant.

It is the same bracelet which you said some time ago you had stolen out of your wife's cabinet.

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! I never said so.

Servant.

What! have you forgot it! Give me the bracelet again then, since you do not remember it was yours.

Menæchmus.

Stay, stay, let me consider a little.—Oh! I remember the jewel perfectly well; yes, it is the same bracelet I gave to my mistress, the very same.

Servant.

You are sure of it then?

Menæchmus.

Very sure: but where are the two other jewels that I gave her at the same time?

Servant.

You gave her no more than this bracelet.

Menæchmus.

By Pollux! when I gave her this, I gave her the others.

Servant.

Well, take care of this.

Menæchmus.

You may assure her, that I will not neglect any thing she commands; I will give the workman orders to send home the robe and the bracelet at the same time.

Servant.

Ah! sweet sir, do me the favour to give me a pair of gold ear-rings, about the weight of two crowns; come, Mr. Menæchmus, comply generously with this request, and be assured I will always meet you with smiles when you come to our house.

Menæchmus.

Oh! I will do this with pleasure; only give me the gold, and I'll take care to have the ear-rings made, and will pay for the fashion.

Servant.

Be so good, sir, to lend me the gold; I'll certainly pay you some time or other.

Menæchmus.

No, no, I insist upon your furnishing the gold yourself; look into your hoards, and bring me the two pieces.

Servant.

I'll enter into an engagement to pay it back double.

Menæchmus.

I have no gold at present.

Servant.

Well, you will oblige me when you have. Have you any commands to my mistress?

Menæchmus.

Tell her the robe and the bracelet shall be sent very soon, and altered to her fancy. So she is gone; the door is shut. Oh! fortunate Menæchmus! certainly thou art highly favoured by the gods! What a profusion of benefits have they showered upon thee! But what a fool am I to linger here! Why, do I not seize this favourable opportunity to make my escape? Go then, Menæchmus; courage, man, haste away, and make good use of thy feet. I will throw my crown of flowers on the left hand; so, if they should take it into their heads to pursue me, they will suppose I went that way. Now will I go seek my slave, Messenion, for I am impatient to tell him what good fortune the gods have sent me.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Wife of Menæchmus of Epidamnum, Peniculus the parasite.

Wife.

How can I think of living with a husband who robs me of my clothes, to present to his mistress?

Peniculus.

In the name of Jupiter! madam, make no noise, you will spoil all; if you will be directed by me, you shall surprise this unfaithful husband in the very fact. Come this way, I beseech you; your husband hath drank plentifully, and, intoxicated as he is, he would not neglect carrying the robe he robbed you of to-day to the workman. He had a festal crown upon his head. Ha! what do I see here! the very same crown, by Hercules! Now, I hope, you do not doubt me. He has certainly taken this way. Shall we follow him, or watch his return where we are? By Pollux! here he comes; but, I tell you beforehand, he has not your robe with him.

Wife.

What shall I do with this man?

Peniculus.

What shall you do? have you not the same weapon in your possession that you always had? the same instrument of vengeance? in short, have you not the same tongue? Make use of it now then, and be revenged.

Wife.

Your advice is very good, I shall follow it; and truly I don't need many persuasions to it.

Peniculus.

Let us retire this way a little; we will rush out upon him at once, and surprise him.

SCENE II.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum, his Wife, and Peniculus.

Menæchmus.

We have a custom here that is no less foolish than troublesome, and yet the wisest and best of us continue to observe it exactly: we are extremely desirous of having a great number of dependents, and of being perpetually solicited by clients, but never give ourselves the trouble to inquire whether they are good or bad; we never concern ourselves about their probity, their integrity, or the merit of their cause; all we desire to know is, if they are rich. If the client is poor, though his behaviour be ever so unexceptionable, yet he passes for a man who has very bad principles; if he be rich, however wicked and base his life and manners, yet we extol him for a man of great virtue. There are some who regard neither law nor equity, who are continually persecuting their patrons, who deny to have received what has been given them, and who, having acquired large fortunes by usury and swearing falsely, delight in continually involving themselves and others in law-suits. When they have determined on a day to have their causes

pleaded, they acquaint their advocates or patrons with it, and, whatever crimes they have committed, they must defend them, whether the cause be pleaded before the people, before the prætor, or before the judge.

A client of this sort has been the cause of all my mortification to-day; he disappointed me in all my designs, and robbed me of those hours I had resolved to dedicate to pleasure: I have pleaded for him before the ediles, and, after a great deal of wicked disputation, I offered the adverse party conditions equally cruel and unjust, and, mindful of my disappointment, went no farther in my pleading that what was just necessary to form an engagement upon*. Well, what did my client? Why, he gave security. I protest I never saw a man so clearly, so manifestly committed; the crimes he was accused of were proved upon him by three witnesses. May all the gods punish him for the voluptuous hours he has made me lose this day! and may Heaven chastise me also for my folly, in going to the assembly, and depriving myself of a delicious day!

I ordered a good repast to be prepared, and I know my mistress waits for me with great impatience. I could not help this delay; I left the assembly as soon as possible: I do not doubt but Erotia will be extremely offended; but she will be appeased by reflecting on the fine robe I stole from my wife to present to her.

* The pleaders, on both sides, were obliged to lay down a certain sum of money, which each party looked upon as the reward of victory: this money was called a fine, because it was the designed punishment of a law-suit, unjustly undertaken.

Peniculus.

Do you hear? is it I that have made him confess this villany? What do you say to this?

Wife.

I say that I am very unhappy in a husband.

Peniculus.

But did you understand what he said?

Wife.

Too well, oh! gods, too well!

Menæchmus.

If I act wisely, I shall certainly go in here, where I shall be more at my ease than at home, and swim in luxury and pleasure.

Wife.

Stay, wretch! for this time I will disappoint you; detection and shame have overtaken you; you shall pay back, with interest, the robe you have robbed me of: this is the consequence of such liberalities. Were you such a fool as to imagine such crimes could be long concealed, or committed with impunity?

Menæchmus.

What do you mean, wife? what is the matter?

Wife.

Excessive assurance! dare you ask me what is the matter?

Menæchmus.

Would you have me ask this man, then?

Peniculus.

No coaxing; it will signify nothing. Go on, madam, maintain your rights as you ought.

Menæchmus.

What cause have I given you, Peniculus, to treat me so ill?

Wife.

You ought to know.

Peniculus.

He is not ignorant of the reason I have to complain of him; but the wicked wretch pretends to know nothing about it.

Menæchmus.

But come, explain this business to me.

Wife.

The robe.

Menæchmus.

What robe?

Wife.

Who was it that carried away my robe?

Peniculus.

What, are you afraid, sir?

Menæchmus.

Yes, faith, of one thing; I confess this robe makes me tremble.

Peniculus.

'Tis your turn now; I trembled, heaven knows, while you eat, in my absence, that exquisite repast to which you had invited me. Go on, madam, do not spare this perfidious husband; let him feel the violence of your resentment.

Menæchmus.

Wilt thou not be silent, ungrateful as thou art?

Peniculus.

No, by Hercules! I will not be silent. He makes signs to me to say nothing.

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! thou liest; I made no sign, either with my head or eyes.

Wife.

How unhappy, how miserable am I!

Menæchmus.

In what are you unhappy? Tell me, madam.

Peniculus.

This man has not his equal for impudence in the whole world: with what confidence he denies a thing as clear as the sun!

Menæchmus.

I swear to thee, wife, by Jupiter, and all the immortal gods, I did not make any sign to this fellow. Are you satisfied?

Peniculus.

You need not take much pains to persuade her to believe that. Stay, stay, sir, we have not done with you yet; pray come back.

Menæchmus.

Come back! for what?

Peniculus.

In my opinion, you cannot do better than to go to the embroiderer, and bring back the robe; this is all you have for it now.

Menæchmus.

What robe is it that you both stun my ears with thus?

Wife.

What have I to do but be silent, since he pretends to have forgot this disgraceful action?

Menæchmus.

Have any of my slaves offended thee, wife? I know servants often answer saucily, and 'tis difficult to govern them; but you need only complain to me, and I will chastise them severely; I'll make them observe their duty.

Peniculus.

You are merry, sir.

Menæchmus.

You seem to labour with some violent uneasiness, wife; sorrow is painted on your face; tell me the cause.

Peniculus.

You mock her, certainly.

Menæchmus.

Has any of her family offended her?

Peniculus.

You are pleasant; you turn her into ridicule.

Menæchmus.

Is it with me, then, that she is angry?

Peniculus.

Ay, now you speak seriously.

Menæchmus.

By Pollux! I never did her the least injury.

Peniculus.

Now you begin to rally again.

Menæchmus.

Tell me, my dear wife, what is the cause of your uneasiness?

Peniculus.

He begins to flatter now; beware of him.

Menæchmus.

Mischievous fellow! can't you hold your tongue? 'Tis your business to be neuter here. I say nothing to you; why, then, do you torment me?

Wife.

Let my hand alone; keep your caresses for your mistress.

Peniculus.

Mind that, sir: another time make haste to devour the feast in my absence, and afterwards laugh at me, insult me, and throw your crown of flowers on the ground when you have eaten and drank plentifully.

Menæchmus.

What dost thou mean? I have not eaten to-day; I am yet fasting; nor have I been with Erotia since I parted from her with you.

Peniculus.

Dare you deny it?

Menæchmus.

Yes, by Hercules! I dare, and will maintain that your reproaches are as false as hell.

Peniculus.

Most impudent of men! Did I not see you, a mo-

ment ago, come out of Erotia's house, with a festal crown upon your head? Did you not treat me like a fool or a madman, swear you knew me not, and that you only this day arrived at Epidamnum?

Menæchmus.

How is it possible I should have had this strange conversation with you, since I have never seen you since we parted at the assembly till this moment?

Peniculus.

Ah! I know the very bottom of your heart: you did not think I was capable of taking a severe revenge for the injury you did me; but, by Hercules! you was deceived, for I have told all to your wife.

Menæchmus.

How! what is it thou hast told her?

Peniculus.

I have forgot; take the trouble to ask her.

Menæchmus.

'Tis well, rascal. My dear wife, what is it this rogue of a parasite has told you? Tell me. Why are you silent? Speak freely; open your heart to me without disguise.

Wife.

As if you knew not the cause of my grief! My rich robe is stolen from me.

Menæchmus.

Is it possible! Your rich robe stolen, say you? What news is this you tell me?

Wife.

Ought you to be surprised at this news?

Menæchmus.

If I knew how it happened, I would procure you satisfaction.

Peniculus.

With what assurance he dissembles, and pretends ignorance of the fact! But it is all to no purpose; your roguery cannot be concealed; for, by Hercules! I, who know it, have discovered all to your wife.

Menæchmus.

What have you discovered?

Wife.

Since you have lost all shame, and are resolved to persist in your falsehood, hear me, wretch! I will tell you the cause of my uneasiness, and what your parasite has informed me of: my robe is stolen out of my house.

Menæchmus.

But, seriously, have you been robbed of a robe?

Peniculus.

Subtle wretch, how he equivocates! The robe is stolen, that's certain, madam, and stolen for a mistress.

Menæchmus.

What have you to do in this affair? but what is it you tell me, wife?

Wife.

Must I repeat it eternally? I tell you again that my robe is taken out of the house.

Menæchmus.

Who has taken it?

Wife.

By Pollux! he that took it knows the thief very well.

Menæchmus.

Who is that man?

Wife.

One Menæchmus.

Menæchmus.

By Jupiter! it was a villanous action. But who is this Menæchmus?

Wife.

Yourself.

Menæchmus.

Me! me! do you say?

Wife.

Yes, you, I say.

Menæchmus.

Who is my accuser?

Wife.

Myself.

Peniculus.

And I also; nay more, I will prove that you stole away the robe to carry it to your mistress, Erotia.

Menæchmus.

I! have I given a robe to any one?

Peniculus.

You, you, no other than you! must we bring an owl hither to scream out, You, without ceasing, in your ears? Your wife and I are fatigued with repeating this word so often.

Menæchmus.

I swear to you, wife, by Jupiter and all the gods! (sure this will satisfy you), that I have not given away your robe.

Peniculus.

And we swear to you, by Hercules! that we do not lie.

Menæchmus.

Then you know that I have not given away the robe; I have only lent it for a little time, upon condition that when the person who borrowed has made use of it once, it shall be returned immediately.

Wife.

By the temple of Castor! I never lend any of your coats, or cloaks, to any person whatever; it belongs to me only to lend my clothes, and to you to do what you please with your own.

Menæchmus.

Don't be uneasy: your robe shall be brought back to you; I will take that trouble upon myself.

Wife.

It will be your interest to do so, for, depend upon it, if you do not bring back my robe, you shall never come into my house again.

Menæchmus.

How! will you shut my own doors upon me? Will you presume to banish me from my own house?

Peniculus.

But pray, madam, what reward will you bestow upon me, for informing you of this roguery?

Wife.

When such an accident happens to you, I will do you the same service you have done me.

Peniculus.

By the temple of Pollux! I am in no danger of such an accident happening to me, for I have nothing to lose. May the gods confound the husband and wife both, I say! What can I do now? I must even go to the public square, and see if I can fasten upon any body who will give me a meal, for I have nothing more to expect from this ungrateful family.

Menæchmus.

So my better half imagines she has mortified me extremely, by banishing me from home! Fool! as if I had not another place to go to, where I shall pass my time more agreeably than with a scolding wife. If my wife is offended, I have the consolation to think, that my Erotia will receive me with open arms; she will not banish me from her; no, she will welcome me with transport.—I will go to her immediately, and intreat her to give me back this cursed robe, which has occasioned so much noise, and I will buy her a better. Hollo! who is there? What, neither porter nor portress! Open the door, I say, and tell your mistress I am here.

SCENE III.

Erotia, Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Erotia.

Who is that asks for me?

Menæchmus.

One that loves you more than his own life.

Erotia.

What, is it you, my dear Menæchmus? Why do you stay at the door? what new whim is this? Come in, my love.

Menæchmus.

Stay a little: can you tell what occasions this visit?

Erotia.

'Tis easy to guess, my friend; you are come to take a little repast with me.

Menæchmus.

You are mistaken, my charmer; and, not to keep you long in suspense, hear what I have to say, though I am afraid it will not be very agreeable: in short, I am come to intreat you will return me the robe I gave you this morning; my wife has been informed of all that is passed; you may judge if she be not in a great rage; be so kind as to give me back her robe, and I promise to buy you another of twice the value, and you shall chuse it yourself.

Erotia.

Sure you know not what you say! My dear, have you forgot that I gave you the robe to carry to the workman, and a bracelet also at the same time, which I desired you would get altered for me?

Menæchmus.

What do you say? that you have given me the robe

and the bracelet? There is not any thing more false. Go, child, look in your drawers, or rather reflect a little; for since the time that I gave you that robe, and quitted you to go to the assembly, I have not had the pleasure of seeing your face till this moment.

Erotia.

Ah! I see your design; I have found you out: because I was silly enough to give you an occasion to make a fool of me, you are resolved to make use of it.

Menæchmus.

By Pollux! I have no bad intention in making you this demand; you may believe what you please, but I assure you my wife knows all.

Erotia.

Did I ask you to give me this robe? did you not voluntarily make me a present of it? You demand it again now: be it so; I am very willing to resign it; keep it, do what you will with it, return it to your wife, but be assured you shall never enter my house again; and, since you reward my tenderness so ill, I am resolved for the future you shall obtain nothing of me but what you purchase with gold. Go, seek elsewhere for a mistress, whom you can impose upon.

Menæchmus.

What, in the name of Hercules, is all this rage for? Indeed you are in the wrong. What, going! stay, I say, Erotia; return hither.

Erotia.

Are you there still? How dare you call me?

Menæchmus.

Ha! she is gone in, and has shut the door close after her. By Jupiter! I am in a very agreeable situation: banished by my wife, excluded by my mistress, shamefully dismissed by both. What shall I do? Neither of them will trust me again: I must consult my friends upon this misfortune, and follow their advice.

ACT V. SCÈNE I.

Menæchmus Sosicles, the Wife of Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Menæchmus.

I committed a great folly, when I confided my purse to the care of Messenion; the rascal is certainly wasting his time and my money in some bawdy-house.

Wife.

I am impatient to know if my husband will return home again. Ha! there he is; I am happy, he brings me back my robe.

Menæchmus.

I cannot imagine where this slave of mine is.

Wife.

I'll meet him, and scold him as he deserves. Are

you not ashamed, wicked man as you are, to appear before me with that robe?

Menæchmus.

Hey! what is the meaning of this? Certainly, madam, you have lost your wits.

Wife.

How! impudent wretch, have you the boldness to open your mouth to answer me?

Menæchmus.

What crime have I been guilty of to be condemned to keep my mouth shut, pray?

Wife.

Dare you ask that question? insolent! shameless! most wicked of all mortals!

Menæchmus.

Hum! Pray, madam, have you read history enough to know why the Greeks called queen Hecuba a bitch?

Wife.

Not I.

Menæchmus.

Because, misfortunes having deprived this old princess of her senses, she talked in the manner you do now, and loaded every person she saw with abuse. It was with justice, therefore, that the Greeks gave her the appellation of bitch.

Wife.

It is absolutely impossible to bear with your irregularities any longer: I would much rather chuse to live like a widow the remainder of my days, than with a husband that abandons himself to such monstrous excesses.

Menæchmus.

If you have resolution enough to live without man, and abandon your spouse, what is that to me, pray? Is it the custom in Epidamnum for women of distinction to fasten upon strangers just arrived, and acquaint them with the secrets of their families?

Wife.

Yes, I repeat it, our union shall be dissolved: I would rather pass my days in the most rigid chastity, than suffer any longer your horrible irregularities.

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! with all my heart; live a widow to eternity; you have my free consent.

Wife.

But dare you, insolent that you are, dare you deny that you stole my robe, when at this moment you wear it on your body as an ornament? Wretch! how could you be guilty of such an action without blushing, or rather without being ready to expire with shame?

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! madam, this is past bearing, and all the respect I owe your sex cannot hinder me from telling

you, that you are as bold as wicked, to charge me with having robbed you of this robe, when it was given me by a woman whom I believe you never saw, to get altered for her.

Wife.

Ah! this is too much; they will make me desperate. By Castor! I will send for my father, and give him an exact account of your fine behaviour. Who is there? One of you go to my father, and tell him I beg to see him immediately upon an affair of consequence. Now, sir, your debaucheries shall be all exposed; I will paint you in your proper colours.

Menæchmus.

Are you crazy, mistress? What debaucheries am I guilty of, pray?

Wife.

When you rob me, who am your wife, and a too, too faithful one for such a husband; when you rob me, I say, of my clothes and jewels, and give them publicly to your mistress, can you wonder that I complain of such treatment?

Menæchmus.

In the name of Hercules, madam, I beseech you, tell me, if you can, is there any drug, any potion that if I drank would give me spirits to support your amazing boldness. I would fain know who you take me for. For my part, I declare I know you not, nor ever saw you before.

Wife.

Though you divert yourself with turning me into ridicule, yet sure you will have some consideration, some respect for my father, whom I have sent for. Ha! here he comes! look on him: know you this venerable old man, sir?

Menæchmus.

Just as well as the prophet Calchus: I tell you this is the first time I ever saw him.

Wife.

Wretch! wilt thou deny that thou knowest me or my father?

Menæchmus.

Yes, by Hercules! and your grandfather also.

Wife.

Amazing impudence!

SCENE II.

The Old Man, father-in-law of Menæchmus of Epidamnum, the Wife of the same, and Menæchmus Sosicles.

Old Man.

I am going to my daughter's house as fast as my great age will permit me, but well I know this walk will be very difficult, for every step is slower than the former; I sink under the weight of years, and drag a heavy body

which my limbs are hardly able to support: my strength is almost gone; I carry my years on my back like bad merchandize, for this wicked old age, whenever it comes, brings with it a great many followers, a crowd of inconveniences and natural defects; in short, old age is subject to so many miseries that, if I undertook to recount them, I should die before the detail was ended. But, besides the pain of being old, which is not small, I am assaulted by a new affliction that touches me sensibly: my daughter has sent for me in a violent hurry; she intreats that I will come immediately; what can be the occasion of this message? what accident has happened? My imagination represents a thousand different things to me, all equally tormenting.

But what I am most surprized at is, that my daughter has sent only a general message, which gives me no light into the affair. Ah! she would have done better to have spared me this anxiety, by informing me exactly what the business is. Mean time I conjecture, I divine, and I am much deceived if I am not right, some new family storm, some domestic hurricane has occasioned this message. Women who bring large portions to their husbands expect to make them wear the yoke; these women, I say, are generally very bad, and, if the poor husband endeavours but ever so little to maintain his right of superiority, the house will be always full of noise: the husbands indeed often abuse their power, and then 'tis they who are in the wrong. To render the conjugal state happy, 'tis necessary that the authority of the husband ought to be exerted with prudence; and the submission of the wife be bounded by reason. By Jove! it certainly is not for any trivial matter that my

daughter has sent for me; 'tis something of consequence: but, whatever it is, I shall know presently. Ha! do I not see this couple before the door of their house? The husband has a discontented air, his uneasiness is painted in his countenance. How well have I guessed! they are quarrelling. Ah! I am seldom deceived. I must begin my interposition by first speaking to the wife.

Wife.

My dear father.

Old Man.

How do you do, my daughter? Am I welcome? What good news have you for me? But you look sad; what is the cause? why does your husband look so angrily on you? You have certainly had a battle between you, at least with your tongues. Tell me truly, daughter, which of you two is most in fault, and merits most the paternal censure? Tell me in few words all I ought to be acquainted with, either as judge or mediator.

Wife.

I must first assure you, my dear father, that I am guilty of no fault; you may rely absolutely upon this testimony of my innocence, though given by myself; but at the same time, father, I declare to you that it is impossible for me to live any longer here; I therefore conjure you to separate me from this man, and take me home to you again.

Old Man.

What's this I hear! Have you reasons sufficient to induce you to make me this demand?

Wife.

I am slighted, I am despised, and am obliged to bear the most cruel, the most shocking indignities.

Old Man.

Who is it that treats you so unworthily?

Wife.

That man there, who promised you to love me and make me happy; him who bears the name of husband to me! and oh! more wretched me, whose wife I too certainly am.

Old Man.

How often have I warned you, my daughter, to exert all your prudence in avoiding quarrels, that neither your husband nor you might have any occasion to make me complaints!

Wife.

But how can I obey you in this? My father, you suppose the thing possible, but I swear to you solemnly it is not.

Old Man.

Is it to me you address yourself?

Wife.

Yes, if you will have the goodness to hear me.

Old Man.

Alas! how many times have I recommended it to you, daughter, to conform to the will of your husband! You ought never to observe where he goes, or what he does, or endeavour to pry into his diversions or intrigues.

Wife.

But he is in love with a professed courtezan, who lives in our neighbourhood.

Old Man.

Is he so? Faith I like him the better for it; and, to reward you for your diligence in discovering this intrigue, I will do my best to forward it, and engage your spouse in new gallantries.

Wife.

But alas, sir! his debaucheries are not confined to women alone; he drinks there to excess, and buries himself in voluptuousness in this infamous brothel.

Old Man.

What is it to you where he drinks? How far will you carry your insolence! Why do you not forbid him to go abroad, or to invite any person to his table? Do you expect that husbands will relinquish their authority, and take pleasure in serving their wives, and becoming slaves to their unreasonable wills? you might with

equal justice expect your husband to sit amongst your maids and spin.

Wife.

Alas, father! you did not come, I find, to be my patron: my message has procured a good advocate for my husband. You are here, indeed, at my request, but you plead only against me.

Old Man.

If your husband is faulty, I declare myself against him, and I shall condemn him more severely than I have done you; from his advocate I shall become his accuser: but since I find that he supplies you with every thing you want, and maintains you in elegance and splendour, in my opinion, a woman of sense ought to be contented with these proofs of affection, and endeavour to merit them by sweetness and complacency.

Wife.

Ah, father! I have only told you the slightest of his faults.—Would you think it? this kind husband opens my cabinets, takes away my clothes, my gold, my jewels, to enrich and adorn a wanton.

Old Man.

Oh! if he does so, he does very ill; but on the other side, if this should be a falsehood, a calumny, you are guilty of a most enormous crime, in thus aspersing the innocence of your spouse.

Wife.

I can give you an immediate proof of the truth of what I say: at this instant he has a robe and bracelet of mine about him; he had given them to his mistress; but, finding I had discovered his baseness, he brought back his booty, apparently through shame and necessity.

Old Man.

I will know from himself the bottom of this affair; I will accost him, and give him audience in his turn, as a good and impartial judge is obliged to do.—Your servant, son-in-law; I would fain know the occasion of your uneasiness. You seem to be angry with your wife. What is the subject of your dispute, pray tell me?

Menæchmus.

Good man, whoever you are, I take Jupiter and all the gods to witness——

Old Man.

Upon what account? why do you thus invoke the inhabitants of heaven?

Menæchmus.

I swear by Jupiter, and all his court, that I have not offered the least injury whatever to this woman here. She accuses me of no less than robbing her of a robe, and this supposed crime is so strongly impressed on her imagination, that she is ready to swear I am guilty of it. But I beseech you, sir, take notice of what I am going to say: if ever I was within the house of this lady, I wish I may become the most miserable of all mortals.

Old Man.

What do you say, Menæchmus? Are you mad? Can any thing be more extravagant than such a wish? You swear you have never been within her house, and yet it is there that you dwell: surely this is a very wild and ridiculous sally.

Menæchmus.

And do you really say, sir, that I actually dwell in this house here?

Old Man.

And do you, sir, dare to deny it?

Menæchmus.

Yes, by Hercules! and I will maintain it.

Wife.

Then you will maintain a falsehood with the highest degree of impudence, unless you removed last night, and fixed your dwelling in some other place.

Old Man.

Come hither, daughter. Well, Menæchmus! what do you answer to that? Have you really removed from hence?

Menæchmus.

To go whither? and upon what business?

Old Man.

By Pollux! I know not.

Wife.

Indeed, father, this man laughs at you.

Old Man.

Daughter, be silent. Come, Menæchmus, be serious, I beseech you; you have jested with us long enough.

Menæchmus.

Prithee, White-head, what is your business with me? from whence come you? who are you? what have I done to you? or what in conscience and honour has this woman to reproach me with, that she torments me in this manner?

Wife.

How his colour changes! how he trembles! observe his eyes, my father, how fierce and wild they look!

Menæchmus.

These wise people will have it that I am mad: it is well, I will confirm them in that opinion; I cannot make use of a better stratagem to free myself from their tormenting importunities.

Old Man.

Come hither, daughter, stand further from that man.

Wife.

How wild and fierce he looks! He seems to be col-

lecting all his force to rush on us. Great gods! what shall we do?

Menæchmus.

Evoé, evoé, bromie. Oh! son of Jupiter! from what part of the forest dost thou call me to the chace? I hear thy voice, and would obey, but cannot get loose from this place; a furious woman, like an enraged bitch, seizes me on the left side, and on the other an old man that stinks like a goat; a man that made the innocent perish by bearing false witness against them.

Old Man.

Perish thyself, thou abominable liar.

Menæchmus.

Ha! I hear Apollo from the depth of his sanctuary; he commands me to burn out the eyes of this wicked old man with two flaming flambeaux.

Wife.

Alas! my father, we are lost; he threatens to burn out our eyes.

Menæchmus.

Have I not cause to complain? They will have it that I am mad; yet certainly they themselves have lost the use of their reason, if ever they had any, which indeed is much to be doubted.

Old Man.

Daughter, a word with you.

Wife.

What shall we do, father, in this new distress?

Old Man.

The best thing we can do, I believe, is to get some slaves to bind this madman, and then carry him into the house, where he may be confined before he commits greater disorders.

Menæchmus.

Ha! will you so? Faith, I believe this will prove a scurvy jest after all; if I do not extricate myself quickly out of their hands, they will certainly carry me into the house and make me a prisoner. Again I hear the voice of Apollo; he commands me not to spare my nails, but to make a great havoc in the face of this old man, unless he goes away immediately to hang himself.—Yes, great divinity, you shall be obeyed, nor will I fail to exercise the vigour of my arms upon the face of the woman also.

Old Man.

Fly, fly, my daughter, secure yourself in the house; I am afraid this madman will strike you.

Wife.

I go; but oh! my father, take care that he does not escape. Alas! unhappy woman that I am, to see my husband in this miserable condition.

Menæchmus.

Good! I have succeeded in sending the fury hence, I must now also put to flight this old wretch, this long

beard, this Tithon, this shivering body, this son of Cignus, with his white head. Great Apollo, you command me to bruise his sides, to break his bones, to crush his members, and that with the very same stick which he carries in his hand to support his tottering steps with.

Old Man.

Stay where you are, madman, advance no farther; for, if you have the impudence to touch me, or only offer to approach me, you shall severely repent it.

Menæchmus.

I will faithfully follow your orders, Apollo, my master and inspirer; I will take a saw with two edges, I will grind his bones, I will rip up his belly, and cut his entrails to pieces.

Old Man.

I must be upon my guard; he keeps his eyes fixed upon me: he has a menacing air; he will certainly rush upon my poor skeleton, and do me a mischief.

Menæchmus.

How many orders you give me at one time, divine Apollo! what shall I do first? Ha! thou sayest I must take a set of untamed furious horses, and ascend a car to hunt this lion of Getulia, this stinking lion without teeth. 'Tis done; I am already mounted on the car; I press the seat; one hand grasps the reins, the other holds aloft my weapon. Come on then, my brave, my valiant horses; now show your swiftness, your vigour, and your courage; make known your fire

by the rapidity of your course; let your steps be winged with lightning; let the earth resound with the thunder of your hoofs.

Old Man.

What! do you threaten to tear me in pieces with your horses, and to drive your car over my body?

Menæchmus.

Again I feel the inspiring god; he bids me spring upon that man and murder him. Ha! who is the presumptuous wretch that dares to hold my horses, and stop my car? whoever he be, he opposes the execution of your sentence, great god! he cancels the decree of Apollo.

Old Man.

Alas! this is indeed a dreadful disease: immortal gods! deign to have pity on us. How has this horrible accident happened to him? My son-in-law was once wise and discreet, and, all of a sudden, his brain is distempered. This misfortune requires a speedy remedy: I must make haste, and get a physician immediately.

SCENE III.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Menæchmus.

So! I am at last delivered from these pleasant people, who are determined to believe me mad; and yet I

am very certain that I am perfectly well: but now that I am safe, now that I am delivered from my persecutors, what hinders me from making haste to my ship? Gentlemen [*to the by-standers*], grant me one favour, if you please; if the old man should return, I intreat ye all (and there is really a good number of you), I intreat ye all, I say, not to tell him which way I have taken.

SCENE IV.

Old Man.

I have sat so long that my back aches with anxiously waiting till the doctor returned from visiting his patients. At last, having finished his sick rounds, the hateful fellow comes home. He must be a man of eminent knowledge, of an almost supernatural skill in his profession: he recounts, as two of his greatest exploits, the having set the thigh of Esculapius, and the arm of Apollo; two admirable cures, it must be confessed. Without the assistance of this wonderful operator, the god of medicine himself would have had occasion for crutches, and the glorious Apollo for an arm of silver. I really know not, at present, whether this man ought to be called a physician or a mechanic; for, if he has cured two divinities, there cannot be a more glorious testimony of his skill, or a greater honour for his profession; but, if he has only refitted two broken statues, the exploit is not very extraordinary. Here he comes, a most grave and comely personage! how majestically slow he walks! he is indeed a very admirable man.

SCENE V.

Physician, Old Man.

Physician.

You were speaking to me about the sickness of your son-in-law; explain it to me now with more clearness; let me know all the symptoms. What is the disease that he is afflicted with? Is he tormented by phantoms, spectres, or hobgoblins? Has he the distemper of the goddess Ceres upon him? Conceal nothing. Is he lethargic, hydropical, or consumptive? 'Tis necessary that the physician should be told every thing.

Old Man.

'Tis just the contrary, Mr. Doctor; for I desired you to come hither, in order to be informed, by you, what distemper my son-in-law is afflicted with, and also with a hope of having him restored to health by your assistance.

Physician.

Nothing is less difficult, believe me, good man; your labour will not be in vain: I promise you, upon the faith of a physician, that your son-in-law shall be cured from this day.

Old Man.

I would have him treated with all imaginable care, and nothing spared which may contribute towards the re-establishment of his health.

Physician.

Do not you trouble yourself; I will labour upon the patient with an indefatigable application; I will fatigue myself so much with my endeavours to restore him, that I will sigh six hundred times a day through weariness.

Old Man.

Hold! sir, there is your patient coming towards us.

Physician.

Softly! let us observe him; let us see a little what he will do.

SCENE VI.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum, the Old Man, his father-in-law, and the Physician.

Menæchmus.

By Pollux! I certainly rose to-day under a malignant influence; a miserable day has it been to me! This rascally parasite has discovered all my secrets; this rogue, this monster of ingratitude, has, in a moment, plunged me into infamy and fear; he, who was my Ulysses, to whom I entrusted all my designs; the guide and executioner of all my schemes; he has betrayed his Agamemnon, and, by his perfidy, drawn me out of a most sweet and happy situation. If I live I will take away his life. But I talk like a fool: is it not from my benevolence that he holds his life? is he not supported by my wealth? Would he not have perished,

a hundred times, by hunger but for me? 'Tis thus then that I will take away his life: I will deprive him of my assistance. As for Erotia, she maintains very well the honour of her character; she does nothing unworthy her honest profession: I intreated her to return me the robe, that I might pacify my wife with it: mark her extreme cunning, and the lie she invented immediately to keep it. She swears to me, that she gave it me some hours ago. Is it possible to carry impudence farther than this? Alas! it must be confessed I am extremely miserable.

Old Man.

Do you hear what he says?

Physician.

He deplores his unhappiness.

Old Man.

Be so good as to accost him.

Physician.

Mr. Menæchmus, your servant. Pray, why do you stretch yourself thus? you are not sensible of the hurt it does you. This extension of your arms increases the violence of your distemper.

Menæchmus.

What does this quack mean? Go hang thyself with thy doctorial visions.

Physician.

Do you feel any thing?

Menæchmus.

Why should I not feel? I have all my five senses.

Physician.

It will cost more than an acre of hellebore to cure this head; but let's try him again. Well, sir, what good news can you tell us?

Menæchmus.

What would you have me to tell you?

Physician.

Answer precisely to the question I ask you: is the wine you commonly drink white or red?

Menæchmus.

May the furies carry thee away with thy impertinent curiosity!

Physician.

By Hercules! his madness begins to seize him; he grows wild.

Menæchmus.

Why do you not ask me whether the bread I generally eat is purple, red, or yellow; or inquire if the birds which are served up to my table have scales, or the fish wings?

Old Man.

Good gods! what extravagances he utters! Do you not mark him, doctor? Haste then and make him swallow some salutary potion before his distemper increases, and he becomes quite furious.

Physician.

Have patience; be silent; I want to interrogate him a little longer.

Old Man.

Ay, ay; according to the laudable customs of your art, you murder the poor patients with the gravity of your nonsensical speeches.

Physician.

Tell me, do not you feel your eyes grow hard?

Menæchmus.

Do you take me for a grasshopper?

Physician.

Don't you perceive that your bowels make a great noise?

Menæchmus.

When my belly is full, my bowels are very peaceable, and sleep profoundly; but, when I am hungry, they growl horribly.

Physician.

This answer is wide from the purpose; it denotes a

distempered brain. When you are in bed, do you sleep easily? Are not your slumbers unquiet and interrupted? Do you generally sleep till day?

Menæchmus.

I always sleep well but when my mind is disturbed by the fear of some importunate creditor. But may Jupiter and all the gods confound thee, thou eternal questioner! when wilt thou have done?

Physician.

Oh! oh! our man begins to grow furious: these words alone ought to be sufficient to make you be on your guard.

Old Man.

You are mistaken; he is calmer at present, and less abusive, than he has been since his senses were first disordered: it is not long since he called his wife an enraged bitch.

Menæchmus.

By your leave, pray, when did I use such a word?

Old Man.

I say you are mad, my friend, quite mad, and fit for chains.

Menæchmus.

How! mad! am I mad?

Old Man.

Yes, you! Have you not threatened to crush me

under the wheels of your chariot? Had I not heard your extravagances with my own ears, I would not thus freely have called you mad.

Menæchmus.

And, with the same certainty, I know that you have stolen the sacred crown of Jupiter, and that, for this horrible sacrilege, you was thrown into prison; from whence you are now taken out to be hanged. I know also that you have stabbed your father, and sold your mother for a slave. Well, father-in-law, do I speak now like a man in my senses? Is it not fit to answer calumny with calumny, and false imputations with others as false, and more atrocious?

Old Man.

Doctor, I conjure you, lose no time; what you are to do, do quickly. See you not how he is transported?

Physician.

The best thing you can do is to send the patient to my house.

Old Man.

Is this your opinion?

Physician.

Certainly: he will then be wholly under my care, and I may treat his distemper my own way.

Old Man.

Do what you think most proper to be done.

Physician.

Come, Mr. Menæchmus, come along with me; I will regale you well: for these twenty days to come, you shall drink nothing but hellebore: is not that fine?

Menæchmus.

Rascal! I will cut thy throat.

Physician.

Come, venerable father, let us go and get some people to carry him to my house.

Old Man.

How many are necessary?

Physician.

His distemper is so violent at present, that no fewer than four lusty strong fellows will be necessary to carry him away.

Old Man.

They shall be here in a moment: mean time, good Mr. Esculapius, watch your patient carefully; don't let him escape.

Physician.

I watch him! excuse me, sir, I have very urgent business; nay, you know I am obliged to go home, and give the necessary orders for his reception. Go, go, send the slaves hither, and let them bring him to my house immediately.

Old Man.

He shall be there as soon as you.

Physician.

I'll be gone then.

Old Man.

Adieu.

SCENE VII.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum alone.

So they are gone, my father-in-law and the physician, and I am at last delivered from their hands. Great Jupiter! what adventure is to follow those which have happened to me this day? They declare publicly here that I am mad; it passes for certain; so there is the reputation and honour of my poor brain dead and buried. But how can this be? for I am very sure that, since my first entrance into life, I have never been seized with any symptoms of this distemper. Is this black suspicion owing to malice or mistake? 'Tis strange! 'tis unaccountable! surely I am not mad. I neither insult, quarrel with, nor strike any persons that come in my way; my mind is calm, my thoughts are reasonable; my behaviour is not different from other people: when I speak to them, they reply; when they speak to me, I answer them again, and with as much judgment as ever I did before. 'Tis not I, then, that am mad, but those who reproach me with madness have their own brains cracked: people that labour under

such disorders suspect others to be what they are themselves.

But this is not all that afflicts me; for how shall I dispose of myself at present? to which side shall I turn? I dare not attempt to get into my own house; for my lamb of a wife will refuse me entrance, and from my mistress nothing is to be expected: her door is shut against me; no one will venture to introduce me, we are upon such bad terms with each other. I have no other resource but to wait here for the approach of night; my wife, perhaps, may be then seized with compassion, and will permit me to take part of her bed.

SCENE VIII.

Messenion.

The merit of a good slave consists in taking great care of his master's substance, in laying it out wisely, in being attentive to his interests; in short, a good slave should, in his master's absence, manage his money in the same manner as if he was present, or rather with more circumspection.

A wise domestic will always consider his shoulders more than his mouth; he will think it more necessary to provide for the ease of his legs than for the filling his belly, and have the reward he expects from his master continually before his eyes. But what is the reward that a wicked idle slave has reason to hope for? in what coin is he paid? Why, with heavy stripes, fetters, grinding in mills, cruel fatigues, ravenous hunger, and perishing cold; these are the natural consequences of disobedience and guilt.

As for me, I am a declared enemy to all these things; there is not one of them convenient, not one that suits my taste, or does not put me into a horrible fear: 'tis for this reason that I am firmly resolved to be good for something, and always prefer good service to bad. I am not moved by harsh language, or reproaches, however undeserved; for, after all, they are only words, and words strike nothing but the air; but as for blows, your humble servant; I am not for them; I hate them mortally; the impression they make is a little too strong.

I must confess, also, that I eat much more willingly what the labours of others supply me with than my own: bread, made with flour of my grinding would taste very bitter; but it goes down very pleasantly when done by the fatigue of my comrades. Therefore I am always ready to obey my master's commands; I execute his orders punctually, I serve him with diligence and alacrity, and I find myself in a very happy situation, with these my servile maxims.

Those slaves who, because of their good behaviour, have nothing to fear, and yet are naturally timid; those slaves, I say, are generally most useful to their masters: on the contrary, those who are bold, determined, and arrogant, are the greatest tremblers in the world, when, by their faults, they have drawn the indignation of their masters upon them.

Thanks to the gods, I have no reason to be afraid; my master will in a little time reward me for my faithful service; in the mean time, this is my governing principle, to do always what is most for the ease of my back.

After having secured my master's servants and bag-

gage in the inn, as he commanded me, I came back to wait his orders; 'tis fit I knock at the door, that he may be informed that I am here. Oh! that I may be so happy as to see him come out safe and sound from this damned house! but I fear I am come too late, and that it will be after death the physician.

SCENE IX.

The Old Man, Menæchmus of Epidamnum, Slaves, Messenion.

Old Man (to the slaves).

I conjure you, by the gods, and by men! not to neglect any of my orders. Carry him immediately to the physician's house; I have commanded you to do it, and I now repeat my command. Obey then as you ought, unless your backs and your thighs are of little consideration to you. Do not be frighted from your duty by his menaces. Well, why do you stand still? why fix yourselves like statues in one posture? is it thus you obey my orders? You ought already to have laid him across your shoulders; make haste, I will go before you to the physician's.

Menæchmus.

I am undone! what can this mean? Rascals! why do you fall upon me? what do you want? why do you surround me thus, voracious birds of prey? whither do you want to convey me?—Ah! I am ruined!—Help, dear fellow citizens of Epidamnum. I implore your relief; hasten to my assistance, and deliver me from these blood-hounds.

Messenion.

Immortal gods, what do I see! Oh, misery! my master, my good master, treated with the vilest indignity; by all the furies! they want to carry him away by force.

Menæchmus.

Ah! what brave man will have courage enough to embrace my interests, and undertake my defence?

Messenion.

I will, my dear master; I will defend you while I have one drop of blood remaining. O wicked attempt! O execrable villany! Ye citizens of Epidamnum, will ye suffer an honest free stranger to be treated like a slave and a criminal in the midst of your streets? and in a city that is at peace with all the world? Can any thing dishonour you more? Begone, ye ministers of perfidy and violence, and release the innocent, whom ye oppress.

Menæchmus.

Generous unknown! whoever you are, I earnestly implore your assistance; do not let me suffer so cruel and so public an affront.

Messenion.

Yes, sir, I will assist you; my arm and my life are at your service; I will not suffer you to be injured; if one of us must perish, it is just that I should be the person. Courage then, master; strike out, I beseech you, the eye of this rogue, that holds you by the neck; as for me, I will deal my blows plentifully amongst these

other gentlemen here. By Hercules! villains, you shall repent your having undertaken this task to-day. Once more, rascals, will you leave my master at liberty?

Menæchmus.

By Pluto! I have got this rogue's eye in my hand.

Messenion.

Good! very good! he has something to remember you by. Off, off, ye robbers, murderers, villains!

Slaves.

Mercy! for the love of the great Hercules, mercy.

Messenion.

Leave this gentleman, then.

Menæchmus.

Strike! strike! have no compassion on them who had the insolence to seize me.

Messenion.

If you would have me spare you, fly, leave this place, begone this instant; and may the gods punish ye, villains, as ye deserve! How! what makes you lag behind your fellows? there, take that for being the hindmost. By Hercules! a good blow; thy face is in admirable order; and now I am satisfied, my work is done. Faith, sir, I came in good time, you began to want my assistance.

Menæchmus.

May the gods be favourable to thee always, generous stranger! for it is certain, without thy assistance, this day had been fatal to me; I should not have lived till sunset.

Messenion.

Then, sir, I may hope you will reward my service with that good which exceeds every other, liberty.

Menæchmus.

Must I make thee free, friend?

Messenion.

Yes, certainly, you, my master, since you acknowledge I have saved your life.

Menæchmus.

Is it me you call master? you are deceived, and take me for some other person.

Messenion.

How can I be deceived? how can I take you for another person? I do not understand you, sir.

Menæchmus.

I swear, by the father of the gods, I am not your master.

Messenion.

Good sir, do not talk in this manner.

Menæchmus.

I tell you I am not your master; I never had a slave capable of doing what you have done for me.

Messenion.

If you will not acknowledge me for your slave, give me liberty to go where I please.

Menæchmus.

By Hercules! I will enfranchise thee as far as it is in my power; be free, my friend, and go where thou wilt.

Messenion.

Do you command me to do so, sir?

Menæchmus.

Yes, by Hercules! I command thee by all the authority I have over thee.

Messenion.

Oh! my good, my worthy master, I will serve you still, faithfully, in the character of your new freed man.

A Slave, companion of Messenion.

I congratulate you, Messenion, upon the liberty you have acquired.

Messenion.

By Hercules, my friend, I do not in the least doubt

but that your congratulation is sincere. But, sir, I must entreat you will grant me one favour, and that is, that you will continue to command me any thing for your service, with the same authority as when I was your slave. I will stay with you, and when you return home, I will follow you.

Menæchmus.

No, that must not be.

Messenion.

I will go immediately to the inn, and bring the baggage and money: your purse is sealed and put into your portmanteau; I will deliver it into your hands.

Menæchmus.

Do so; thou art a brave fellow.

Messenion.

I will give you back the purse in the same condition as when you confided it to my care. Have a little patience, and wait for me here.

Menæchmus.

What am I to think of all this? What wonderful accidents have happened to me this day! Some will not acknowledge me, but impudently maintain that I am what I am not, and from thence take occasion to shut me out of my house; others pretend, notwithstanding all my assurances to the contrary, that I am their master. The man who has just left me would engage himself to

all the furies in hell, that he is my slave, and therefore I must give him freedom; the madman has promised me a purse full of money; if he keeps his word I shall very cheerfully take leave of him, I will throw the reins over his neck, and suffer him to go where he pleases; for, to be plain, I shall be afraid that when he is restored to his senses he will remember the money he has given me, and demand it back again, perhaps, with interest too. My father-in-law and the physician treat me like a madman: from whence can it proceed? I am wrapt in wonder at it.—Let me consider; am I awake, or is all this a vision?—No, it is but too certain. What then shall I do? After so many storms, I believe I cannot do better than to go to this courtezan, and by prayers and flatteries prevail upon her to give me back the robe; if I should have the good luck to succeed with this woman, who, like all the rest of her trade, is true to her own interest, I will carry it home immediately, and do not doubt but with such a passport I shall gain admittance, and restore peace again to my family.

SCENE X.

Menæchmus Sosicles, Messenion.

Menæchmus.

Hast thou the impudence to persist in saying thou hast seen and spoke to me a few minutes ago? Was there ever a more infamous falsehood? I indeed commanded thee to come and fetch me, or at least to meet me here, neither of which thou didst: thou wert taken up, I suppose, with some more agreeable business.

Messenion.

Is it possible, sir, that you can speak so contrary to your own knowledge? Certainly you mean to divert yourself, for you cannot have forgot the service I did you just now. Did I not deliver you from four great mastiffs, who were carrying you away by force? You stormed, you cried aloud for succour, and called both gods and men to witness the horrible violence that you suffered; in vain you struggled to free yourself from their arms, I was destined to be your deliverer; finding you in this danger, I ran, I flew to your assistance, I fell furiously upon your ravishers, and by a shower of dreadful blows I forced them to fly: thus I again made you master of yourself, and restored you to liberty. This action, which showed my ardent zeal for your safety, moved your heart; you thought, and with reason, that you could not reward so important a service with less than liberty, therefore you made me free.

Menæchmus.

How! have I made you free? have I permitted you to go where you please?

Messenion.

There is nothing more certain.

Menæchmus.

And I protest that it has been long my resolution, rather to sell myself for a slave, than give you freedom. How will you reconcile these contradictions?

SCENE XI.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum, Menæchmus Sosicles, Messenion.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum, speaking as he comes out of Erotia's house.

By Hercules! though you should swear by all that is most dear to you, that I have carried away the robe and the bracelet, it would nevertheless be false. You are all villanous liars.

Messenion.

Oh! heaven, oh! ye immortal gods! what do I behold?

Menæchmus Sosicles.

What is it you see?

Messenion.

Your living mirror, sir.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

What dost thou mean by that?

Messenion.

Your other self; never was there so perfect a resemblance.

Menæchmus.

By Pollux! if the idea I have of my own figure be true, this man is not different from myself.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Well met again, young man; whoever thou art, I shall look upon thee as my deliverer.

Messenion.

I conjure you, sir, by the great Hercules! tell me your name.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

My name is Menæchmus.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

By the temple of Pollux! that is my name also.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

I am of Syracuse, in Sicily.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

There I was also born, and in that city am I settled.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

What is it you say?

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Nothing but truth.

Messenion.

That I can witness, for I ought to know this gentleman well, since I am one of his slaves. Ay, this is my master, but, in good faith, I have taken you for him,

and firmly believed I belonged to you. This mistake has been the cause of my giving my master offence, and letting some imprudent and disrespectful words escape me, for which I most humbly ask your pardon, master.

[*To Menæchmus of Epidamnum.*

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Sure thou art mad! hast thou forgot that this day you landed with me at Epidamnum?

Messenion.

Very true, sir——yes, without doubt 'tis you that are my master; and as for you, young gentleman with the deceitful appearance, you must seek another slave. I must bid you adieu, my new master, for I insist upon it, that this is the true Menæchmus.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

And I insist upon it, that 'tis I who am Menæchmus.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

What farce are we playing here? You are Menæchmus, you say?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Yes, I say I am Menæchmus, the son of Moschus, a citizen of Syracuse.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

How! are you the son of my father?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Not that I know of, young man; I am the son of my own father, and, in naming him, I had no design of claiming yours.

Messenion.

Immortal gods! accomplish, I beseech you, my hope; although it be almost against hope itself, yet oh! may it please you to confirm my conjecture. These two, if I am not deceived, are the twin brothers of Syracuse. I must consult with my master, Mr. Menæchmus.

Both.

What wouldst thou?

Messenion.

I speak but to one at a time: answer me, which of you two have wandered a long time with me on the sea?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Not I.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

No, certainly, for it was me.

Messenion.

Then 'tis with you I would speak. Be so good to come aside with me.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Well, what hast thou to say to me now?

Messenion.

One of these two things must certainly be true: either this man is an impostor and a cheat, or he is your twin brother: for my part, I must confess, the more I examine him, the more I am lost in astonishment; I never, in my whole life, beheld a man who so perfectly resembled another as he does you; believe me, sir, for of this I am a better judge than you, one drop of water is not more like another; besides, he says he is of the same city and country as you are; therefore, if you think proper, we will interrogate him on some facts.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

By Hercules! thy advice is good, and I am much obliged to thee; go on, I conjure thee, in the name of the gods! to clear up this affair; and, if thou provest him to be my brother, I will reward thee with liberty.

Messenion.

I am in great hopes of being able to give you this satisfaction: my heart whispers success to me.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

I will patiently wait the event.

Messenion.

Well, sir, you who would make us believe you to be Menæchmus, will you maintain it?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Yes, and I will say nothing but what is true.

Messenion.

'Tis certain that my master's name is Menæchmus. You say you are of Syracuse in Sicily; in that city was he born. Moschus, you tell us, was your father; so was he my master's. Are you willing to give me your assistance in clearing up this matter, to the satisfaction of you both?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Well dost thou deserve that I should comply with all thy demands, and, although I am free, yet will I blindly obey thee, as if thou hadst bought me for thy slave.

Messenion.

I do not doubt but that you will be found to be the twin brothers of Syracuse, born in one day, of the same father and mother.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Your words surprise me! you fill me with astonishment and joy. May the gods grant that you may be able to prove this clearly to me!

Messenion.

Well, then, stand by each other, and both of you answer precisely to the questions I shall ask you.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Ask what you please, I promise to answer you truly.

Messenion.

Are you called Menæchmus?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

'Tis my true and only name.

Messenion.

And yours also, sir.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Nothing is more certain.

Messenion.

You declare yourself the son of Moschus, who, when alive, was a good and honest citizen of Syracuse?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

I repeat that declaration.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

The same Menæchmus was my father also.

Messenion.

You are then a Syracusan?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Certainly.

Messenion.

And you also, my master?

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Yes, thou knowest it.

Messenion.

Hitherto all goes right; your answers agree perfectly well: but, for a greater confirmation, I beseech you, sir, the citizen of Epidamnum, that you will be pleased to tell us what you remember, at the greatest distance of time.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

I remember that my father took me with him to Tarentum, whither he went to trade. At our arrival we stood to behold some games that were celebrating, and I lost my father in the crowd. I wandered about, and at last fell into the hands of a rich citizen of this place, who stole me away, and brought me here to Epidamnum.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Supreme and all-powerful Jupiter! bless me, and crown thy work.

Messenion.

Have patience, master; do not interrupt me. How old were you when your father took you with him to Tarentum?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

Seven years; I remember I was then getting new teeth. After this adventure happened to me, I never more saw my father.

Messenion.

How many brothers were of you in the family?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

We were but two, as I remember.

Messenion.

Which of you was the eldest?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

I think we were of the same age.

Messenion.

How can that be?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

'Tis not difficult to guess; we were twins.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

The gods at last are favourable!

Messenion.

I assure you, sir, if you interrupt me again, I will not ask him any more questions, I will be silent.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

I had much rather be silent myself.

Messenion.

There yet remains one difficulty, which I am afraid will not be easy to get over. How happens it that your brother and you have the same name?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

I don't know that we have: as for myself, I am called Menæchmus, and I was always called so; but my brother had another name, which if I remember right was Sosicles.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Ah! 'tis too much; one half of these proofs had been sufficient to convince me. I cannot any longer contain my fraternal tenderness, I must embrace him: my dear brother! my twin brother! I, I am Sosicles.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

But why are you called Menæchmus?

Menæchmus Sosicles.

When the family was informed that our father was dead, and that you were lost, our grandfather, who always loved you more than me, suppressed my name, and gave me yours.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

I believe all you tell me. One little scruple remains, which I beg you to remove.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Most willingly; speak!

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

What was our mother's name?

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Theusimarcha.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

The same! Come to my arms, my dear brother, whom, for so many years, I have not seen, and whom I never thought to have seen again! how happy has this unexpected meeting made me!

Menæchmus Sosicles.

And oh! how has it blest me! me, my dear brother, who have sought thee so long a time with incredible labour and fatigues; but now they are all overpaid.

Messenion.

Now, master, the behaviour of the courtezan is explained; she called you by your name, and invited you to dinner, believing you to be your brother.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

By the temple of Pollux! I had ordered her to prepare a repast, and intended to dine with her; nay, I gave her a robe, which I stole to-day from my wife.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Is not this the robe you speak of, brother?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

By what chance did it come into your possession?

Menæchmus Sosicles.

The woman who lives in that house invited me to dine with her; she assured me that I had given her this habit. I was very well entertained, eat and drank plentifully, and, to complete my good fortune, brought the robe away with me.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

By the temple of Pollux! I am rejoiced that you fared so well upon my account; this creature, when she invited you in, certainly mistook you for me.

Messenion.

Well, the affair is now finished, I have fulfilled my engagement; 'tis now your turn, sir, to perform your promise, by giving me my liberty.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

His demand is too just and reasonable to be refused; come, brother, make him free for my sake.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

You are in the right, my brother, to believe that your mediation must be dear to me. Well, Messenion, to comply with my promise, and more especially to gratify my other self, I make you free from this instant.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

I sincerely congratulate thee, Messenion, on thy liberty.

Messenion.

May the gift be made me under happier auspices than it was before, that my liberty may be as durable as my life!

Menæchmus Sosicles.

Since we have thus happily met, contrary to all expectation, I entreat you, brother, to quit Epidamnum, and let us return together to our dear country.

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

I will do whatever you please from hence-forward. I hope our inclinations will be as like as our persons. All my possessions here shall be sold; in the mean time let me make you known to my friends, and find out, if possible, some means of distinguishing us from each other. Come, walk into my house.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

With all my heart; I'll follow you everywhere.

Messenion.

Stay, gentlemen, I have a favour to beg of you; be so kind as to prefer the office of public crier on this occasion upon me.

Menæchmus Sosicles.

'Tis granted.

Messenion.

If you please then I will begin from this time to publish the sale. On what day shall I fix it?

Menæchmus of Epidamnum.

The seventh.

Messenion.

On the seventh day from this in the morning will be sold all the goods, moveable and immoveable, of Mr. Menæchmus, his estates, slaves, and household furniture, for ready money only; and, if a purchaser can be found for her, he will also sell his wife. The whole will certainly amount to no less than two hundred thousand crowns. And now farewell, spectators; favour us with your applause.

REMARKS

ON

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE Menæchmi of Plautus, which, it is generally allowed, has furnished Shakspeare with the great variety of incident contained in the Comedy of Errors, was translated into the French language by Gueudiville, and published at Paris, in the year 1560. It was also rendered into English by William Warner, in 1595. Malone thinks the Comedy of Errors was written in 1593. If this supposition be correct, Shakspeare must have consulted Gueudiville's translation, as Warner's was not published until two years after the play is supposed to have been written. I suspect, however, that Shakspeare's play was written subsequent to Warner's translation, and that the title was suggested by the last line of the version of the acrostical argument:

" Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicill merchant had,
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other:
The first his father lost, a little lad;
The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke
His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like
That citizens there take him for the same;
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant *error* ere they meet together."

In the Comedy of Errors, the duke of Ephesus meets Ægeon as he is led to prison, and demands the reason why he left his native country, and came to Ephesus. This question of the duke arises from a law, which was ordained at Ephesus and Syracuse, that if any merchant of the one city was seen to traffic in the other, his goods should be confiscated, and he suffer death. Ægeon, in reply to the duke, relates to him at large the adventures of his family, which is intended by Shakspeare as a prelude to the Comedy of Errors, and is the same which is contained in the prologue preceding the Menæchmi of Plautus. To trace the imitation, it will be necessary to transcribe the scene.

Ægeon. In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death;
And he, great store of goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was deliver'd

Of such a burthen, male-twins both alike:
Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed, alas! too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me;
And this it was (for other means were none):
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship then sinking-ripe to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at the end of either mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd

Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidauris this;
But ere they came——Oh! let me say no more;
Gather the sequel by what went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so,
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh! had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us;
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst:
So that in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burden'd
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length the other ship had seiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests,
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
Thus by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)

Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

The circumstance of two brothers being so extremely like each other as to occasion all the mistakes which occur in the Menæchmi of Plautus, is a little improbable. We are not unfrequently presented with individuals, who display a very close resemblance to each other; but this similarity, though calculated to deceive strangers, is seldom known to occasion the like error in families. However strange it may appear, Shakspeare has multiplied this miracle, by presenting, in addition to the two brothers, two servants, who have also a great likeness to each other; which therefore must necessarily heighten the improbability of the fiction.

Antipholus of Syracuse, on his arrival at Ephesus, is advised to assert that he came from Epidamnum, and thereby avert the penalty of the law. He sends his man Dromio with a thousand marks to lay up safe at the inn, and, being left alone, declares that he came in search of his mother and brother, whose loss he deplores. Whilst he is yet alone, Dromio of Ephesus enters, and taking Antipholus for his master, informs him that his wife is

waiting for him, and that dinner is ready. Antipholus falls into the like error, and, deceived by the resemblance, takes him for his slave Dromio, from whom he had just parted, reproves him for his silly jests, and inquires if the money he had entrusted him with was safe. Dromio recollects nothing about any money that his master had given him, save six-pence "to pay the saddler for his mistress' crupper." Antipholus asks for the thousand marks; Dromio talks of his house, of dinner, and of his wife. Antipholus enraged at the prevarication of his supposed servant, in a fury strikes him; Dromio runs off, and Antipholus, full of uneasy apprehension, returns to the inn to look after his money.

The scene in the second act is laid at the house of Antipholus of Ephesus. His wife complains to her sister of his long stay. Dromio enters, and relates, with much humour, the occurrences which had passed between him and his supposed master. His wife, uneasy, orders Dromio to return and fetch him.

The scene changes; Antipholus of Syracuse enters, and declares his money is safe. Dromio appears, and his master reproves him for his having denied receiving the gold, and with talking to him about dinner and his wife. Dromio assures him he had not seen him since he took charge of the money, and consequently could not have spoken to him. Antipholus falls into a rage, and beats him.

Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus, and her sister, then enter. Adriana reproaches Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio, whom she mistakes for her husband and slave, with their tardiness, and intreats him to return with her home to dinner.

Antipholus assures her that she labours under some error; protests he does not know her, and informs her, he had just arrived in Ephesus. The sister then chides him; and Adriana, vexed at this jesting, again entreats him to return home to dinner. He, though much amazed, consents to go, and Dromio is ordered to keep the gate, and let no one in to interrupt them.

Repeated mistakes like the foregoing compose a large portion of the Comedy of Errors; and, as in the Menæchmi of Plautus, continue from the first to the fifth act.

In the Menæchmi we are told, that the grandfather, on losing the eldest boy, transferred his name to the youngest, in order to preserve the remembrance of him, which very naturally accounts for two brothers having the same name. Shakspeare, without assigning any reason for so doing, calls both the brothers Antipholus, and both the slaves Dromio.

The manner of their separation is very curiously contrived by Shakspeare, to create the incidents contemplated for his Comedy of Errors. He ingeniously caused an Antipholus and a Dromio to be fastened to a mast, when the ship was sinking, and, when separated, each Antipholus had his slave Dromio. This studied and forced arrangement falls very short of the natural manner in which the separation is accounted for by Plautus.

The errors contained in Shakspeare's comedy are more numerous, though more perplexed, than those in the Menæchmi: the increase of business is owing to the increase of characters; and the mistakes, though conducted with more art by Shakspeare, are evidently more entertaining than those of Plautus.

THE

NINTH NOVEL OF THE SECOND DAY

OF

THE DECAMERONE

OF BOCCACCIO.

JOHN BOCCACCIO, one of the refiners of Italian literature, was descended from a family in humble life, and born at Certaldo, in the Florentine territory, in the year 1313. He was destined for a mercantile life, and was early taken from school, and placed with a reputable Florentine merchant, with whom he lived several years. This employment being contrary to his inclination, he made little proficiency in business; his father then placed him to the study of the canon law, and in this pursuit he uselessly consumed six years more. Being left free, he pursued his own inclination, and sought instruction in science and polite literature, and placed himself under the care of Leonzio Pilato, to be instructed in the Greek language. He frequently conferred on learned subjects with the best informed men of the age; and a friendship which he formed with the celebrated Petrarch was of great advantage to him in the progress of his learning, as well as to his reputation. He was highly esteemed at Florence, and was honoured with the right of citizenship, and employed in many public transactions. He was appointed ambassador from that city to the court of Ravenna, about 1347. In 1353, he was sent to pope Innocent VI, at Avignon. He resided some time at Naples, where king Robert gave him a gracious reception. Here he became enamoured of a young woman, to whom he gave the name of Fiametta, of whom he speaks in some of his works. A conference which he had with Petrarch at Milan, in 1359, is supposed

to have inspired him with more serious thoughts. About this time he seems to have assumed the clerical habit, and with it a new plan of conduct. He again visited the court of Naples, in 1362 or 1363; from thence he went to Venice, where he passed three months with his friend Petrarch, and died at Certaldo, in December, 1375, a year after Petrarch.

Boccaccio was a very voluminous writer in his own language, in Latin, in prose and in verse; but the best known and most celebrated of his works is the Decamerone, a collection of one hundred stories or novels, of which the following is one. They are founded on fact, and present a curious picture of manners. Some of the stories are told with nature and humour. Some are dull, and not unfrequently licentious; but for the age they were written in, they are considered as a model of elegance.

SOME Italian merchants meeting at Paris, whither their different affairs had brought them, they went, as was their custom, to sup together at a tavern; and, towards the close of the entertainment, their spirits being raised by wine, of which they drank pretty freely, they began, after having discussed several other subjects, to speak of their wives, whom they had left behind them; and one of them, laughing, said:

"I know not how my wife employs herself in my absence; but this I am certain of, that, when I am at a distance from her, I freely indulge myself in gallantry, and pay court to every handsome woman that pleases me."

Another replied, "that he did the same; because," added he, "whether I believe my wife unfaithful or not, she will be so if the humour suits her."

A third assured his companions, "that he was of the same opinion." In fine, they all agreed in declaring, "that they believed their wives did as they pleased

in their absence," except a Genoese merchant, named Bernabo Lomillin.

This young man, who was passionately fond of his wife, affirmed, "that, by the especial providence of God, he had married a woman so accomplished in all virtues, that Italy could scarce produce her equal."

"Her person," said he, "is perfectly beautiful; she is in the prime of her youth, and is not only skilled in all domestic employments fit for a person of her rank, but she reads, writes, and discourses upon business, as well as if she was a merchant: she is also wise, prudent; and amiable, and so absolutely chaste, that, I am persuaded, if I was to be absent from her ten years, she would preserve her fidelity to me inviolable."

This last praise extremely diverted a young merchant of Piacenza, named Ambrogiuolo, who, laughing, asked Bernabo, "if he possessed this privilege above other men, by a patent from the emperor."

"This happiness," replied Bernabo, a little offended, "is not granted by the emperor, but by God, whom I look upon to be a little more powerful than the emperor."

"I do not in the least doubt," replied Ambrogiuolo, "but that you believe what you say; but you have too little considered the nature of things, otherwise you would not be so grossly deceived, but would speak less assuredly upon this matter. Do you imagine that we, who have delivered our sentiments thus freely of our wives, believe we have married women whose dispositions are different from yours? No; we hold all women to be alike, and the judgment we have formed of

hem arises from our having well reflected on their natures. Let us then examine this matter a little.

"I have always understood man to be the noblest animal of God's creation, and that the woman holds the next place. If man, therefore, as he is generally believed, and proves by his faculties, is the nearest to perfection, he must certainly be endowed with more firmness and constancy than the woman, who is universally allowed to be a fickle and variable creature; yet, since man, with all his firmness and constancy, cannot resist his desires, how canst thou hope that a woman, changeable and unfixed by nature, should be able to resist the force of intreaties, praises, gifts, and a thousand other temptations, with which men who know the sex endeavour to ensnare them?

"Can you, then, reflecting upon this truth, believe your wife faithful?"

To this long speech Barnabo replied:

"I am a merchant, and not a philosopher, therefore will not pretend to reason with you; but this I must say, that those women who are unchaste, are so because they have no sense of shame, and are indifferent about the world's opinion; but women who are wise and virtuous, are so solicitous to preserve their honour, that they become stronger than men, who take no care to restrain their irregular appetites; and my wife is of the number of those women who are watchful over their appetites, and solicitous to preserve their honour. So assured am I of this, that I am willing to lose my head if you succeed in your attempts upon her chastity, and, if you do not, you shall lose a thousand florins of gold to me."

"I know not," returned Ambrogiuolo, already fired at his proposition, "what I should do with your head if you lost it to me, but if you are willing to have a proof of what I have maintained, do you lay five thousand florins of gold (which ought to be less dear to you than your head) against a thousand of mine, and I will oblige myself to go to Genoa, and, in three months from the day I depart from hence, will prevail upon thy wife to yield to my wishes, and, in token of my success, will bring with me some of her most precious things, and give you such certain marks, that you yourself shall confess I have accomplished my design.

"But you must promise me faithfully that you will not come to Genoa during my stay there, nor write any account of this matter to your wife."

Bernabo was extremely pleased with this proposal; but the other merchants who were present, fearing some bad consequence would arise from such a strange scheme, were very much troubled, and endeavoured to prevent its being put into execution.

However, the two persons concerned were so resolutely bent on their purpose, that all dissuasions were ineffectual; and an obligation in writing being drawn up, they both signed and sealed it in the presence of their companions; and, a few days after, Ambrogiuolo went to Genoa, Bernabo, according to his promise, staying at Paris to expect his return.

As soon as Ambrogiuolo arrived at Genoa, he began secretly to inquire after the behaviour and manner of life of Bernabo's wife, and, comparing the reports of others with what Bernabo had told him concerning her, he found the merchant had not been too lavish in her

praises; and his enterprize now appearing even to himself rash and impracticable, he was beginning to lose all hopes of being able to accomplish it, when chance threw in his way a poor woman, who was often employed in the house of Madonna Zinevra, so was the wife of Bernabo called.

Ambrogiuolo, corrupting this woman with a sum of money, engaged her to assist him in his design on the lady.

Giving orders therefore for a chest to be made after a particular manner, he laid himself into it; and the old woman pretending she had some business to transact a few miles out of town, which would oblige her to stay a day or two away, intreated Madonna Zinevra, who had a great kindness for her, to let this chest stand in her bedchamber until she returned; the lady consented, and the chest, with Ambrogiuolo within it, was placed where she desired.

Zinevra retiring to rest at her usual hour, Ambrogiuolo, when he was assured that she was asleep, came softly out of the chest into the chamber, and, by the light of a taper which was burning, took particular notice of the pictures and furniture of the room.

Then, advancing to the bed, where the lady and a little girl that was with her slept very soundly, he gently uncovered her, and saw that she was no less beautiful naked than drest; and as he was thus contemplating her, and wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband, he at last spied a large mole under her left breast, with several hairs round it of the colour of gold.

Satisfied with this discovery, he replaced the clothes; but her beauty inflaming his desires, he was some moments in suspense whether he should not wake her, and declare the cause of his coming thither to be his love of her.

Reflecting, however, upon the severity of her virtue, he resolved not to hazard his life by discovering himself, but passed the rest of the night at his ease in the chamber.

Day approaching, he retired into the chest, taking with him a purse, a ring, and some other trifles.

In this confinement he passed another night, and the day following the woman coming for her chest, he was released; and having thus traitorously accomplished his intentions, he left Genoa, and arrived at Paris before the time prefixed for his return.

Bernabo, and the merchants who were present at the wager, were summoned by Ambrogiuolo, and, when they were all met, he declared he had won the wager, for that the wife of Bernabo had yielded to his desires, producing as a proof of what he said, the things which he had taken away, saying they were given him by the lady; the furniture of whose bed-chamber he also described.

Bernabo confessed that his description of the bed-chamber was right, and also that the things he produced were certainly his wife's, but added, that neither of these circumstances were any proof of his wife's infidelity, since he might by some stratagem have procured the knowledge of the one, and the possession of the other, and therefore, if he had no other proofs, these were insufficient to make him give up the wager.

"These proofs," replied Ambrogiuolo, "ought to be sufficient; but, since you will oblige me to produce more, I will.

"Madonna Zinevra, your wife, has a large mole under her left breast, round which there are two or three hairs of the colour of gold."

Bernabo, struck to the heart by these words, made known, by the change of his colour, and the rage and grief which took possession of his features, that what Ambrogiuolo had said was true; but, a few minutes after, confirming it by his words,

"Gentlemen," said he, "Ambrogiuolo has vanquished; I confess it, and am ready to pay him the money he has won, whenever he comes to demand it."

Accordingly, the next day Ambrogiuolo went to the lodgings of Bernabo, who paid him the five thousand florins; and, departing from Paris, went to Genoa, with a fell soul against the betrayed Zinevra.

As soon as he arrived, he retired to one of his country houses, at a small distance from the town, and there calling a faithful servant, he ordered him to get two horses ready, and carry a letter from him to his wife, importing his desire that she should return with the bearer to him; and then gave a strict command to the servant to murder her as soon as they came into a convenient place.

The servant assured him of his obedience, and rode immediately to town with the letter, which Zinevra receiving with great joy, prepared herself for her journey the next morning, and, accompanied only by the person who came to fetch her, she took the road to her husband's villa, discoursing, as they went, upon indifferent

things; when, coming into a large and solitary valley, surrounded with high trees, the servant, thinking this a fit place to execute his master's orders, suddenly stopt, and, drawing out a large knife, seized the lady by the arm.

"Madam," said he, "recommend your soul to God, for you must die in a few moments."

The lady, hearing these dreadful words, and beholding the fatal knife, all trembling with fear and surprize, cried out,

"Oh! mercy, gracious Heaven! why will you murder me? Tell me in what I have offended you, that you resolve to kill me!"

"Madam," replied the servant, "you have not offended me in any thing; how you have offended your husband I know not, but he has commanded me to murder you, without mercy, in this place, and, if I do not obey him, threatens to hang me.

"You know by what ties I am bound to him, and that I have it not in my power to refuse compliance with any of his orders: God knows I pity you; but I must execute his will."

"Oh! grant me mercy, for the sake of heaven!" replied the lady, all dissolved in tears, "do not become a murderer of one who never injured you, to please another.

"God, from whom nothing is concealed, knows I never was guilty of any action, for which I merit this usage from my husband; but of that no more.

"Suffer me only to represent to you how you may, at once, avoid offending God, please your master, and serve me, and that in this manner:

"You may give me your upper coat and hat, and take my clothes, and, returning with them to your master, tell him you have murdered me; and I swear to you, by that preservation for which I shall be obliged to you, that I will keep myself concealed, and wander into some distant place, and neither you nor he shall ever hear of me again in this country."

The servant, who was very unwilling to murder her, easily yielded to his compassion and her entreaties, and gave her his coat and hat, together with what money he found about her; and, after earnestly desiring her to quit Genoa as soon as possible, took her clothes, and, leaving her alone and on foot in the valley, returned to his master, to whom he declared, "that he had murdered her, and that her dead body was devoured by the wolves."

The unhappy lady, being alone and disconsolate in the dreary valley, which had been destined for the scene of her murder, knew not whither to direct her steps; but, night drawing on, and her apprehensions of that dreadful place increasing with the approaching darkness, she struck into a foot-path, which led, at last, to a little village; and there, going into the cottage of an old woman, procured some necessaries fit for her appearance as a sailor, and, thus clad, took her way towards the shore.

There happening to meet with a Catalonian gentleman, whose ship lying near the place, had landed to refresh himself at a fountain; he, entering into discourse with the poor wanderer, supposing her to be a man, at her request, received her as a servant, to wait upon his own person.

Madonna Zinevra, who had taken the name of Sicuranno, followed Signor Encarach, her new master, to his vessel, and, having better clothes given her, began to serve him so diligently, and with such fidelity, that he soon conceived a great esteem for her.

Some time after, the Catalonian sailing with a cargo to Alexandria, he took with him some very fine falcons, which he presented to the sultan, who, being pleased with the gift, frequently invited the merchant to his table.

Sicuranno always attending his master upon these occasions, the sultan was so well pleased with his carriage and behaviour, that he asked him of the Catalonian; who, though very unwilling to part with him, could not refuse the sultan's request, and therefore left him behind at Alexandria.

Sicuranno had not been long in the sultan's palace before he acquired as great a share of that monarch's confidence and esteem, as of the Catalonian's, his former master.

It being a custom, at a certain time of the year, to hold a fair at Aeri, a city in the dominions of the sultan, to which a great many christian and Saracen merchants resorted, the sultan, in whose favour Sicuranno increased daily, appointed him to command the soldiers that were sent there, to guard the merchants and their goods while the fair continued.

Sicuranno, being now captain of the guard at Aeri, acquitted himself of this charge with his accustomed diligence and exactness.

Among the foreign merchants which resorted to this fair, there were several Venetian, Placentian, Ge-

noese, and other Italians, with whom Sicuranno, who still had a great fondness for his country, frequently conversed.

It happened one day, when he was at the warehouse of the Venetian merchants, that, among other trinkets, he saw a purse and a girdle, which he knew to have once belonged to himself: he was greatly surprized at the sight of those things; but, concealing it from observation, inquired whose they were, and if they were to be sold.

Ambrogiuolo, who had come to Alexandria with some other merchants in a Venetian vessel, being told that the captain of the guard was inquiring about these things, came forward, and said, with a smile, "Sir, the things are mine, and not to be sold; but if you have any inclination for them, I will present you with them freely."

Sicuranno, seeing him smile, suspected that, by some means or other, he had discovered who he was; nevertheless, keeping a firm countenance, he replied:

"You smile, I suppose, because you see me, who am a military man, inquiring about these female trifles."

"No, sir," said Ambrogiuolo," I do not smile at that, but at reflecting on the manner in which I gained those things."

"Ah! I beseech you," said Sicuranno, hastily, "let us know how you gained them then."

"Sir," replied Ambrogiuolo, "these things were given me by a lady of Genoa, called Madonna Zinevra, the wife of Bernabo Lomillan, with whom I had the honour to pass a night, in her husband's absence; and

she entreated me to keep them faithfully for her sake: I smile, therefore, at reflecting on the stupid folly of her husband, who was silly enough to lay five thousand florins of gold against a thousand of mine, that it was not in my power to prevail over the chastity of his wife. This, however, I accomplished; he lost the wager; and he, who ought rather to have punished himself for his stupidity, than his wife for doing that which all women will do, went to Genoa, and, as I have since heard, caused her to be murdered."

Sicuranno, hearing this, knew this man immediately to be the cause of all his misery, and resolved within himself to be severely revenged on him; and, in order to accomplish his design, he feigned himself to be extremely well pleased with this story, and began to enter into a strict intimacy with Ambrogiuolo, whom he managed so artfully, that at last he confessed the whole truth to him concerning the stratagem by which he had deceived Bernabo, and gained the wager.

When the fair was ended, Sicuranno, by large promises, engaged Ambrogiuolo to go with him into Alexandria, where he procured him a warehouse, and lodged money in his hands; so that Ambrogiuolo, thinking he might be able to encrease his fortune there, willingly stayed at Alexandria.

Sicuranno, who ardently desired to have his innocence made known to Bernabo, practised so well with some Genoese merchants who were in that country, that they prevailed upon Bernabo, who was now reduced to very low circumstances, to come to Alexandria; and Sicuranno caused him to be privately received there by some of his friends.

Sicuranno, who had already made Ambrogiuolo recount to the sultan the story he had first told him, and which had pleased him greatly, finding it now a proper time to execute his intention, since Bernabo was arrived, took an opportunity to entreat the sultan to give orders, that Ambrogiuolo and Bernabo should be brought before him; and to make Ambrogiuolo, by menaces (if he would not by gentle methods) declare, if what he had boasted concerning the wife of Bernabo was true.

The sultan consented; and, the two merchants being brought before him, he commanded Ambrogiuolo, with a threatening countenance, to confess truly how he had won the five thousand florins of Bernabo.

Ambrogiuolo seeing his friend Sicuranno, who was present, look upon him with rageful eyes, and threatening him with the most horrid torments if he did not reveal the truth; pressed on every side, and supposing the worst consequence of his confession would be the restitution of the money and the things, he related the whole affair just as it happened; and, having finished his narration, Sicuranno, as invested with authority by the sultan, turned to Bernabo, and asked him, "what punishment he had inflicted upon his wife on account of that lie."

"Sir," replied Bernabo, "being inflamed with rage for the loss of my money, and the disgrace my wife's infamy had brought upon me, I ordered a servant to murder her; and, according to his report, he did so, and her body was soon after devoured by wolves."

These facts thus laid open before the sultan, and all that were present, who could not imagine what was to be the end of such an examination, Sicuranno, addressing himself to the sultan, said:

"My lord, you may plainly perceive by their confessions, what reason this good woman had to glory in a lover and a husband.

"The lover by an infamous falsehood robs her of her honour, destroys her fame, and deprives her of her husband; and the husband, giving more credit to the falsehoods of others than to the often experienced truth of his wife, commands her to be murdered, and her dead body to be devoured by wolves; and so great is the affection which this lover and husband bore her, that they both continued with her a long time, and neither of them discovered her.

"That you may be able therefore to know this clearly, and give to each the reward they have merited, grant me the favour I am going to implore of you, which is to pardon the deceived and punish the deceiver, and I will then make the injured lady herself come into your presence."

The sultan, always disposed to comply with any request of Sicuranno's, granted this immediately, and desired him to make the lady come.

Bernabo, who firmly believed his wife to be dead, was greatly astonished at this proposition; and Ambrogiuolo began now to apprehend he should suffer something worse than paying back the money.

Sicuranno, being thus assured of having her request granted by the sultan, cast herself at the feet of that monarch; the tears fast streaming down her cheeks, and

losing, with her assumed masculine voice, the desire of appearing masculine, spoke in this manner:

"My lord, in me behold the injured, the unhappy Zinevra, who, through the wicked falsehoods of that traitor Ambrogiuolo, have been obliged to wander miserably through the world in the form of a man, and by this cruel husband doomed to be murdered and devoured by wolves."

Then opening her waistcoat, she discovered her bosom, by which the sultan, and all who were present, knowing her to be a woman, were filled with astonishment and compassion.

Zinevra, then turning to Ambrogiuolo, fiercely demanded of him, "when it was he had seduced her virtue, as he had once openly boasted."

Ambrogiuolo, who now knew her, and was struck dumb with shame and fear, answered nothing.

The sultan, who always believed her to be a man, was so astonished at what he now saw and heard, that, for some moments, he knew not whether all was not a dream; but his wonder ceasing, he began to praise, with the highest expressions of esteem, the virtue, constancy, and unblameable manners of Zinevra, and gave orders to have her magnificently dressed in a female habit; appointed women to attend her, and, as he had promised, pardoned the deceived husband Bernabo, who, falling at the feet of his wife, entreated her also with tears to forgive him.

Zinevra raised him up, and kindly assuring him that she would forget all that was past, threw herself into his arms, and as her husband embraced him tenderly.

The sultan then commanded Ambrogiuolo to be carried immediately to one of the highest places in the city, and fastened to a stake, his body to be anointed with honey, and exposed naked to the sun, and there left to die; which was accordingly executed; after which he ordered all his effects to be given to Zinevra, which amounted to ten thousand pistoles; and, making a magnificent feast, he publicly bestowed the highest honours and applauses on Zinevra for her courage and virtue, and presented her husband and her with ten thousand pistoles more, giving them leave to depart, and a ship to carry them back to Genoa; where they soon after arrived, extremely rich, and were received with great honours by the citizens; especially Madonna Zinevra, who had been thought dead by every one, and who, from that time till her death, lived in the highest reputation for courage, constancy, and virtue.

REMARKS

ON

CYMBELINE.

PECULIAR difficulties ever present themselves in pointing out the connection between a play and a single novel; and these difficulties are not easily overcome, when the author of the first is indebted to the latter only for the principal actions of which his drama is composed, and for the residue to various tales popular in his age. Thus it is with Cymbeline. Mr. Pope thinks Shakspeare was wholly indebted to Boccaccio, whilst Steevens asserts that the plot was drawn from a tale in an old story-book, entitled *Westward for Smelts**, written by Kit of Kingston. Upon a review of Boccaccio's novel and this tale, I am inclined to believe, that he consulted both in forming the plot of Cymbeline. The stories are the same; the only material difference is, that Boccaccio's scenes are laid in France and Genoa, whilst the scene of the other is wholly confined to Britain.

Cymbeline was written in 1605, and Kingston's story, although it was not entered on the books of the

* This is a collection of stories, supposed to have been related by fishermen.

stationers' company until 1619, was said to have been written in 1603.

In the tragedy there are but few incidents which can be called historical. Hollingshed says, in his Chronicle, that "Cymbeline was in such favour with Augustus Cæsar, whom he had served in the wars, that he left him at liberty either to pay or not to pay his tribute as he pleased." All the useful and necessary circumstances which Shakspeare required in his tragedy of Cymbeline he has selected from Boccaccio, but for the scene and the manners he is indebted to Kingston. Boccaccio's story is founded upon a ridiculous and fantastical wager, proposed in a tavern, by a young merchant, heated with wine, that his wife could not be corrupted by any means whatever. The contest is maintained, and the wager taken up, by one of his associates, who, with much self-sufficiency, determines to prove her frailty, by prevailing on her to violate her faith to her husband. The numerous absurdities of this play are derived partly from this incident, but they arise principally from the injudicious change of the characters. The merchants of Boccaccio are transformed by Shakspeare into an English hero and a noble Roman, and the scenes are laid in Rome and in the court of Britain, and not in Paris and Genoa. Here the manners and habits of a plain trader and his wife are indiscriminately bestowed on a young hero and a noble princess.

Posthumus, for presuming to marry Imogen, is banished Britain by the king, her father. He arrives at Rome, and, in company with Iachimo, Philario, and a Frenchman, who is nameless, forgetting the singular in-

felicity of his state, and the pangs of separation, enters into a debate concerning the qualifications of females, and concludes with a foolish wager on the impracticability of Iachimo's obtaining any countenance from his wife. The terms of the bet being agreed upon between this adoring husband and absurd gallant, the latter departs for Britain, furnished with letters to Imogen, who receives him with peculiar attention. Here is a strange innovation on courtly etiquette! the princess, labouring under the displeasure of her father, is strictly guarded, and watched in all her motions: but to the adventurous Iachimo these are slight impediments, and of no avail; he contrives to break through them without bribery or stratagem, and obtains an audience.

However improbable these circumstances may appear, as Iachimo undertakes to furnish proofs of Imogen's infidelity, it is absolutely necessary that an interview should take place, which being obtained, is on both sides strangely conducted. Iachimo commences by praising her beauty with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and by insinuating that her husband is inconstant; to all which she listens with tolerable complaisance. Favoured by this strange reception, he proceeds to extreme liberties, which she prudently repels, and expresses her indignation of his conduct in a long and animated speech. Upon a very slight apology, which Iachimo offers, she is reconciled, pardons him, and tenders the service of her power at court. Then follows the very singular request he makes Imogen, to take charge of a trunk; to which she assents, and, which is equally singular, places it in her bed-chamber for safety.

Upon this expedient the whole plot turns. Iachimo, concealed in the trunk, waits until her senses are locked in sleep, and then, in a speech of great judgment, elegance, and poetic fancy, recounts the ornaments of the room, and furnishes himself with such strong proofs of intimacy with the princess, as it is impossible to doubt. He then returns to Rome, and produces them to Posthumus, who, satisfied with these testimonies of her infidelity, commands his servant to destroy her; and, to afford him a fit opportunity to execute his wishes, he writes to the princess, and deludes her with a belief that he is at Milford Haven, waiting her attendance. These, and nearly all the foregoing incidents, are closely copied from Boccaccio.

The princess, guarded, as before mentioned, by the angry vigilance of her father, and the jealous eye of a deep and politic stepmother, effects her escape from court, and rides with only one attendant to Milford Haven, in expectation of there meeting her husband. Instead of a princess, had Imogen been the wife of a merchant, as in Boccaccio's novel, the occurrence would have been natural and proper; but as it is, a defect arises, occasioned by the unreasonable change of characters. The injured Imogen, however, passes unseen through the guards, and is soon on her journey with Pisanio. Arrived at the destined wood, she is made acquainted with the orders of Posthumus. It is already known that Pisanio determines not to execute his master's commands; we are therefore at a loss to discover his motives in advising her to quit her father's court, to hazard a detection, and to expose herself to imminent danger, merely to be told of the cruelty of her husband. This information might

have been given her with equal propriety in the palace, since it appears Pisanio was selected as her attendant. But Imogen is to be shown in various situations, and has many adventures yet to perform. After the injurious suspicions and cruel orders of her husband are made known to her, she resolves, by the advice of Pisanio, to assume the habiliments of a boy, and wander in search of employment; and Pisanio, notwithstanding the attachment he professes, deserts her, and suffers her to pursue her journey without attendance.

Shakspeare very strangely tempers the mind, disposition, and habits of the characters in this play. Imogen selects Posthumus from humble life for her husband; her father banishes him from court, for presuming to marry his daughter, and advises her to accept of Cloten, his step-son, in the place of Posthumus, and thereby violate the solemn obligation she was under, and disgrace the throne of which she was heiress. Posthumus, with all that love and gratitude with which Imogen had inspired him, rudely places her honour in jeopardy, by entering into a trifling and silly wager in its support, and, when her supposed guilt is strongly urged, manifests a vindictive spirit of revenge, and plays the hypocritical and politic murderer. The princess, instead of feeling that just resentment, which a scandalous and degrading suspicion should have occasioned, and disclaiming all love, faith, and tenderness for one so unworthy as Posthumus, assumes a disguise, leaves the palace, and determines never to return to her inheritance, or the care of her father.

Shakspeare here introduces three characters entirely his own: Belarius, and his two supposed sons, Guide-

rius and Arviragus. Imogen, forgetting her royal extraction and her present costume, is introduced in the character of a cook to the foresters.

> " He cut our roots in characters,
> And sauced our broth, as Juno had been sick,
> And he her dieter."

The princess, by partaking of a cordial which Pisanio had recommended and given her, falls into a sleep resembling death, and in this state is laid on a bank, and prepared for burial, by her new friends. About this time Cloten arrives, in disguise, with the princely determination of " seeking her out, and kicking her back to court." He encounters Guiderius, and in a contest between them is slain. Imogen, awaking from her stupor, sees the body of Cloten, whose head Guiderius had cut off, clad in her husband's garments, and laments over him, supposing it to be Posthumus. She is aroused from her grief by the entrance of Lucius the Roman general and his host, who are preparing to invade her father's kingdom. The princess, with all this immensity of grief, when questioned by Lucius, displays a particular regard for her own safety, and contrives in an instant to frame a judicious and plausible story, and finally accepts the offer of being page to her father's enemy, who was endeavouring to lay waste the kingdom over which, by birthright, she was to reign.

Had Shakspeare prepared us to find a trifling and unimportant character in the princess, her singular determinations would not have been surprising; but, as he has pourtrayed her with all the delicate refinement of a heroine, we are at a loss to account for her infatuation.

The army of Lucius being engaged and routed by the Britons, Posthumus and Iomgen are restored to the king, and the denouement is managed nearly in the same manner as in the novel of Boccaccio.

It will be seen, and also admitted, that Shakspeare has not improved upon a single incident which he found in the novel: as they were there arranged, he adopted them, transformed the characters, varied the names, and betrayed little or no desire to expunge the indelicate and offensive principles on which the novel is founded.

Dr. Johnson says of this play: "To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility; upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation."

THE

HISTORY OF MACBETH,

COLLECTED FROM

HOLINGSHED'S CHRONICLES

OF

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

RAPHAEL HOLLINGSHED, one of the most humble, yet most useful class of historians, was descended from a family settled at Bosely, in Cheshire. Bishop Tanner says, he was brought up at Cambridge, and took the degree of master of arts. Of this we are in doubt; and there is much uncertainty relative to his education and profession. He lived in some capacity, probably as steward, with Thomas Burdett, esquire, at Bromcote, at which place he died, about the year 1580. Hollingshed has given name to a compilation of Chronicles of English and Scottish History, from the earliest times, of which the first edition was published at London, in 1577, in two volumes folio. Amid the tediousness of these Chronicles, many facts are to be found, highly useful in elucidating the manners and customs of the more early periods.

IN the reign of Duncan king of Scotland, who, as the historians say, was a gentle, quiet, and pusillanimous prince, a mutiny arose amongst the people of Lochaber; and one Macdowald, a man greatly esteemed in that country for his rash valour, drawing many of his relations and friends into a conspiracy with him, took upon himself to be the chief captain of the rebels.

The great promises he made to all those that would join him, brought every day great numbers from the Western Isles to his party, which being augmented by the kernes and guloglasses, who voluntarily came out of Ireland to serve him, he in a short time saw himself at the head of a formidable army, with which engaging some of the king's forces that were sent against him, he gave them a total defeat, and took their commander Malcolm prisoner, whose head, when the battle was over, he cut off.

When the news of this defeat was brought to the king, he assembled a council to debate upon what means they should use to quell the rebellion.

Macbeth, who was first cousin to the king, and of a disposition a haughty, cruel, and revengeful, as Duncan's was mild and peaceable, after secretly accusing the king's sloth and effeminacy as the cause of their troubles, declared if Banquo and himself were put at the head of some forces, and sent against the rebels, he would engage to give them a complete overthrow, and so effectually extirpate them out of that country, that there should not from henceforth be a single rebel found in it.

This promise he exactly performed, for the rebels being terrified at his approach, many of them stole secretly away from their captain, who with the remainder being constrained to fight, were totally routed by Macbeth.

Macdowald in despair at the ill success of this last battle, and finding himself quite abandoned by all the companions of his revolt, fled to a castle, in which his wife and children were inclosed, and knowing that he

was not able to defend it long against his enemies, and that if he surrendered he should not escape with life; in a transport of grief and depair, he first killed his wife and children, and then himself.

Macbeth entering the castle, in one of the apartments found the dead body of Macdowald lying on the floor, with his wife and children slaughtered beside him; but remitting no part of his native cruelty at this dismal sight, he cut off the head of Macdowald, and sent it to the king, who then lay at Bertha, commanding the body to be hung upon a high gallows.

The inhabitants of the Western Isles, who had assisted Macdowald, soliciting for a pardon, he fined in large sums; and those he found in Lochaber, who had come thither to bear arms against the king, he put all to the sword.

These troubles were scarcely appeased, when advice was brought that Sueno king of Norway was landed in Fife, with a powerful army to invade all Scotland.

This news rouzing the king from that state of indolence and inactivity in which he was buried, he raised forces with all possible speed, sharing the command of them with Banquo and Macbeth.

The battle, which soon after followed, proved fatal to the Scots, the Norweigens were victorious, and Duncan fled to Bertha; here, after spending some time in feigned treaties with his enemies, he sent orders to Macbeth, who still kept part of the routed army about him, to fall upon the Danes, who he was informed were all dissolved in luxury and ease.

Macbeth marched hastily to the place where the Danes were encamped, and first killing the watch, made

a savage slaughter of the wretched Danes, whom he found fast asleep in full security after a drunken riot. Sueno, with only ten other persons, escaped and fled back to Norway.

In the midst of the rejoicings the Scots made for this victory, they were alarmed with an account that a new fleet of Danes was arrived at Kinghorne, sent thither by Canute, king of England, to revenge the defeat his brother Sueno had received.

To resist these enemies, which were already landed, and busy in spoiling the country, Macbeth and Banquo were sent with a sufficient power, who, encountering the Danes, slew part of them, and drove the rest back to their ships; those who escaped and got safe aboard their vessels, with large sums of money obtained leave from Macbeth, that such of their friends as were slain in the last fight might be buried at St. Colmes' Inch.

A short time after, as Macbeth and Banquo were riding towards Foress, where the king then lay, passing through a field without any company, they were met suddenly by three women in strange apparel, resembling creatures of another world, and while they beheld them attentively, much wondering at their uncommon appearance, they approached Macbeth, and the first said:

"All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glammis!" the second, "Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawder!" and the third, "All hail, Macbeth, who hereafter shall be king of Scotland!"

"What manner of women are ye," said Banquo, extremely surprized, "who seem so little favourable to me? To my companion here you not only predict high

honours, but the kingdom also, whereas to me you promise nothing at all."

"Yes," said she who had first spoke, "we promise still greater advantages to thee than him; he shall reign, indeed, in his own person, but his end shall be unhappy; nor shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed to his crown: as for thee, though thou shalt not be a king, yet thy descendants, for long successive ages, shall rule the kingdom of Scotland."

No sooner were these words spoke than they all vanished out of sight.

This accident was thought, at first, by Macbeth and Banquo to be some illusion of the imagination, so that Banquo would often jestingly call Macbeth king of Scotland, and Macbeth in the same manner call Banquo father of many kings; but afterwards it was the common opinion, that these women were either the wierd sisters, that is goddesses of destiny, or else nymphs or fairies, who by necromancy had obtained a knowledge of future events, because every thing they predicted came to pass.

The thane of Cawder being shortly after condemned at Foress for high treason, his honours, estates, and offices were by the king bestowed on Macbeth.

The first part of the prophecy being thus fulfilled, Macbeth, revolving the rest in his mind, began to consider of the means he should use to gain the kingdom; but his first preferment coming unexpected and unsought for, he determined to wait for the intervention of Providence to raise him to the dignity his wishes grasped at.

While he was thus expecting the completion of the prophecy, Duncan, having two sons by his wife, who

was daughter to Seyward earl of Northumberland, declared Malcolm, the eldest, prince of Cumberland, thereby appointing him his successor in the kingdom immediately after his decease.

It was provided by the ancient laws of the kingdom, that, if the succeeding prince was not of age to take the government upon himself at his predecessor's death, his next kinsman should be raised to the throne.

Macbeth, therefore, seeing his hopes frustrated by this disposition of the king's, began to form schemes for usurping the kingdom by force, conceiving himself greatly injured by Duncan, who, by thus raising his son, though in his minority, to the kingdom, took away all his future claim to it.

The words of the wierd sisters contributed also towards confirming him in his design of seizing upon the crown; and his wife, a haughty, ambitious woman, ardently desirous of being a queen, never ceased tormenting him till she had fixed him in his purpose.

At length, therefore, communicating his intentions to his most trusty friends, among whom Banquo was the chief, in confidence of their promised aid, he murdered the king at Inverness, in the sixth year of his reign.

Then being surrounded with those persons on whom he most depended, he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and went immediately to Scone, where by general consent he received the investiture of the kingdom, according to the accustomed manner.

Malcolm Canmore, and Donald Bane, the two sons of king Duncan, being apprehensive that Macbeth would take away their lives to secure to himself the possession

of the kingdom, conveyed themselves secretly out of Scotland.

Malcolm fled into Cumberland, where he remained till Saint Edward, son of king Etheldred, recovered the kingdom of England from the power of the Danes, who received him into his protection, and gave him an honourable entertainment.

Donald Bane, his brother, took refuge in Ireland, and was treated there with great kindness by the king of that land.

Macbeth, after the departure of these two princes, endeavoured by great liberalities to engage the affection of the nobility and gentry of Scotland to his person, and when he found himself in peaceable possession of the kingdom, he set about reforming the laws, rooting out all the enormities and abuses which had crept into the administration, through the weak and slothful disposition of Duncan.

He also made many good laws, and during the space of ten years governed the realm with the utmost prudence and justice.

But this appearance of equity and zeal for the public good was all counterfeited, and only assumed to gain the favour of the people: tyrants are always mistrustful; they are in continual fears that some other person will rob them of their power, by the same unjust means with which they acquired it.

Macbeth, jealous of some attempts against him, no longer dissembled his inclinations, but practised and permitted all sorts of cruelties; the words of the three wierd sisters were continually in his thoughts.

They promised him the kingdom, and he was possessed of it; but they promised it also to the posterity of Banquo, and this prediction might in like manner be fulfilled.

To prevent it, therefore, he determined to murder Banquo and his son, and for this purpose he invited them to a supper at the palace; as they were returning home, some murderers, whom he had ordered to plant themselves in the road, seized Banquo and killed him, but Fleance, favoured by the darkness of the night, escaped and fled into Wales.

After the murder of Banquo, fortune seemed to have forsaken Macbeth: none of his undertakings prospered; every man began to tremble for his own life, and durst not venture to appear before him; all men were afraid of him, and he was afraid of all men, so that he continually sought occasion to put all those persons to death of whom he had any suspicion.

His distrust and cruelty encreasing every day, his thirst of blood was never to be satisfied; the forfeited estates of the nobility whom he thus massacred, enabled him to fill his coffers, and maintain forces to defend him against the attempts of his enemies.

For the greater security of his person, while he was thus exercising the most tyrannic cruelty against his subjects, he built a strong castle upon the top of a high hill, called Dunsinnane, situated in Gowry, ten miles from Perth.

This hill was of such a prodigious height, that any person standing upon the top might almost behold all the countries of Angus, Fife, Stermond, and Tweedale, lying as it were beneath him.

The castle then being founded on the top of this hill, the building of it put the kingdom to great expence, because the materials could not be brought up without much time and labour.

But Macbeth being determined to complete the work soon, commanded all the thanes of every shire throughout the realm to come and do their part towards the building, every man in his turn.

At last it falling to the turn of Macduffe, thane of Fife, to build his part, he sent workmen with all the necessary materials, and commanded them to do their business with the utmost diligence and care, that no occasion of offence might be given to the king, which might make him resent his not coming in person as the other thanes did, for he well knew that Macbeth both feared and suspected him, for which reason he resolved to keep out of his way.

Macbeth, coming soon after to see how the work went on, was greatly enraged to find Macduffe was not there, and from that time conceived an invincible hatred against him.

The wizards, in whom he greatly confided, because of the completion of the two first prophecies, had warned him to take heed of Macduffe, who they told him was waiting for some opportunity to destroy him.

This prediction would have determed him to put Macduffe immediately to death, had not a witch, whose predictions had also great weight with him, assured him he should never be slain by any man who was born of woman, nor overcome till Birnam wood came to the castle of Dunsinnane.

These soothing prophecies banished all fear out of his mind; he freely indulged the natural cruelty of his disposition, miserably oppressing his subjects, and committing all sorts of outrages.

At length Macduffe, being in fear for his own life, took a resolution to fly into England, hoping to prevail with Malcolm Canmore to claim the crown of Scotland.

Macbeth, who in every nobleman's house kept a domestic spy in his pay, was soon informed of Macduffe's intention; he therefore came suddenly with an army into Fife, and besieged the castle where Macduffe dwelt, expecting to find him therein. The gates were immediately set open by the servants, who mistrusted no danger; but Macbeth, enraged that Macduffe had escaped him (he being already fled to England), commanded his wife and children, together with *all* that were found in the castle, to be slain.

Macduffe was safe in the English court when the news of this shocking cruelty was brought him; and adding to the desire of relieving his wretched country the hope of his own particular revenge, he earnestly entreated prince Malcolm to undertake the recovery of his right; he represented to him in the most moving terms the deplorable condition into which Scotland was brought, through the inhuman cruelties of Macbeth, and that the people, detesting him for the slaughters he had committed, as well on the commons as nobility, desired nothing more ardently than an opportunity of shaking off their yoke.

Malcolm, whose soul was filled with compassion for the miseries of his countrymen, sighed deeply while Mac-

duffe was speaking; which he perceiving, again renewed his intreaties that he would attempt the delivery of Scotland, assuring him he would find it no difficult enterprize, considering the legality of his title to the crown, and the earnest desire of the people to have some occasion given them to revenge themselves on their hated tyrant.

Malcolm, though he was greatly affected with Macduffe's discourse, yet doubting whether he was not sent by Macbeth to betray him, he determined to make trial of his sincerity before he consented to his proposal, for which purpose he spoke to him in this manner:

"I am truly sorry, Macduffe, for the miseries under which my unhappy country has long groaned; but though my inclination to relieve it were equal to your wishes, yet, on account of some incurable vices which are rooted in my disposition, I am not fit to undertake so great an enterprize; for, first, I am so swallowed up in immoderate lust and sensuality, the abominable springs of all other vices, that if I was possessed of the regal power, the chastity of none of your maids and wives would be safe; and such excessive intemperance would be more insupportable to you than the bloody tyranny of Macbeth."

"Intemperance," replied Macduffe, "is certainly a very great fault; many noble kings and princes have lost both their kingdoms and lives by indulging themselves in this vice; nevertheless there are women enough in Scotland to serve your pleasures; follow my counsel, therefore, and make yourself king; I'll take upon myself the care of gratifying this passion for women, in so

secret a manner, that your reputation shall not be hurt by it."

"But," replied Malcolm, "I am also the most avaricious man in the world, and if I was king of Scotland I should put the greatest part of the nobility to death, that I might possess myself of their estates."

"This fault," said Macduffe, "is much worse than the other, for avarice is the source of all evil, a crime for which most of our kings have been murdered; yet still I must continue to advise you to claim the crown, there are riches enough in Scotland to satisfy your greedy desire."

"I am also," said Malcolm, "strongly inclined to dissimulation and every other kind of deceit, and rejoice in nothing so much as betraying those who put any confidence in me; since there is not any thing, then, more agreeable to the character of a prince than constancy, truth, and justice, and I am wholly abandoned to the contrary vices, you see how unfit I am to reign; and therefore, since you have found the means of extenuating all my other faults, I pray you endeavour to cover them among the rest."

"Dissimulation," replied Macduffe, "is indeed the worst of all: here then I leave thee. And oh! unhappy and miserable Scotsmen," added he, "that are scourged with so many unavoidable calamities! The wicked tyrant who now without any right or title reigns over ye, oppresses ye with the most bloody cruelty; and this other, who has a lawful claim to the crown, is so replete with all the shameful vices of the English, that he is unworthy to enjoy it; for, by his own confes-

sion, he is not only avaricious to the last degree, but wholly abandoned to the most insatiable lust, and is withal so false a traitor, that no credit can be given to any thing he says: farewell, then, Scotland, for ever; I now look upon myself as a banished man, without any hope of comfort or relief." Saying this he wept bitterly.

Malcolm, observing he was about to depart, took him by the hand, and said, "Be comforted, Macduffe, for I have none of these vices you lament: I have jested with you in this manner only to try your sincerity; for many times hath Macbeth sought by these means to get me into his hands; but the more backward I have shown myself to agree to your request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing it." Hereupon they embraced, promising to be faithful to each other's interest, and then consulted together how they might best put their enterprize in execution.

Macduffe, soon after repairing to the borders of Scotland, secretly dispatched letters to the nobles of the realm, in which he declared, that Malcolm intended to come suddenly into Scotland and claim the crown; and therefore required them, since that prince was the true and lawful heir of the kingdom, to assist them with all their power to recover it out of the hands of the usurper.

In the mean time Malcolm so far engaged the favour of king Edward, that old Seyward, earl of Northumberland, with ten thousand men, was appointed to go with him into Scotland to support him in his pretensions on that crown.

When the news of this intended invasion was spread abroad in Scotland the nobles formed themselves into two different parties, the one taking part with Macbeth, the other with Malcolm.

Between these two factions there frequently happened light skirmishes; but those that were of Malcolm's side would not risk the danger of engaging in a pitched battle till they were joined by Malcolm, and the English forces under the command of Northumberland.

Macbeth, therefore, not thinking himself able to engage the English, retired into Fife, and, fortifying a camp near the castle of Dunsinnane, determined not to hazard a battle unless his enemies pursued him thither.

However, some of his friends advised him either to make a treaty with Malcolm, or else to fly immediately into the isles, and take his treasure with him, to the end that he might be able to engage several of the great princes of the realm in his interest, and retain strangers in his pay, in whom he might better confide than in his own subjects, who were every day abandoning him.

But he had so firm a reliance on his prophecies, that he believed he should never be vanquished till Birnam wood came to Dunsinnane, nor be slain by any man that was born of a woman.

Malcolm, who had hastily pursued Macbeth, came the night before the battle to Birnam wood, and, when his army had rested there awhile, he commanded every man to cut down a branch of a tree and march with it in his hand, that, thus shaded, they might come closely, without discovering their numbers, within view of their enemies.

The next day, when Macbeth beheld them, he was greatly astonished, and the prophecy that had been delivered to him long before coming into his mind, he doubted not but that it was now fulfilled, since he saw Birnam wood coming to Dunsinnane; nevertheless he drew up his men in order of battle, exhorting them to fight valiantly.

His enemies, however, had scarcely cast away their boughs, when Macbeth, perceiving their numbers, betook himself to flight.

Macduffe, stimulated with hatred and an eager thirst of revenge, never ceased pursuing him till he came up with him at Lunfannain, and Macbeth, seeing him close at his heels, leaped off his horse, crying aloud, "Thou traitor! why dost thou thus follow me in vain, since I am not appointed to be slain by any man that is born of a woman? But come on then, and receive the reward thou hast merited for thy folly." Hereupon he aimed a blow at him with his sword, thinking to have killed him; but Macduffe, suddenly leaping off his horse, avoided the stroke, and, holding his naked sword in his hand, thus answered:

"It is true, Macbeth; and now shalt thy insatiable cruelty have an end; for I, I am he whom thy wizards have told thee of, not born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb:" then suddenly closing with him, he slew him on the place, and cutting off his head from his shoulders, fixed it upon a pole, and brought it to Malcolm.

This was the end of Macbeth, after he had reigned over Scotland seventeen years. In the beginning of his reign he performed many worthy actions, and made many laws very useful to the commonwealth; but afterwards, through the illusion of the devil, he obliterated the glory of his good deeds by the most detestable cruelty.

REMARKS

ON THE

TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

CONNECTIONS between novels and the dramas of Shakspeare may be pointed out with propriety, and, where occasion justifies, may be commented on according to their respective merits; but in historical plays, where there is no claim to originality, and where actual occurrences are truly represented, there exists no ground for censure, or subject for animadversion.

Of all Shakspeare's historical plays, no one of them rivets the attention, and keeps alive the interest, like the tragedy of Macbeth. Imitations of the historian are very numerous, and not unfrequently whole passages have been selected and embodied in this play, with the difference only of converting the prose to blank verse.

The history of Scotland was written by Hector Boethius, and printed at Paris in the year 1526. It was translated by John Bellenden, from which translation Hollingshed gleaned all the historical events which are contained in his Chronicles of Scotland, and from Hollingshed Shakspeare generally copied. Boethius, who was without doubt the most correct historian, thus re-

lates the occurrences which form the basis of this tragedy.

" Makbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counsall at Invernes quhare kyng Duncane happenit to be for ye time. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie, *be support of Banquho* and otheris his friendis he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth " come with ane great power to Scone, and tuk the crowne."

The first interview of the wierd sisters with Macbeth is represented by Shakspeare in the same manner as by Hollingshed, and Banquo first addresses them in the history, and likewise in the play. From Hollingshed, it appears that Banquo was chief in the conspiracy, when Macbeth destroyed Duncan. Shakspeare, with great judgment, alters the character and disposition of Banquo, and represents him in a more amiable light. It will be recollected, that the wierd sisters in the history and in the play promise him, " that he shall be father of many kings." As the royal family of Stuart, lineally descended from Banquo, was seated on the throne of England when this play was written, he is represented by Shakspeare as a virtuous character. An account of the posterity of Banquo is related in a very interesting manner by Boethius.

" Fleance," says this historian, " after the murder of his father, being protected by the darkness of the night, and having for some time concealed himself in Scotland, escaped into Wales, where the strength of his judgment, and the affability of his temper, recommended him, very soon after his arrival, to the protection and favour of the prince of that country.

" Prosperity raised his ambition to an unpardonable height; he abused the confidence reposed in him by secretly paying unlawful addresses to the young princess, the daughter of his benefactor: those addresses proved successful; her father discovered her pregnancy, and that Fleance was her paramour: Fleance was put to death; and the lady, as soon as she was delivered of her child, which proved to be a son, and was named Walter, was condemned to pass the rest of her life in the character of a mean domestic. Young Walter, by order of his enraged grandfather, was sent to a remote part of Wales to be educated as a rustic.

" When he had attained his twentieth year, the blood which flowed in his veins inspired him with sentiments far nobler and more refined than those of his usual companions; he left the country and threw himself boldly into the protection of his grandfather at court. This noble resolution was not entirely unsuccessful; he was admitted to stay in the palace, but in a mean and servile station.

" One of the courtiers, with whom he had quarrelled, reproached him with the illegitimacy of his birth; Walter was transported with fury at the affront, and slew the person who offered it to him.

" He was too sensible of his grandfather's severity to venture the effects of it on this occasion; he fled immediately to Scotland, and implored protection from his relations there.

" He met with a favourable reception from them, and was particularly honoured and esteemed by some English noblemen who were at that time in the court of

Scotland upon an embassy to Margaret, who was then queen of that nation.

" He became afterwards general for that princess in Galloway and the Western Islands; and having gained a complete victory over the rebels of those parts, was made high seneschall of the kingdom, and lord of several noble manors, among which was that of Stuart's Islands.

" He left at his death a son, named Allan Stuart, who signalized his valour on many occasions against the Saracens in the Holy Land. Alexander his son succeeded him, and was founder of Paisley Abbey. Alexander was followed by his son Walter, surnamed of Dundonald, a famous general under Alexander the third. Walter had two sons, Alexander and Robert, who married the daughter of Robert of Cruxtoun, from which marriage the families of Darnley and Lennox are descended.

" Alexander, the eldest son of Walter of Dundonald, left two sons, James and John; James died in his infancy, and John, having espoused the heiress of Boutell, had issue by her Walter Stuart, who married Margaret, daughter of king Robert Bruce, after the civil dissentions of Scotland were entirely appeased. By this princess he had Robert Stuart, afterwards king of Scotland; and from him the royal family of Stuart is lineally descended."

The first " image of revolt" that Macbeth displays, is when Duncan appoints Malcolm prince of Cumberland. This incident is the same in the history. Hollingshed merely states, that the king was murdered at Inverness, in the sixth year of his reign. Shakspeare,

without doubt, borrowed some hints in that transaction from the history of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, captain of the castle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan ascended the throne. Hollingshed relates that occurrence as follows: "Donwald, not forgetting the reproach which his linage had susteined by the execution of those his kinsmen, whom the king for a spectacle to the people had caused to be hanged, could not but shew manifest tokens of great griefe at home amongst his familie: which his wife perceiving, ceased not to travell with him till she understood what the cause was of his displeasure. Which at length when she had learned by his owne relation, she, as one that bare no lesse malice in hir heart, for the like cause on his behalfe, than hir husband did for his friends, counselled him (sith the king used oftentimes to lodge in his house without anie gard about him other than the garrison of the castle [of Fores], which was wholie at his commandement) to make him awaie, *and showed him the meanes whereby he might soonest accomplish it.*

"Donwald, thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir advice in the execution of so heinous an act. Whereupon devising with himselfe for a while, which way hee might best accomplish his cursed intent, at length gat opportunitie, and sped his purpose as followeth. It chanced that the king upon *the daie before he purposed to depart foorth of the castell*, was long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the last, comming foorth, he called such afore him as had faithfullie served him *in pursute and apprehension of the rebels*, and giving them heartie thanks *he bestowed*

sundrie honourable gifts amongst them, of the which number Donwald *was one, as he that had been ever accounted a most faithful servant to the king.*

" At length, having talked with them a long time he got him into his privie chamber, *onlie with two of his chamberleins*, who having brought him to bed, came foorth againe, and then fell to banketting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverse delicate dishes, and sundrie sorts of *drinks* for their reare supper or collation, whereat *they sate up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges*, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but asleepe they were so fast, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleepe.

" Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in heart, yet through instigation of his wife, he called foure of his servants unto him, (whom he had made privie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts,) and now declaring unto them, after what sort they should worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his instructions, and speedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber in which the king laie, a little before cocks crow, where they secretlie cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without anie bustling at all: and immediately by a posterne gate they carried foorth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it upon a horse there provided for that purpose, they convey it unto a place about two miles distant from the castell.—

" Donwald, about the time that the murther was in dooing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued to companie with them all the residue of

the night. But in the morning when the noise was raised in the kings chamber, how the king was slaine, his bodie conveied awaie, and the bed all bewraied with bloud, *he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter;* and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed, and on the floore about the sides of it, *he forthwith slew the chamberlains*, as guiltie of that heinous murther, and then like a madman running to an fro, he ransacked everie corner within the castell, as thoogh it had beene to have seene if he might have found either the bodie, or any of the murtherers hid in anie privie place; but at length comming to the posterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the *chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault*, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (said he) but that they were of counsell in the committing of that most detestable murther.

" Finallie, such was his over-earnest diligence in the severe inquisition and trial of the offenders heerein, that some of the lords began to mislike the matter, and to smell foorth shrewd tokens that he should not be altogether cleare himselfe. But for so much as they were in that countrie where he had the whole rule, what by reason of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to utter what they thought, till time and place should better serve thereunto, and hereupon got them awaie everie man to his home."

The most luxuriant fields for genius to range in have been afforded by preternatural beings. In several of his plays, Shakspeare has availed himself of the unlimited scope which they offered, but in no one of them but

in Macbeth has he succeeded in exhibiting the peculiarity of expression by which the wierd sisters are distinguished, without heating the imagination, or promoting superstitious impressions.

For the foundation of their incantations, Shakspeare probably consulted the curious play, entitled *The Witch*, written originally by Middleton and printed by Mr. Reed.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter Heccat, Witches, and Fire-Stone.

Hec. The moone's a gallant; see how brisk she rides.
Stad. Heer's a rich evening, Heccat.
Hec. I, is't not wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand mile?
Hop. Ours will be more to-night.
Hec. Oh, 'twill be pretious: heard you the owle yet?
Stad. Breifely in the copps,
As we came through now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hoong at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.
Old Puckle saw her.
Hec. You are fortunate still:
The very schreich-owle lights upon your shoulder,
And wooes you, like a pidgeon. Are you furnish'd?
Have you your oyntments?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight then;
I'll over-take you swiftly.
Stad. Hye thee Heccat:
We shal be up betimes.
Hec. I'll reach you quickly.

Fire. They are all going a birding to-night. They talk of fowles i'th'aire, that fly by day: I am sure they'll be a company of fowle slutts there to night. Yf we have not mortallitie affer'd, I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putryfie, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

Hec. What Fire-Stone, our sweet son?

Fire. A little sweeter than some of you; or a doonghill were too good for me.

Hec. How much hast here?

Fire. Nineteene, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.

Hec. Deere and sweet boy: what herbes hast thou?

Fire. I have some Mar-martin, and Man-dragon.

Hec. Marmaritin, and Mandragora, thou wouldst say.

Fire. Heer's Pannax too: I thanck thee, my pan akes I am sure with kneeling downe to cut 'em.

Hec. And Selago,
Hedge hisop too: how neere he goes my cuttings?
Were they all cropt by moone-light?

Fire. Every blade of 'm, or I am a moone-calf (Mother).

Hec. Hye thee home with 'em.
Looke well to the house to night: I am for aloft.

Fire. Aloft (quoth you?) I would you would breake your neck once, that I might have all quickly. Hark, hark, mother; they are above the steeple alredy, flying over your head with a noyse of musitians.

Hec. They are they indeed. Help me, help me; I'm too late els.

Song. Come away, come away; } *in the aire.*
Heccat, Heccat, come away. }

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Wher's Stadlin?

Heere. } *in the aire.*

Wher's Puckle?

Heere:
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you; we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count. } *in the aire.*

Hec. I will but noynt, and then I mount.

[*A spirit like a Catt descends.*

Ther's one comes downe to fetch his dues;
A kisse, a coll, a sip of blood:
And why thou staist so long. } *above.*

I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. Oh, art thou come,
What newes, what newes?
All goes still to our delight,
Either come, or els
Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now I am furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the Catt sings a brave treble in her owne language.

Hec. going up.] Now I goe, now I flie,
Malkin my sweete spirit and I.
Oh what a daintie pleasure tis
To ride in the aire
When the moone shines faire,
And sing and daunce, and toy and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountaines,
Over seas, our mistris fountaines,
Over steepe towres and turretts
We fly by night, 'mongst troopes of spiritts.
No ring of bells to our eares sounds,
No howles of wolves, no yelpes of hounds;
No, not the noyse of water's-breache,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reache.

No ring of bells, &c. } *above.*

Fire. Well mother, I thanck your kindnes: You must be gambolling i'th'aire, and leave me to walk here like a foole and a mortall. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter Duchesse, Heccat, Fire-Stone.

Hec. What death is't you desire for Almachildes?

Duch. A sodaine and a subtle.

Hec. Then I have fitted you.
Here lye the guifts of both; sodaine and subtle:
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blew fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

Duch. In what time, pree-thee?

Hec. Perhaps in a moone's progresse

Duch. What? a moneth?
Out upon pictures! if they be so tedious,
Give me things with some life.

Hec. Then seeke no farther.

Duch. This must be don with speed, dispatch'd this night,
If it may possible.

Hec. I have it for you:
Here's that will do't; stay but perfection's time,
And that's not five howres hence.

Duch. Canst thou do this?

Hec. Can I?

Duch. I meane, so closely.

Hec. So closely doe you meane too?

Duch. So artfully, so cunningly.

Hec. Worse & worse; doubts and incredulities,
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know
Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere suos; concussaq. sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,
Nubilaq. induco: ventos abigoq. vocoq.

Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;
Et silvas moveo, Jubeoq. tremiscere montes,
Et mugiere solum, manesq. exire sepulchris,
Te quoque Luna traho.

Can you doubt me then, daughter,
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk;
Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spiritts
Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles;
Nay, draw yon moone to my involv'd designes?

Fire. I know as well as can be when my mothre's mad and our great catt angrie: for one spitts French then, and thother spitts Latten.

Duch. I did not doubt you, Mother.

Hec. No? what did you,
My powre's so firme, it is not to be question'd.

Duch. Forgive what's past: and now I know th' offensivenes
That vexes art, I'll shun th' occasion ever.

Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.
It shall be convaid in at howlett-time.
Take you no care. My spiritts know their moments:
Raven, or schreitch-owle never fly by th' dore
But they call in (I thanck 'em) and they loose not by't.
I give 'em barley soakd in infants' blood:
They shall have semina cum sanguine,
Their gorge cramd full if they come once to our house:
We are no niggard.

Fire. They fare but too well when they come heather: they eate up as much tother night as would have made me a good conscionable pudding.

Hec. Give me some lizards-braine: quickly Firestone.
Wher's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o'th' sisters?

Fire. All at hand forsooth.

Hec. Give me Marmaritin; some Beare-breech: when?

Fire. Heer's Beare-breech, and lizards-braine forsooth.

Hec. In to the vessell;
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girle
I kill'd last midnight.

Fire., Whereabouts, sweet Mother?

Hec. Hip; hip or flanck. Where is the Acopus?

Fire. You shall have Acopus, forsooth.

Hec. Stir, stir about; whilst I begin the charme.

A charme Song, about a Vessell.

Black spiritts, and white; Red spiritts, and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keepe it stiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it luckey:
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keepe out!

1 *Witch.* Heer's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that; oh put in that.

2. Heer's libbard's-bane.

Hec. Put in againe.

1. The juice of toad; the oile of adder.

2. Those will make the yonker madder.

Hec. Put in; ther's all, and rid the stench.

Fire. Nay heer's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

All. Round, around, around, &c.

Hec. So, soe, enough: into the vessell with it.
There, 't hath the true perfection: I am so light
At any mischief: ther's no villany
But is a tune methinkes.

Fire. A tune! 'tis to the tune of dampnation then, I warrant you; and that song hath a villanous burthen.

Hec. Come my sweet sisters; let the aire strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moone.

[*Here they daunce. The Witches daunce and Exeunt.*

The machinery of this tragedy the learned and ingenious Dr. Johnson has illustrated with all the usual strength of his judgment and discrimination; he has laboured with much industry to explain, according to tradition, the nature of the ceremonies used by the witches.

" As this," he observes, in a note on act IV, scene 1, " is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper, in this place, to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions :

' Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.'

" The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin ; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once, when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate :

' Though his bark cannot be lost,
' Yet it shall be tempest-tost.'

" The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches :

' Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
' Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.'

" It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day

many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine;* and Dr. Harsnet observes, that, about that time, '*a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.*'

'Toad, that under the cold stone,
'Days and nights hast thirty-one,
'Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
'Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.'

"Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessary to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial,* upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant, charged him,* I suppose, *with witchcraft.*

'Fillet of a fenny snake,
'In the cauldron boil and bake:
'Eye of newt, and toe of frog;——
'For a charm,' &c.

"The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books *De Viribus Animalium* and *De Mirabilibus Mundi,* ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

'Finger of birth-strangled babe,
'Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;'——

"It has been already mentioned, in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom king James examined; and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakspeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

'And now about the cauldron sing,——
'Black spirits and white,
'Red spirits, and grey,
'Mingle, mingle, mingle,
'You that mingle may.'

"And in a former part:

'—— wierd sisters, hand in hand,——
'Thus do go about, about;
'Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
'And thrice again, to make up nine!'

"These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really

observed by the uncivilized natives of that country: 'When any one gets a fall,' *says the informer of Camden*, 'he starts up, and, *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies*, *red*, *black*, *white*.' There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

"Many other circumstances might be particularized, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge."

Shakspeare, in writing the tragedy of Macbeth, has consulted more authorities than he has done in any other of his historical plays. He has ranged over the Chronicles of Scotland, and selected events which were calculated for dramatic representation. He has consulted all the works which treated of magic and witchcraft in his time, and has adopted the names and a multitude of minute occurrences from Middleton's play of *The Witch*. Having therefore received every assistance which could be rendered him, either from history or tradition, he commenced writing Macbeth under the protection of various connected authorities, and has related the interesting events therein contained with a force and dignity, every way calculated to rouse the passions, excite the attention, and command the admiration of every reader.

END OF VOLUME I.

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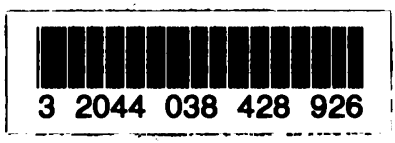
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